

BRITANNIA



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Use

MAZDA

LAMPS



and see things in the right light

THE PROBLEM *of* IRON *and* STEEL

By GILBERT FRANKAU

A CORRESPONDENT from the North, one of those thinking workmen, out of whose ranks may eventually come salvation, writes to me as follows :

I am at a loss to see how a duty on foreign iron and steel would benefit us. In my humble opinion it would eventually cause more unemployment instead of less.

The following words and facts speak more eloquently than mine can do. In 1927 we imported 4,400,000 tons of iron and steel goods. As much as 3,360,000 tons of this, however, was made up of such things as pig-iron, ingots, blooms, billets, bars, castings, etc., all of which were in reality raw material for our manufactures. Finished iron and steel were such things as plates, tubes, railway material, etc., and our imports of all these genuine manufactures amounted to 742,000 tons. That is to say, 83 per cent. of imports were raw materials and only 17 per cent. were finished goods.

In 1927 we exported 4,199,000 tons of iron and steel. Of this 3,325,000 tons, or 81 per cent., were finished goods. It will be seen, therefore, that what we chiefly import is raw material, and what we chiefly export is finished manufactures. The 4,400,000 tons imported has the value of £34,000,000, but the 4,199,000 tons exported has a value of £69,000,000. This means that we can certainly strike the foreigner on goods to the value of £34,000,000, but he has the power to strike us on goods valued at £69,000,000.

A tariff on the 700,000 tons of imported finished goods valued at £11,000,000 would make little difference to our Home trade, and on the other hand, a tariff placed on the raw materials would put a heavy burden on our export trade in the more highly skilled branches.

One of the greatest assets we have is the supply of skilled and semi-skilled workers who are second to none. Britain got in on the ground floor in the iron and steel trade, and by hard work and years of experience this skill attained from the iron masters to the low t grade worker, and which has been handed down from father to son, has enabled us to retain the position we hold to-day. The foreigner has quite a lot of leeway to make up. "British and Best," so far as iron and steel are concerned, is no empty boast.

In conclusion, let me say that Sir Hugh Bell, the veteran iron master of Tees-side, and undoubtedly the greatest authority on the industry of this country, is never tired of voicing his disapproval of tariffs.

I CANNOT say how much I welcome this letter; not only because it puts forward in a very fair way the argument for not Safeguarding our iron and steel trade; but also because it is a proof, even if only a small one, that the voters of this country are not nearly as unintelligent, at any rate in the north of England, as people at Westminster imagine. My correspondent's argument, however, as most of the arguments of those who oppose Safeguarding, is based on a misapprehension of vital facts. The figures given are correct in so far as they relate to the articles mentioned, but if those articles (rods, bars, angles, shapes, sheet-bars and tinplate) are to be classed as raw materials, when actually they are fully manufac-

tured materials on which the foreigner is paying wages, and making his profit, then any manufactured article which goes to the final manufacture of another article is not a manufacture at all, but a piece of raw material. Indeed, if once this particular argument against Safeguarding is admitted, we shall be told that an imported kitchen range, an imported bath, an imported lock and an imported steel girder are all of them raw materials for the house-building trade, and need not, therefore, be made in Great Britain—which is palpably absurd.

I AM sorry to continue technical, but there is one other article of imported steel which my correspondent would also class as raw material; viz., the "tin bars" which are used by the re-rollers, as they are called, for the manufacture of tinplate. Now I am perfectly well aware that some manufacturers of tinplate are afraid that they will be ruined, and their workers put out of employment, if tinplate bars are to be taxed. But even if this fear is justified, when—as is, I believe, inevitable—we are forced to adopt a safeguarding duty on iron and steel, is there anything to prevent our tinplate manufacturers being "taken care of" either by a guarantee of cheap bars from the industry itself or by a remission of duty on this particular item. In the meantime, however—and this really is the crux of the whole business—blast furnaces in this country are being closed down at such a rate that it appears as though the year 1931 will see not one single blast furnace working in Great Britain. After which, the re-rolling trade will be entirely in the hands of the foreign producer—and if the foreign producer, with no British competition to face and backed by his Cartel-system, does not raise his prices, it will be one of those miracles of Utopian goodwill which social reformers dream about but which have not hitherto been encountered in the cold realms of International commerce and finance.

For in the cold realms of international commerce and finance, Great Britain and her workers are of no more account (indeed of less, because her workers demand higher wages) than the workers of Belgium, of Italy, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Germany, or of France. International commerce and finance regard only two things: price and quality. And because, insofar as quality goes, my correspondent's slogan "British and Best" is still correct, those of us who think for our own country first feel supremely confident that all those manufactures which the Free Trade argument insists on classing as raw materials can be both better produced and more cheaply produced by us than by the foreigner—if only our iron and steel industry,

instead of being exposed to every blast of fair and unfair competition, is given a fair fighting chance to compete.

WHAT are the real facts? Admitting that last year we imported foreign iron and steel to the tune of 3,325,000 tons per annum; and that we exported 4,000,000 tons, value £69,000,000, of finished iron and steel goods; is it not still true that much of the iron and steel for which we pay foreigners is used in this country; and have we any proof whatever that we should lose a single ton of our steel export trade if we produced the foreign iron and steel we are now importing ourselves? Have our Free Traders realised the stark circumstance that one ton of manufactured steel represents four tons of coal, two or three tons of iron ore, and half a ton of limestone? Are they unaware that one ton of imported steel represents, on this basis, only one ton of traffic to our railways, whereas one ton of British steel represents seven or eight tons of railway traffic? Do they not see that, for our hard hit railwaymen alone, to say nothing of our hard-hit railway shareholders, there is a vast benefit to be derived from Safeguarding? Are they blind to the fact that to find work for our iron and steel workers, and for our coalminers is the most crying need of our day?

What *are* the real facts? And why is this vital national matter left in the hands of professional politicians instead of being turned over to a committee of business men who would decide the rights and wrongs of it at once? As far back as 1925, when the Cabinet, pressed and pressed thereto by the most urgent solicitations of the industry, placed the matter in the hands of a "Civil Research Committee," that Committee reported that the position was "serious," and that if the industry could be treated "in isolation" the case might be regarded as complete. But the warnings of the Civil Research Committee were disregarded. The industry was given the cold shoulder. With the result that, to-day, the position is not only serious, but desperate—desperate enough to cause an industrial revolt. In 1913 we had 338 blast furnaces going in this country. As I write that figure has shrunk to 147. In another two years, if I can believe not one correspondent but dozens, we shall have no blast-furnaces at all. What will be our position among the first-class world-powers when that happens? Already we are a country without agriculture; unable to feed our citizens. Then, we shall be a country without metals—unable to defend our citizens. All about us, men *talk* of Peace. And perchance they talk honestly. But if once the raw material from which we in Great Britain manufactured, during the last war, all those guns, all those rifles, all those ships, all those shell-cases, and all those bullets which went to the winning of it, is entirely controlled by foreigners—shall we not be left as impotent as a loyalist in pre-Treaty Ireland or a lobster without its claws?

SUCH is the war-view; and does any lesson in history teach us to disregard it? But war apart, taking only things as they are and not as they may be, is it right, is it reasonable, is it even fair to the men who fought for us, that we should *this year* have admitted into this country of ours more than 2½ million tons of foreign iron and steel imports, on which the foreigner gets his profit but by which more than 100,000 British ironworkers, British steel-workers, British coal-miners, and British railwaymen are forced into destitution at a cost of £8,000,000 a year to our

State? A duty of £1 a ton—which could only cost us at the very worst 2½ millions—would rescue that 100,000 of our fellow citizens from penury and restart the wheels of an industry without which, in ultimate issues, no great power can hope to carry on.

Why don't we risk this duty? (If the worst did occur, the State would be five and-a-half millions in pocket.) Because of the consumer? But I do not admit, I never have admitted, that this £1 a ton duty on foreign iron and steel work would be paid for by the British consumer. There is no reason why Safeguarding *must* raise prices. Certain industrialists, still obsessed by the old selfish Victorian outlook, might be tempted, not only in the iron and steel trade, but in all those other trades where Safeguarding is imperative, to use the duty for their temporary profit. But competition would soon kill off the Victorians. Because the thinking industrialist of to-day knows that big permanent profits are made only by the doubling and trebling and quadrupling of output; by the consequent reduction of overheads; and by a scientific system of mass-production under which unnecessary costs are reduced to nil. To-day it is output, and always output, like the big battalions in warfare, which brings commercial victory. And our iron and steel masters, hampered by Trade Union regulations at home and subject to every form of fair and unfair competition from abroad, are unable to plan for victory. They dare not take the trade offensive. All that they can do is to defend, at what cost is shown by their balance-sheets, what little is left to us of that trade which was at one time both our profit in peace-time and our strength in war.

STEALTHILY, both the profit of our peace-time and our strength in war are being taken from us. False prophets tell us that if we seek to save them we shall only make bad things worse. Yet our false prophets give us no proof that this is so. All the other countries of the world have used the decade since the Armistice to restore their metal manufactures. Captured Belgium, devastated France, ruined Germany have got to their feet again; whereas we, with more capital and more territories than all three of them, are still floundering in the post-war mire. The feet of our young men lag; and the feet of our old men are clogged. Yet as a nation we still have our brains, our hearts, our initiative. We still have the money, and we still have the courage to restore these basic industries on which depend our world-position both in war and peace. But of what avail is courage, of what avail is money, so long as we remain the world's only unprotected country, the planet's dumping-ground for its surplus stock? Internally, we have protected everything. The liberty of the subject is protected by law. The liberties of the people are protected by the ballot-box. The liberty of the workless is protected by the dole. While the liberty, the very livelihood of the bulk of our workers are protected under that system known as Trade Unionism, which England invented, and which the enemies of England now turn to their own account.

But externally we refuse to protect ourselves, preferring that our citizens should starve in idleness while foreigners work and wax fat. Why? Does our system of party politics provide the answer? If so, of what further use is a Trade Unionism which safeguards the worker's wages while the Parliamentary Labour Party refuses to safeguard the very industries from which those wages are derived?

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notoriety, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

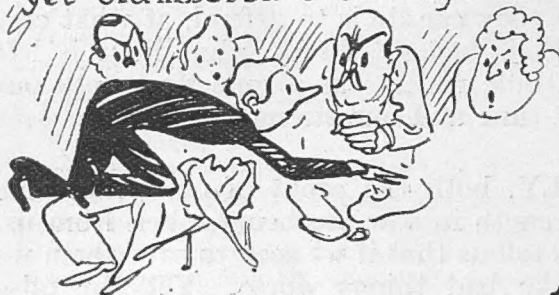
The Marquis of Donegal.

Youth will probably never learn that things which are done slowly are Generally done best.



Mr. Alan Parsons. I am always

in time for the theatre. I have never yet clambered over anyone's knees.



Rev. R. J. Campbell.

The Secret of Unhappiness: The reason why some men live shadowed lives.



A Kingston Solicitor.

Music hath no charms to soothe the savage landlord.



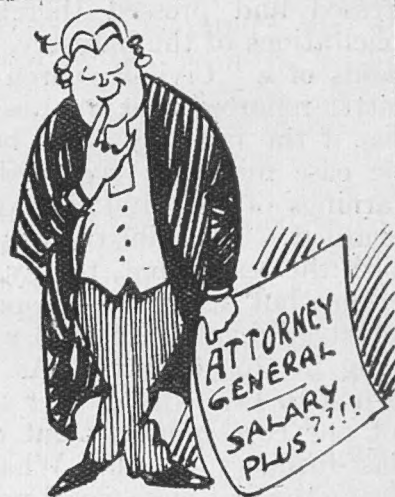
Mr. Amery.

The Government's Derating Bill is full of complications many of them only intelligible to experts.

Sir Thomas Inskip.

(on commercial careers for ex-judges.)

I refer with a little hesitation to the general question raised.



Mr. Massey.

of Heatherley's. A successful artist is a person who paints what he thinks other people see.



Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.

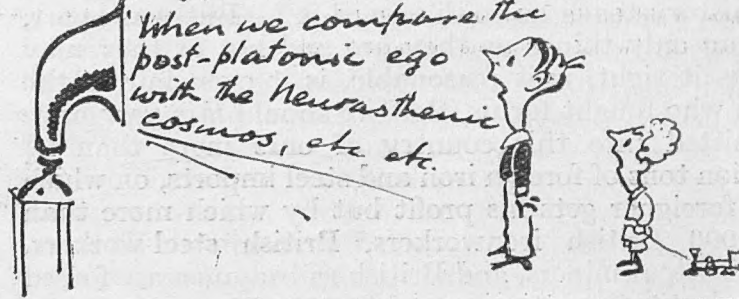
Dress-sense means knowing why certain clothes look right or wrong.

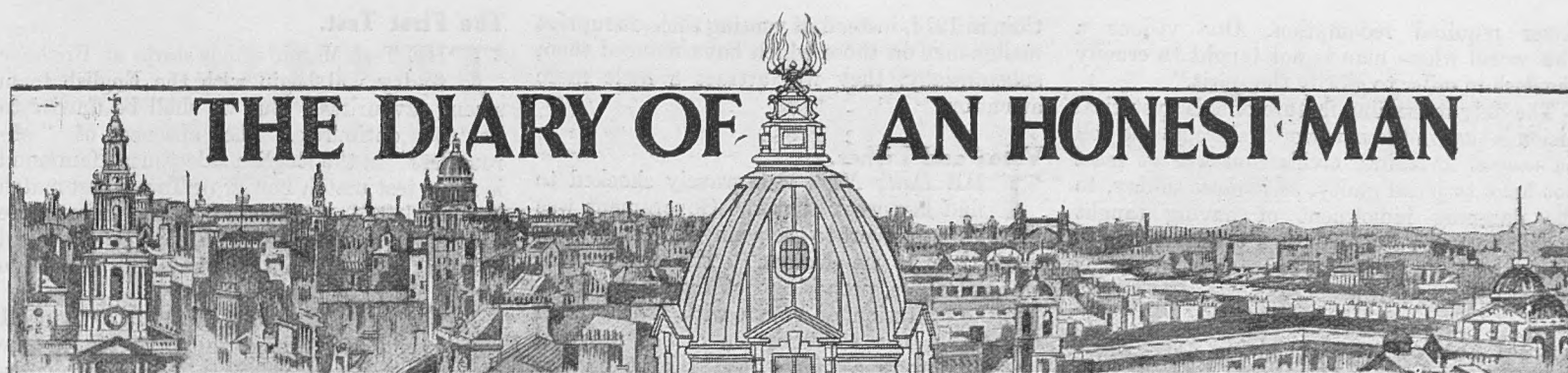


Mr. Albert de Courville.

Broadcasting has taught me that too many people are intolerant of others.

As Prof. Boram-Stiffe says: When we compare the post-platonic ego with the Neurasthenic cosmos, etc. etc.





The King.

THE King's illness has come as a shock to his subjects. That their anxiety is shared by other nations and not least in Germany and in America, is a tribute to the beneficent influence which King George is known to have exercised just as invariably in the cause of peace and the appeasement of national rivalries, as he has at home in the appeasement of class antagonisms. I earnestly trust that in our next issue it may be possible to record a definite improvement in His Majesty's health.

Vicarious Charity.

WITH the approach of the Election politicians of all schools (if indeed there is more than one school) find the topic of Pensions congenial. It is so nice to be generous with other people's money. At Glasgow Mr. Baldwin announces triumphantly that in Scotland alone 179,000 persons are in receipt of pensions from the State which, but for his activities they would not have been enjoying. Meanwhile, Mr. Bevin—one of the ablest of the Labour leaders—pleads for compulsory retirement from work at 65, with the necessary corollary of more pensions.

That a country can only get poorer by producing less is obvious, yet both these eminent and sincere men claim credit for devising schemes which withdraw or would withdraw hundreds of thousands from production. If the results of this policy, inevitable as they are, were still to seek one might be less surprised, but the results are here in widespread unemployment, short time, and terrible impoverishment among people who get little or no benefit from any of these schemes.

To have fed the hungry and tended the sick would indeed be a proud record for any Government, but for all their ineffable moral superiority it is the Governments of all parties who have themselves spread through the land the hunger which they are all so volubly relieving.

Socialism in Practice.

I AM glad to see that Lord de la Warr moved a resolution in the House of Lords favouring the bulk purchase by the State of our necessary imports of wheat (30 per cent. of the entire world's surplus) and of meat (to the value of £121 millions a year). There is at least nothing furtive about the Socialism of our alternative Government. What was the result of State trading in wheat during and after the war? The Government, although wages had risen, and an illusive prosperity was general, did not dare to sell the wheat they bought at the price which they paid for it. We were landed in a bread subsidy which cost us hundreds of millions. Yet the producer of home wheat got only 72s. a quarter while the Wheat Board was buying at 95s. or even 120s. abroad.

What political party on the eve of a General Election would dare to do differently to-day? A Government is bound to pay what it is asked to pay and can never ask from the consumer more than the consumer is prepared to pay. The only effect of nationalised imports is to

impose a tax on British industry in the interests of the foreign producer, to the demoralisation of the British consumer. These are not surmises, but facts.

Eugenic Peers.

A Eugenicist wants to reform the House of Lords by insisting on each noble family electing its worthiest representative. The result would be depressingly like that club which Frank Harris once described as "a home of faded prigs." What we like about our peerage is what Melbourne liked about the Garter. "There's no damned merit about it."

It may be true that ability does not always descend to the eldest son, but it is equally true that ability is the cheapest and commonest commodity in the world. The value of a peer lies in the fact that, because he is a peer, he is an ordinary man placed in an extraordinary position and the result that there is one public assembly left where the man in the street can hear himself speak.

A Notable Speech.

MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE delivered a notable attack on the Government's employment policy on the occasion of the debate on the grants to Railways in relief of freights. The chief cause of unemployment, in his view, has been the return to the gold standard, which by decreasing the amount of money in circulation has produced a fall in prices, and so immensely increased the real burden of our internal debts. Put in plain English, the amount of goods or services on which the holder of £50,000 worth of War Loan has a call has been increased by the Treasury policy, and this tax on industry is crippling our trade. Mr. Pethick Lawrence did not add that a further defect of the Treasury policy has been the impossibility of bringing down wages to the new price level before markets have been lost by prolonged strikes and the general effects of "unrest." But his failure for obvious reasons to stress this point does not invalidate the point which he has made.

Manufacturers are producing at a loss or with an altogether inadequate profit. The alternative is for them to close their works. The situation cannot, of course, be remedied to-day by a revaluation of the pound sterling. It can only be remedied by a reform of our banking system to provide for greater credit facilities, by the reduction of wages in the sheltered industries (and not those of manual labour alone) to the new price level, and by improved efficiency. But no one from the Government Bench thought it necessary even to answer a most constructive and thoughtful speech.

Secrets of the Prison House.

THE news that a police constable has got into trouble for making a false entry in his notebook raises again the old question of what policemen write in those little black books which we admire at a distance, but are never allowed to read.

Some enterprising publisher of five hundred years hence will no doubt be publishing "Leaves

from a Constable's Notebook" in limited editions, and undergraduates will be writing treatises on "London Life circa 1928, based on an examination of 25,000 diaries of the Metropolitan Constabulary found in the archives of Scotland (sic) Yard." Till then we can only content ourselves with the inference to be drawn from recent events that in these books alone, of all the books compiled by man, nothing but the truth is put down. On the whole I am glad we are not allowed to know what it is, for it means that I can still enjoy my daily newspaper.

More Morality.

THE French waiters and hotel servants are protesting against the tipping system. Their protests would be more convincing if they took a more practical form, but they utter them only in the secrecy of their own meetings and display a perfect resignation and every appearance of outward calm in the presence of customers. The fact is that they want a wage as well, and equally naturally they put forward this demand on the grounds that tipping is "immoral."

It is, I know, a modern view that almost everything except immorality is immoral, but it is surely even on modern views a little absurd to apply the term to the receipt of money for services rendered. It reminds me of the description of payment by results as "putting temptation in the way of a young lad."

A Depressing Return.

TWENTY-SIX out of the first twenty-seven industries listed in a recent official return as showing increased employment since 1923 "are almost exclusively concerned in production or service for home consumption." Another significant figure is that in 1923 10.9 per cent. of the population was engaged in the distribution trades. To-day the percentage is 13.6.

In other words, we are producing relatively less and of our decreased production less is suitable for export. We are, however, not eating less bread or meat or smoking less tobacco, all of which must in the long run be paid for by more production for the foreign market. Nobody proposes to do anything about it, of course. What a happy world it is—except for the unemployed.

A Bad Dream.

THE *Daily Herald* is publishing a series of Dreams of the Future. The Dream of Mr. A. S. Neill, clearly a schoolmaster, is a remarkably disagreeable document. "My dream of the future," he begins, "is hardly a correct title. My knowledge of the future is nearer the mark." What he thinks most important for his reader is that "Our descendants will do away with our present criminal code." "The future School" also "will have no punishment. . . . It will be in the country amid grass and water. . . . Reading and writing will be acquired accidentally." The new teacher will have "no authority and no dignity at all." "Psychology has already shown that man never fell and man consequently

(Continued overleaf)

never required redemption. One visions a new world where man is not taught to crucify the flesh in order to glorify the spirit."

The only redeeming feature of this hysterical vision is that in the new world, since no one will be taught anything, civilisation will at least not have to plead guilty, as it must to-day, to the damning indictment of having taught people to write before it has taught them to think and of paying them to teach before it has taught them to learn.

Unreal Patriotism.

THE *Daily Herald* gives delighted prominence to the reported tribute of Mr. Tuttle, the District Attorney who is conducting the "Vestris" enquiry, to the "real heroism" of the negro crew. The plain fact is that the negro crew mutinied. The *Daily Herald* does not refer to the, presumably, unreal heroism of the British officers and seamen who lost their lives.

More Waste.

AN excellent instance of false economy, largely inspired by Press attacks on the Civil Service, is provided by the Patent Office. Since 1912 the number of patent specifications to be dealt with has increased by 26.9 per cent., but the staff has decreased by 9.9 per cent. The result is that patent applications are less promptly dealt with and the British inventor is penalised. The British Science Guild does well to call attention to this interesting by-product of the anti-waste campaign of a few years back.

The Indian Princes.

THE Maharajah Jamsahib of Nawanagar has put in a timely plea for the recognition of the rights of the Indian Princes. The rights of these independent States evoke little sympathy from our progressive politicians who labour under the odd delusion that the only States who have a right to choose and maintain their own forms of Government are those who choose to be governed by people like themselves.

The howl of dismay which went up from Parliamentarians when the independent Egyptian Government decided to do without a parliament was merely comic: the subtle attack on the treaty rights of the Indian States is, however, more serious.

The Indian States must be protected by everyone who honestly accepts the principle of national independence.

More Facts about Disarmament.

THE strength of the British Army before the war was 940,000; to-day the comparable figure is 674,000. These figures provide an interesting pendant to those which I gave last week on American and French Armaments. I have been shown another calculation which gives the mobilization strength of the Russian Army as 15,000,000. Pacifists can take what comfort they like from the fact that the comparable figure for 1914 was nearer 20,000,000. Equipment and ammunition was so short, however, that this number could never at any time have taken the field.

It may be urged that the Soviet Government is at least as inefficient as that of the Czar, in which case probably the effective strength of the Red Army is to-day not much more than 12,000,000.

If, however, the *Daily Herald's* view of Soviet efficiency is correct, we must regard the Russian Army as being without question the greatest threat to peace which exists in Europe to-day. When the advocates of disarmament began to criticise those Powers which maintain armaments obviously in excess of defensive requirements, and on an even more lavish scale

than in 1914, instead of venting their disruptive malignancy on those which have reduced them substantially, they will attract a little more attention.

Votes and Fishes.

THE *Daily News* was gravely shocked to find last week that the Government was proposing to revert to the penny post next year, as a "bait to the electors." The Government was, of course, proposing nothing of the kind, but the confusion of voters with fishes which the *Daily News's* description of the proposal implies throws a much needed light on the genesis of the Liberal Party's own election programme. This otherwise inexplicable document must have been drawn up as the result of a genuine misunderstanding of the Party agent's report that the Electorate consisted entirely of simple soles. If only people would put things in writing these mistakes would be avoided.

Civil Service Pensions.

A SMALL mutiny in the Labour Party over the question of diplomats' pensions may have been refreshing to those cynics who like to see Members of Parliament making fools of

LORD BIRKENHEAD FOR BRITANNIA

British National Newspapers, Ltd., have the honour to announce the signature of a long and exclusive contract with Lord Birkenhead.

Under this contract Lord Birkenhead, an article from whose pen appears in this issue, will shortly confine his entire journalistic activities to BRITANNIA, contributing thereto a weekly feature dealing with the most vital political, literary, legal and historical questions of our day.

We feel sure that this announcement will meet with the general approval of our readers, and still further enhance the prestige of BRITANNIA, both at home and overseas.

themselves in public. To others it was a little painful. Diplomats still draw pensions only in respect of their services abroad, but they are now required to serve in the Foreign Office as and when required.

This inequality of pension rights was defended by Mr. Kirkwood on the ground that he believed in equality, by which he meant that he disbelieved in anyone being better off than himself. The answer is that no man is "worth" more or less than he can get. Money values are not moral values, and the spectacle of a man pursuing cash will never be an inspiring spectacle. But salaries are not paid out of altruism; we pay for what we have to pay. The only exception is in the case of Members of Parliament where we pay what they make us pay. For the rest we can under-pay our Civil servants and lose them, over-pay them and corrupt them, or pay them properly and retain them.

The First Test.

THE Test Match which starts at Brisbane to-day will begin with the English team strong favourites. But we shall be unwise to be too optimistic. The absence of "all-rounders" in the English side (since Hammond is not a test match bowler or Tate a test match bat) has left Mr. Chapman with the unfortunate task of fitting eight batsmen, four bowlers, and a wicket keeper into a side unkindly limited to eleven players.

Perhaps the fact that not more than 11 men would be allowed to play escaped the attention of the selectors. Presumably, as things are, we shall play six first-class batsmen only, and this means that one or two failures at the beginning of the innings may cost us the match, as they cost us the rubber on our last Australian tour. Happily there is no real reason to be gloomy, and nothing but the weather would make me so. The ideal thing would be a wet wicket in Brisbane and a spell of fine weather in England. But I suppose that is too much to hope for.

Nothing Doing.

"WE have done nothing," says Mr. E. D. Simon, the Liberal ex-Lord Mayor, of Manchester, talking of housing, "for the poorer workers." If by "we" Mr. Simon means the Income Tax payer, he is quite wrong. The capital liability assumed by the tax payer in connection with housing since 1920 is much over £600,000,000. Unfortunately, directly the good news of the tax payer's generosity spread, the price of houses rose (the building unions got at least a fair share of the loot), and the efforts of the successive Ministers who succeeded the lamented Dr. Addison have been principally directed to getting the price of houses nearer to normal. Curiously enough the fall in prices has invariably followed a reduction or a restriction of the subsidy. The remedy is not more but less state interference. Instead, Mr. Simon proposes to subsidise rates for people in low wages.

Why is assistance to be denied to the efficient workman and given to the inefficient? And who is to pay the subsidy? There are only two sources from which rent can be paid. One is out of the earnings of the tenant, the other is out of the earnings of some one else. But if you start paying people's rent for them when, how, and in the name of logic why are you ever going to stop?

Individualism.

LORD BIRKENHEAD was the guest last week of the Individualist Bookshop—a movement which he confessed would not in his view very greatly influence the future of the world. He defined the industrial problem as that of finding occupation for the ranks of manual labour, which is certainly the reverse of the individualist conception, which, very roughly, is that if a man has to find work for himself he will do so, but that if it is regarded as some one else's job to find the work he will be well content to wait. But there is no real discrepancy.

Individualism is not a policy but an attitude of mind, and until it is the attitude of the manual labourer as well as of the profit seeker, British Industry will not prosper. The capitalist will always be the man who has to find the place, but the individual will have to make that place remunerative to the capitalist by his own efforts, or see it taken by somebody else. Labour has got to learn this, and the chief task of the Individualist Movement is to teach it him. The Trades Unions will never be able to abrogate this law of life. Their effort to do so is one of the causes of unemployment.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



H.M. The King of the Serbs,
Croats and Slovenes.

ANOTHER TENTH ANNIVERSARY

By CRAWFURD PRICE

TO-MORROW (December 1st) the Serbs will celebrate the foundation of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, generally known to us as Yugoslavia. Unfortunately, the Serbs will celebrate it alone. The Croats sit skulking in their houses. Quite possibly they will put up the shutters, hang out black flags and perform the other dismal rites which, in South-Eastern Europe, are the outward and visible sign of a day of mourning or national humiliation. And this ten years after an event which signalled the union of the Southern Slav race and the foundation of a State which, in the opinion of its sponsors, was to re-incarnate the ancient glories of Slav imperialism in the Balkan Peninsula.

A Danger Zone of Europe.

THE conflict between the two predominant partners in the Yugoslav State is of more than local interest, for the Peninsula remains a danger zone of Europe, and just as a stray shot in Sarajevo set the world ablaze in 1914, so may a continuance of existing friction suffice to shatter our flimsy edifice of universal peace. Disunion will inevitably fan the aspirations of some neighbouring countries and raise the revengeful hopes of others. For the Serbs and Croats, however, the issue is even more vital. United, they may stand, perhaps for all time; divided, they will surely fall victim to predatory ambitions. Why, then, cannot the two branches of a common stock get together? Why, when both regard the possible disruption of the Triune kingdom as a national disaster, should they hesitate to cut out the canker that infests the body politic?

Serbs and Croats.

THE fundamental reason lies deep down in history. When they are not too angry with each other (as at present), the Serbs and the Croats regard themselves as brethren. They are two branches of the Slav tribe that migrated to the Danube in the Middle Ages, and they speak the same language with less difference than exists, say, between the English of Westminster and Widdicombe. But in point of culture they are poles apart. The Serbs are essentially a race of peasant-farmers, rough hewn men who, with native chieftains at their head, fought their way to independence through a century of wars and revolutions; the Croats tolerated alien (Hungarian) rule, even if they groaned against its injustices. The Serb belong to the Eastern Orthodox Church and still use the Cyrillic alphabet; the Croats are Roman Catholics and employ Latin characters. The Serbs have perforce evolved much of their own (still more or less primitive) standard of existence; the Croats received much of their social education from their late masters in Vienna and Budapest.

The Root of the Trouble.

IT may be noted in passing that the political outlook of the Serbs and the Croats is also at variance. The Serbs have their eyes turned mainly towards the south, to their security in Macedonia and an outlet on the Aegean Sea; they have no real quarrel with Italy so long as she keeps her hands off Albania. In contrast, the Croats have their hearts set on the northern Adriatic, and they will never forgive the Serbs for their complacent acceptance of Italian sovereignty over Fiume.

But these differences, however outstanding, do not go to the root of the question. The plain fact is that, from the date of the capitulation

to break away from the Serbs—a course which would imply betrayal of the Yugoslav cause and leave them to the mercy of Italy. But they do demand, and have unceasingly continued to demand, a decentralisation of the administration with control of their local affairs and greater freedom from interference by Belgrade.

Boggling at the Remedy.

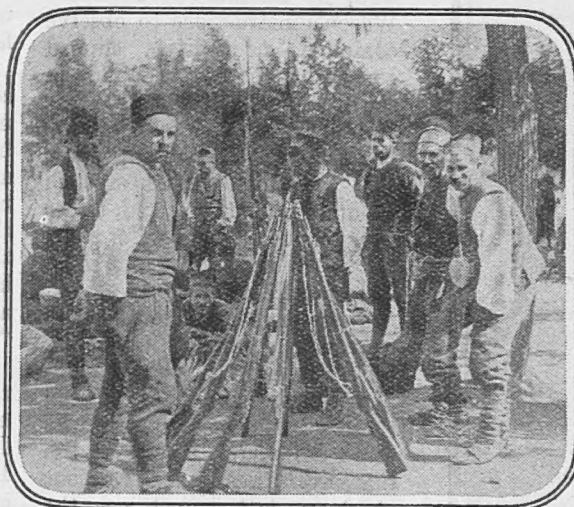
SUCH is the problem which has faced Yugo-slav statesmen for the past decade. The tide of its acuteness has ebbed and flowed, and may be said to have reached high level last summer, when a shooting affray in the *Skoupshtina* (Parliament) resulted in the death of Stepan Raditch and his nephew—the Croat political leaders. Meantime, the Government has been disorganised, business has been paralysed, and the negotiations for the Rothschild loan, which was to have stabilised the currency and inaugurated a necessary programme of railway construction, remain unconcluded.

So the Serbs continue to boggle at the obvious remedy. True, the Croats have been difficult, possibly because they are inclined to compare their existence in pre-war Austro-Hungary with their lot in post-war Yugoslavia, which is hardly a fair comparison. But there is something lacking in a statesmanship which is content to allege that Serbia carried out the task of liberation at the cost of untold blood and treasure, that the security of the State demands a centralised administration, and that the ideal of national unity cannot be achieved until the rising generation of Croats has passed through the army and there imbibed its lesson.

The Army and the Nation.

THERE are, I think, two truths to be borne in mind. The first is that the centralised system at present in force, and which was fathered by the Radical Party under the late Nicholas Pashitch, is the basis of Serbia's civil politics. Pashitch himself was a political "boss" of the Tammany Hall type, who governed Serbia and attempted to govern Yugoslavia through a "machine." The "machine" still survives, and it is still powerful.

The second factor is that in Serbia the army exercises a greater political influence than in any other country in modern Europe. Certainly the army has done well by the nation. It has brought it successfully through three wars and established it in a position of undreamed-of international importance. But it has also for many years dominated the political situation. It has controlled the Government; it has made and unmade dynasties at its will. And the army has always exercised its political power through the Radical Party which, in turn, sponsored and still supports the centralised system of administration.



Serbian Reservists in the Great War.

lation of the Austro-Hungarian army, the Serb has adopted the attitude of a military overlord. He feels, with some justification, that it was by his valour and sacrifice that the Croats were freed from alien rule, and he cannot understand why they are not duly grateful and prepared to accept him as their liberator and at least the dominant partner in the union. Unhappily, the Croats do not see things in this light.

As a province of Austro-Hungary they had an ordered Government, well-planned towns, adequate communications and their own local administration. Political persecution apart (and that, perhaps, affected only a minority) they had an easier, happier, more prosperous life under the Habsburg Emperor than they are likely to enjoy, at least for a generation to come, under the Karageorgevitch king.

Most of all do the Croats resent the attitude of the central administration, which is controlled by the Serbs. They complain that the Serbs have flooded their cities and lands with Serbian soldiery, abolished their provincial diet, placed them under the jurisdiction of Serbian bureaucrats, inflicted upon them an unfair burden of taxation, and generally treated them not as brethren, but as a conquered people. They do not desire to shake off their allegiance to the Karageorgevitch dynasty, or

MY REPLY to PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

*By the Rt. Hon. the Earl
of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.*



FOR those who have been allies in a mortal struggle to begin comparing their exertions is alike ungraceful and ungracious. To give unsolicited advice and pass harsh strictures upon the Governments of a continent which has nearly bled to death would appear to be unhelpful and unnecessary.

The President of the United States chose Armistice Day to make a speech upon the above topics defining his attitude towards Europe, which has been acclaimed by an American admirer as "the utterance of a clear-eyed statesman." Most English friends of America wish that he had chosen any other occasion for an address which was so certain to wound European feelings and to suggest, by its naivité and bluntness that the President has already forgotten the deeper implications of America's participation in the Great War.

Our Debt to America.

Americans must not suppose that, because we detect a lack of kindness and understanding in the President's speech, we ourselves are ungrateful or misunderstanding in regard to the impressive part which his countrymen played in that great struggle. We know that the decisive factor in the Germans' defeat in November, 1918, was their knowledge that

the history of our people to admit defeat in a quarrel near our shores and for our homes. Had the worst happened, had the Germans broken through the front in France, closed the Channel ports, and bombarded London, the courage of the British people after four years of war was such that they would have evacuated London and continued the struggle for ten years more, if need be, on the sea and in the air.

President Wilson's Hesitations.

PRESIDENT WILSON, also a "clear-eyed statesman," took two and a half years to make up his mind to enter the War. We still recall the manner in which he alternately lectured Germany and England—in fact the whole of Europe—and in the interval accepted no inconsiderable affronts from Germany on land and sea.

His hesitations, his allocutions, his air *de haut en bas* were not the least of the trials of that period of the War. And when at last he was stung by intolerable outrage upon his fellow citizens to enter a struggle, which he had condemned as an unnecessary and stupid brawl, he could not ever have touched Germany in assault had it not been for the bottoms provided by the British mercantile marine protected

by the British Navy (against whose activities he had so often protested). And even more obviously such contact would not have been possible but for the incredible sacrifices already made by the allied armies in the field.

'Age-Old Animosities.'

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE says of Europe that "We are not interested in their age-old animosities." This is a paraphrase of the utterances of President Wilson during the first two and a half years of the War.

For two and a half years, while we were securing the mastery of the seas without which no American troops (be it repeated) could ever have reached Europe; while we of this country and this Empire poured forth our man-power not merely on the Flanders front, but against the Turks, the Austrians, the Bulgarians, and those races in Asia and Africa whom Germany had raised against us—during these two and a half years, President Wilson also remained "not interested in their age-old animosities."

In the Spring of 1917, he changed his outlook rather abruptly. Let us be under no illusion, however, as to the cause of this change. Mr. Lansing, his Secretary of State, on July 30 1917, stated definitely the reason for America's entry into the War. I quote from an official telegram of that date:—

New York, July 30.—Addressing the Officers of the Reserve Corps, Mr. Lansing asked them to rid their minds of any idea that they were fighting anybody's battle but their own. Would a victorious Germany have withheld her hands from such a rich prize as the United States? Would it have been easier or wiser for the United States to await such an event and fight Germany single-handed, than to unite with Germany's brave enemies now, and end for all time the military menace? You are fighting for those things for which your forefathers were willing to die, and I am firmly convinced that the independence of no nation is safe until German military despotism is rendered impotent, and there is only one way to do that—namely, by force of arms.

The Factor of Self-Interest.

SELF-INTEREST then brought America into the War. No other motive could be responsible; no Government would dare to embroil its citizens in a bloody struggle for any other reason. But what havoc this plays with the pose of condescending superiority towards Europe which President Wilson had till then invariably shown, and which President Coolidge now appears determined to revive. President Wilson had hesitated for so long that the task of Germany's enemies was rendered infinitely harder, and its achievement infinitely more agonising.

For three years we and our allies bore the brunt of the most murderous struggle in human history, before a single American soldier set foot in France. By the time the American troops arrived, we and our allies had lost the flower of our manhood; the backbone of our prosperity was broken. Hardly a palace or a cottage was without its tragedy.

And even then America was not ready. In this same speech President Coolidge confesses that "When the great conflict finally broke upon us, we were unprepared to meet its military responsibilities." This very necessary admission, of course, means that America's allies, even after her entrance into the War, were forced to supply the deficiency of her unpreparedness. No wonder then that the President went on to say that "when it was all over, in spite of the great strain, we were the only country that had much reserve power left." This is among allies an unusual ground for public, as apart from domestic, felicitation.

The Mighty Engine.

THE President claims that "no country ever exhibited a more magnificent spirit or demonstrated a higher degree of patriotic heroism" than America. "The great organising ability of our industrial leaders; the unexpected strength of our financial resources; the dedication of our entire man power under the universal service law; the farm and the factory; the railroad and the bank; 4,000,000 men under arms and 6,000,000 men in reserve—all became one mighty engine for the prosecution of the war."

The engine was three years late in starting. On its military side it could not have functioned at all without British transport and the British fleet. As a whole it could never have functioned or continued to function, or had the slightest effect on the progress of the War, but for the unprecedented and unequalled sacrifices and efforts of this country and of France.

Let us for a moment examine the figures relative to the military effort of America and of her Allies. In this way we shall more clearly appreciate the part (admittedly great) America played than by vague references to "4,000,000 men under arms and 6,000,000 men in reserve."

Between the outbreak of the War in 1914, and the Armistice in 1918, the total of men enlisted in the British fighting forces was 9,669,000. Of these nearly 9,000,000 were in the Army; 407,000 in the Navy; 293,500 in the Royal Air Force. 1,082,000 of this number were killed, died or disappeared. This figure includes those who died of wounds, but not those who died of disease.

America lost 36,000 killed; 15,000 died of wounds; 8,000 died of other causes. In addition, 57,000 died of diseases. The valour of the American troops was of the highest quality, and was universally recognised by their Allies.

Figures of Sacrifice.

THE following table, taken for the most part from "Statistics of the Military Effort of the British Empire during the Great War," a Stationery Office publication, offers a compendious view of the sacrifices of the various allied armies:—

	Killed, died and missing	Disabled and wounded	Prisoners	Casualties
British Empire	908,000	2,000,000	192,000	3,100,000
France ..	1,390,000	1,490,000	446,000	3,326,000
Belgium ..	38,000	45,000	10,000	93,000
Italy ..	460,000	947,000	530,000	1,937,000
Serbia ..	128,000	133,000	70,000	331,000
Russia ..	1,700,000	4,900,000	2,500,000	9,100,000
Portugal	7,000	14,000	12,000	33,000
Rumania	336,000	—	—	—
Greece ..	—	—	—	27,000
United States	59,000	206,000	4,000	269,000

(The second column, treating of the disabled and wounded, is not altogether reliable, since the same soldier, wounded more than once, may appear in the record more than once.)

Even adding to the figures of the United States dead, the 57,000 who died of disease, we find that America's honoured dead were less than a tenth of France's; not an eighth of ours; a quarter of Italy's; a fifteenth of Russia's; and less than Serbia's. With the same inclusion, America's total casualties were roughly a tenth of those of France and ourselves respectively. They represent barely a fifty-fifth part of the whole Allied loss. These facts should be recalled when one speaks of the "4,000,000 men under arms and the 6,000,000 men in reserve."

Strength at the Armistice.

MORE than half of the four million Americans under arms never entered any theatre of war. The strengths of the Allied armies at the Armistice in the war zones were as follows:

British	2,002,000
French	2,794,000
Italian	2,274,000
United States	1,881,000
Belgian	145,000
Serbian	110,000
Greek	150,000

Russia, of course, has no place in this table. Tortured by revolution, the consequence of military defeats which, had America entered the field earlier, might never have been sustained, the Russian armies no longer represented

"MY REPLY TO PRESIDENT COOLIDGE."

The concluding instalment of Lord Birkenhead's reply to President Coolidge will appear in next week's issue of BRITANNIA.

an effective fighting force against the Central Powers. It is true that a remnant of patriots, wholly devoted to the allied cause, were in arms against the Bolsheviks and Germany. But there is no need to treat of those brave men in this argument.

America's strength in the field, then, at the close of the War, was roughly a fifth of the total effective allied forces.

In other words, though we of Europe and our Empires had borne the whole burden of the first three years of the War, though Russia had fallen by the way, though we had sustained nearly 9,000,000 casualties, though our Navy policed the seas of the world, the British Empire and her Allies still outnumbered the American troops in the War zones in the proportion of four to one.

"Greed and Selfishness."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is far removed from the scenes of horror which remain embedded in the memories of all who on this

side of the Atlantic had experience of the Great War. He could hardly otherwise, in the face of the casualty figures which I have given above, rebuke us, even by implication, for greed and selfishness.

"The enormous colonial possessions of Germany were divided up," he says, "among certain Allied nations. Such private property of her nationals as they held, was applied to the claims for reparations. We neither sought nor took any of the former German possessions. We have provided by law for returning the private property of her nationals."

And again: "It is plain that reason and conscience are as yet by no means supreme in human affairs. The inherited instinct of selfishness is very far from being eliminated; the forces of evil are exceedingly powerful." And he goes on to declare that the United States' monetary outlay for the War will prove to be much greater than that of any other country.

I will deal with this staggering financial claim in the second part of my article. For the moment I prefer to answer the charge of selfishness.

The Allies, we have seen, suffered rather more than fifty times the casualties of the American nation. Even when the Americans' armed effort was strongest, we put four times as many men in the field. (I have not thought it necessary to add any Japanese figures to the totals.) We might, perhaps, in these circumstances, be permitted to decide for ourselves what course we should adopt to save the world from a repetition of the assault upon civilisation which broke upon us in 1914, and which America learned to understand three years afterwards.

President Coolidge makes no reference to the mandatory system in his references to our alleged selfishness. He is silent about the League of Nations to which the mandatory powers are responsible, and which, for better or worse, was his own predecessor's contribution to the settlement of affairs after the War.

The Drift from Comradeship.

BUT what right has America, through the mouth of her President to censure us for acquiescence. "We needed Panama, and we took it," explained President Roosevelt, a really great Republican leader, a few years ago. The Philippines, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and Hayti, have provided other examples in recent years of such empire-building as no European nation has in fact accomplished in these modern days. President Coolidge assures us, in this same Armistice Day speech, that "our outlying possessions, with the exception of the Panama Canal Zone, are not a help to us, but a hindrance. We hold them, not as a profit, but as a duty."

This rather surprising claim needs only to be read in conjunction with his other remark that Europe "appears to think that we are going to do exactly what they would do if they had our chance," in order to understand how far the President has drifted from the spirit of comradeship which we, in England, so dearly prized, and would so willingly maintain.

THE WEEK IN THE STATES

THE RÔLE OF THE NAVIES

A Special Cable from WILLIS J. ABBOT

FEW unofficial utterances of a British spokesman have aroused so much interest in the United States as did the speech of Lord Lee of Fareham at the dinner to Ambassador Houghton last week. Lord Lee is well remembered in the United States as Arthur Lee, British military observer with United States military forces in Cuba at the time of our little war with Spain. He was afterwards military attaché to Washington and delegate to the Washington Conference for the limitation of naval armaments. Fame sometimes rests upon a slender foundation, and a good deal of friendly recollections of Lord Lee in the U.S.A. is due to the fact that the late Richard Harding Davis, the popular novelist, wrote highly appreciative dispatches of him during the war, and afterwards he became recognised as one of the more intimate friends of President Roosevelt. So, in brief, he stands among our people as the best type of friendly Englishman.

Limitation of Armaments.

In lending the authority of a man who has been part of the naval administration of Great Britain to the conviction so widely held outside the naval circles that the only effective agreement for the limitation of naval armaments must be made by civil negotiations, Lord Lee has given that proposition a tremendous forward thrust. While prominent spokesmen of peace organisations in the United States have been rather timidly urging that admirals were not the best delegates to peace conferences, their utterances have been rather brusquely swept aside by the arguments of naval and military officials. They will take new heart now, and so, too, will that large but not very articulate body of citizens in the United States who believe that not only the question of naval limitation, but the question of the peace of the world can be best settled by an agreement, understanding, pact, entente—whatever you want to call it—between the two great English-speaking nations.

A little plain speaking on this question will do much to clear away the perplexities in which it seems to be involved. We listen with pleasure over here to the constant reiteration by British spokesmen of the proposition that war between the two nations is unthinkable, and that any plans proposed for the construction of the British navy were based upon only national needs and not upon any anticipation that it is to be used against the U.S.A. By way of reciprocity our public men, with utmost suavity, defend the proposition for greatly increasing the United States navy wholly upon

the theory that it is never to be used against Great Britain, but simply for national defence. Disagreeable as it is to say so, this is largely piffle. There is no nation in the world against which either the British or American navy is not entirely adequate in its present proportions, or perhaps in materially reduced proportions, except the navy of the United States and that of Great Britain respectively. There are those who think that in time England will see that the theory that the British navy must be great enough to defend all possible trade routes to English ports must imply the creation of a navy greater than any single nation could possibly support, since it would have to be able to cope with the navies of the world. But if

two nations. But I dare say that to no international situation is so little thought given on either side of the boundary line as to the vulnerability of Canada in the case of war. Boundaries unfortified. No vessels of war worthy of the name display the flag of either nation on the Great Lakes that make up part of the dividing line. The army of the United States is so small as to be practically negligible by any potential enemy, but the army of Canada, made up of militia, is even smaller. Should the Anglo-American war, which in their innermost consciousness the professional navy men of both nations have ever in contemplation, occur, Canada would be so vulnerable a point that probably all the forces that Great Britain could muster would be unable to defend it. It therefore stands, by present example and by potential danger, as an emphatic argument on behalf of an enduring understanding between the United States and Great Britain.



Lord Lee of Fareham.

there could be a direct and specific understanding between the U.S.A. and Great Britain for mutual support, either moral or physical, the navies of each could be cut in half and still be adequate for any probable task that might confront them.

Canada's Position.

BRITANNIA, as a distinctly Imperialistic organ of opinion, cannot be blind to the great hostage given by the British Empire to the United States in the position of Canada. No possible naval or military force could defend Canada against invasion from the United States in the event of hostilities between these

The Two Views.

And more, the chief British plea for a large navy is the necessity for keeping open the sea routes, by which alone England can be fed. The United States on its part thinks that it needs a great navy in order to protect the trade routes along which its steadily increasing trade is carried on. Both nations would be clearly served by an agreement to protect hereafter, in the event of war, neutral shipping and to maintain that theory which Woodrow Wilson advocated, but abandoned in the face of the opposition—the Freedom of the Seas. By such an agreement the ships carrying the food to sustain life, and the raw materials whereby industry is maintained in the British Isles, would be protected equally with those which carried the wheat, the steel and other exports which the United States now thinks necessitate a great navy for their protection.

Over here it is felt that the argument in support of Lord Lee's proposition is overwhelming.

It is recalled that our own President, now going out of office, was quoted by one of your journalists, Mr. Wickham Steed, as having said: "I want to see things in such a shape that the American people shall look upon every British cruiser as an additional pledge of their security; that the British people shall look upon every American cruiser as a pledge of their security; and that both of them looking at things in this way, we shall together need as few cruisers as possible. That is what I want."

In view of this, some of us in the U.S.A. are inclined to deplore the rather militant nature of the President's Armistice Day speech. Yet it clearly can be defended if there can be an acceptance of his earlier proposition that the cruisers will be employed to keep open the sea routes for ever to the trade that is so necessary to the life of the British people.

[It must not be assumed that the above views expressed by our American correspondent represents Editorial opinion.—Ed.]

THE NEED FOR A PEASANTRY

ANYONE who cares, however slightly, for the good and the future of this country, deplors the condition into which agriculture has fallen. The complaints are universal. They take all manner of forms, from the crude and very insufficient economic complaint that we are not making what we could out of our land, to the fundamental, political complaint that the decline of agriculture is a decline of a nation's soul.

But these complaints go round and round in a circle; they achieve nothing. I had almost written that they are not intended to achieve anything. I have heard them since I was a lad on a Sussex farm learning the beginnings of the business forty years ago (just in the heart of the first bad period). I hear them to-day almost unchanged.

What can be proposed which shall be of practical effect?

THE first thing to grasp is that you can never have agriculture flourishing in any country for long, nor to any permanent social advantage to that country unless you have a peasantry. The great social disaster which has befallen England during the last long lifetime say, since the Crimean war, has been the disappearance of our peasantry. But before we seek a remedy for this admitted evil, let us be clear as to what a peasantry is. It does not exactly mean a number of small owners cultivating their own land of which they have absolute possession and which they can sell or mortgage at will. There will in any peasantry be, under modern conditions, a considerable number of these, but in the height of the Middle Ages, in the 13th and early 14th century before the Black Death, peasantry was the very note of all Europe and especially of all England. Yet that peasantry was not a mass of small owners. They were men under tenure, with burdens to their Lords, and though they were secure, they had not the unrestricted ownership of modern times.

To-day you may go to many districts in France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Spain, where there is a strong and vigorous peasantry giving its tone to all the local life, and yet the greater part of the tillers of the soil will be payers of a customary rent and a considerable proportion dependent on a wage.

No, the definition of a peasantry seems rather to be this: a population in which the great mass of the families is traditionally attached to the land and interested in the land, understands its cultivation and delights in it; feels secure in it as a permanent source of livelihood.

No doubt once such a society has come into existence, the small owner tends to grow, and in the long run to predominate; but the essential of peasantry does not lie wholly in this ideal of quite unrestricted ownership, purely competitive, but rather in attachment to the soil, knowledge and love of it and active interest in its operations, and above all a feeling that



By *HILAIRE
BELLOC*

in such an agricultural life men can securely repose, living on it in from generation to generation, and strong in tradition.

That is what we already have lost nearly all over England and are now losing in the districts where something of it still remains. Unless we recover that peasantry we suffer the loss, not only of what is strongest and most

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the pages of*
BRITANNIA

permanent in the nation, but of that out of which the nation came: the primal element lacking which the whole body must sicken.

THE experiments in re-establishing a peasantry in modern England have everywhere failed. True, they have been half-hearted for the most part, nearly all of them theoretic and very contradictory one of another. Efforts at making agriculture "pay" have been fairly successful at special times and in special places.

The diversion of energy into particular channels, especially that of breeding pedigree stock, to which the climate is so singularly fitted, has also had a measure of success. The production of milk has been organised (though not of its by-products)—and so forth. But all that has nothing to do with the production of a peasantry. You might conceivably make the land of England twice as productive by a mechanical centralised system of control, using the labour of men strictly regulated in wages, hours and the rest on the model of a factory. But so far from making a peasantry that would be the very model for destroying the last chances of a peasantry.

How then is a peasantry to be re-established in England?

What is the main factor? The first condition?

It is, I think, on the answer to this question that people have gone wrong. They have noted the obstacles, such as the high cost of carriage, the lack of co-operative organisation, the lack of small capital for the small owner. They have imagined that the removal of one or all of these obstacles would re-create a peasantry. Some have even imagined that a compulsory distribution of the soil into small holdings, coupled with advances of capital under public guarantee, would do the thing. It will not. None of these remedies will do the thing; because the initiative has been lost.

The answer to that question which I set down above lies precisely in this, that the initiative having been lost, it has to be re-created. You have not, as things now are, a sufficient knowledge of how to deal with the land, a sufficient sense or practice of co-operation, a sufficient living tradition, nor, above all, a sufficient sense of security. The man attempting as an individual the life of a peasant is gambling against heavy odds, with no corporate support, and knows in his heart of hearts that it is ten to one his son will never succeed him, and at least even chances that he will lose what little he has invested.

NOW to recover the initiative thus lost there is, in a society such as ours, only one practical way. It is the devotion of a very considerable unit of capital as a beginning under individual control, the starting of a cell or nucleus where a peasantry might be locally established and for the example and prosperity of which it might grow. Such a cell or nucleus would be of effect if it were on a sufficiently large scale even if there were but one. If there were many, growing by the example of those already established, that would be better still. But I think that even one on a sufficient scale might do the trick, and breed a prodigy after its kind.

Now this abstract formula means in concrete terms a rich man, or at any rate the controller of a great sum of money, setting out to make the experiment and to build up a large group of
(Continued overleaf.)

The Need for a Peasantry

—continued

small farms, the conditions of which he should himself establish. It means that such a man must have for his main object the production of that type of society called a peasant society. If his main object be the desire to enrich himself as much as possible, to make the highest possible percentage upon his money; he will be filled with the very spirit which has destroyed the peasantry. He may make his colony a financial success, but the families upon it will be the very opposite of a peasantry, and would never, even if you were to suddenly leave them the land as a gift, be able to maintain themselves as peasants.

A GREAT many people will quarrel with this statement of mine that to begin this affair, to "start the engine from cold," you need a rich man, or rich men, to go in for it as a life work. Small, isolated men with insufficient means will never co-operate properly or sell to the best advantage or learn the best and newest ways of doing things. The corporate quality of the experiment can only be obtained by beginning with control from above.

You must have such superior control in the fixing of the terms of tenure, in the devising of the guarantees for its security, in the organisation of co-operation and in the finding of markets, because, in strenuous fighting work, Committees are useless, and personal generalship is everything. You must have a large unit of capital to begin with, because you are working against the stream; you will be meeting with heavy resistance in all the beginnings of your enterprise, and you will need high reserves to tide over the periods of half defeat.

You need capital to advertise, that is, to make known your experiment, to foster it under alien surroundings, to bribe (the word is not inaccurate—but you may prefer the word "impress") those who have political or other power to kill the beginnings of the thing. You need a large unit of capital also for the mere equipment. That which proposes to compete against an existing bad system must be more amply endowed per unit of time, energy and reserve than the system which it is fighting.

Whether such a man or several such men can be found in modern England I know not; but that there is anything incompatible with the spirit of modern wealth in such an experiment, I should certainly deny. Our modern wealthy men will spend upon a hobby, let alone a vice, much more than would be needed for an experiment of this kind. The thing has only got to be taken up as a hobby—or a folly—to succeed.

The fatal thing, the thing that would kill it, would be the superstition of commercial success in the man who shall put up the money.

We have all noticed that superstition at work, and the more intelligent of us are

increasingly amazed at it. The same man who will spend £50,000 on a picture (that is sacrifice £2,500 a year) for the whim of owning the picture; the same man who will lose £30,000 a year on a newspaper for the pleasure of feeling important; the same man who will give a million to a public object (that is sacrifice £50,000 a year) for I know not what reasons (ransom, limelight, sometimes even patriotism), will, the moment he is asked to use money actively, insist upon a profit, or if he finds a loss, shut down the experiment.

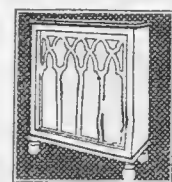
I DO not say that the man attempting the beginnings of a peasantry in some selected area of England to-day need not earmark a

certain small percentage on his capital, as other experimenters in other fields have done; saying, "If it is financially successful I will take this, but not more than this, out of it; the rest shall go back into the experiment." But what I do say is that if profit be the motive, or even be regarded as an essential, then the thing will fail.

The motive must be the desire or the whim, the hobby, of creating a considerable body of English yeomen, with full security of tenure, which shall become heritable and fixed; which shall produce a tradition, and restore confidence in the possibility of so excellent a life. To effect so great a good should be reward enough for any man.



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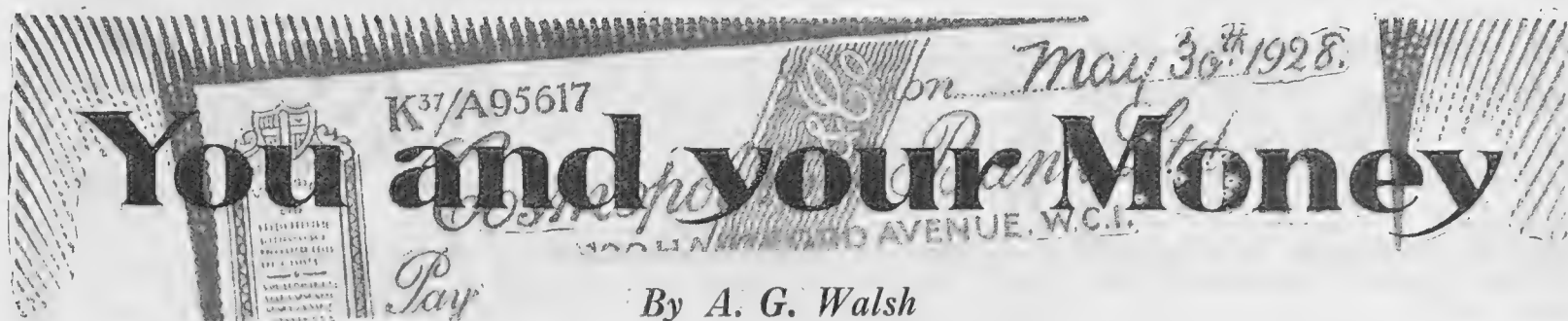
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BEFORE the War, the income of the nation was estimated at £2,400 millions. What I mean is the aggregate income of all citizens of this country. This is the national income.

Of that total, it was estimated that some £400 millions were put into capital for fresh production, leaving £2,000 millions for consumption.

Since the War, the economic condition of this, and many other countries, has undergone a vast change. Has the change been accompanied by an improvement in our resources as measured by national income?

If you bear in mind that the nation's wealth is not composed of money or investments; but mainly of factories, machinery, railways, ships, cultivated land and other property, you will realise that the national income is derived from the value of material goods produced during the year, the value of personal services and the value of impersonal services.

No exact computation of the nation's income is possible; but a reliable calculation can be made from the Census of Production of 1924. Mr. A. W. Flux, in his presidential address to the members of the Royal Statistical Society, adopted that report as a basis for computing the national income.

BY welding together the various component parts of income, Mr. Flux reached a provisional estimate of £3,975 millions, as the value of goods and services constituting the nation's income for 1924—the year of the Census.

No dependable returns of industrial output since 1924 are available. Therefore, it is necessary to fall back upon the 1924 figures in order to estimate the national income for the year 1927. On the assumption that the relation of net imports to production were alike in the two years, and making the allowance for the fall in wholesale prices in the intervening years, as measured by the Board of Trade index-number, the national income in 1927 was probably £3,650 millions.

Surplus Income as New Capital.

MY object in referring to this interesting statistical study is to show the significance of the figures in relation to the amount of new capital raised each year through public issues.

Not since 1920 has there been so great a flow of new issues as in the past few months. And it continues, notwithstanding that the public have subscribed since the beginning of 1928 over £320 millions. Please note this figure does not include any British Government loans.

Last year the amount of new capital raised totalled approximately £315 millions.

NATURALLY you will ask, where does all this new money come from? At any rate, it is a question frequently put to me when a rush of new issues occurs.

My answer invariably is that we are merely re-investing the surplus of national income. Some people fall into the error of regarding the money subscribed to new capital issues as "unemployed capital," the realised proceeds, perhaps, of a former investment.

It may be, but you should remember that when you sell an investment another buyer comes along, so that you are not adding to the common fund of surplus capital. Your sale has been the cause of a temporary displacement. Probably the money you have received for your security represents the buyer's surplus income.

Anyhow, the fact remains that new money each year is going into Stock Exchange channels and that the bulk of this money represents surplus income.

Less than Ten per cent.

MY investigations tend to show that something less than ten per cent. of the nation's aggregate income is finding its way into new issues. That is not an unduly high proportion considering the few opportunities for the employment of capital in industry.

And those who deprecate the readiness of the public to put capital into new enterprises instead of backing the older industries, should remember that the willingness of investors in this direction has created large new industries

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

such as artificial silk and the gramophone and kindred trades.

WITH the close of this year, I estimate that during the past four years, new capital to the extent of £1,110 millions has been provided by the public. British Government loans are not included in this calculation.

Assuming that one-third of the amount has proved unproductive so far, and that the remaining two-thirds is yielding an average return of 5 per cent., the national income has increased by over £35 millions through re-investment in the last four years of surplus income. And, of course, the Exchequer benefits by levying income tax upon the greater part of the yield from the new money.

No; the boom in new money is not to be deplored, provided that the money is for legitimate enterprise, and not to squander upon some hare-brained device or to exploit a process for which no market exists.

Capital can always be used profitably in the furtherance of sound enterprise.

£667,655,000 in Savings Certificates.

WHETHER the growth of the national income has brought with it a general improvement in the standard of living of the

workers is a moot question. One thing I have noticed is that there is now a much wider circle of investors than in pre-war days.

I should say that the Savings Certificates were the main influence in directing thrifty folk to the possibilities of an investment increasing in value at a certain rate each year. Previously, the majority of small investors regarded money deposited with a large bank or in the savings bank as the only safe form of investment apart from Consols.

There can be no question about the popularity of Savings Certificates. Essentially the small investor's ideal investment, they also have appealed to the comparatively well-to-do by reason of their complete immunity from income tax.

You will be impressed, no doubt, by the remarkable number of certificates issued to the public. Down to the end of the last financial year the total cash value of the certificates (three series) sold was £667,655,783.

IT was only to be expected, of course, that large numbers of certificates would be cashed before reaching their ten years' maturity. Even so, at the close of the last financial year the amount due to certificate holders was £483,500,000.

Savings Certificates are to remain in force for a limited period. The foregoing sum, therefore, may be regarded as a potential source of capital for future investment in other directions, possibly in gilt-edged securities.

While on this subject, I may as well make one or two points clear. In the first issue of BRITANNIA I showed that it would be to a holder's advantage to exchange from those certificates which had been in force for over ten years to the 16s. certificates—if the intention were to leave the money untouched for another ten years.

Several readers who hold the full complement of 500 original certificates now worth £650, have asked me since if this amount can be reinvested. It cannot. The limit of an individual holding is still 500 certificates involving an investment of £400 in the new 16s. series.

Depressed Home Rails.

ICANNOT recall when the stocks of the four main line companies were so depressed as they have been lately. L.M.S. ordinary stock has fallen to almost 50. This is the lowest level in its history. The traffic position is bad, I admit, but in my opinion it has been ameliorated by the economies effected in many directions.

Take the L.M.S. The working receipts for 46 weeks show a shrinkage of £3,887,000. It should not be forgotten that in the first six months of the year the decline in traffics was offset by approximately £1,000,000 by reductions in expenditure and an increase in the net results of ancillary businesses. And it has to be remembered that the company had then no relief from the reductions in wages.

Assuming that during the second six months of the year a further £1,000,000 has been saved in expenditure, then the gross decrease in earnings should be offset to the tune of some £2,000,000. It, therefore, looks as though the net loss sustained by the L.M.S. may not be

(Continued overleaf.)

You and Your Money—cont.

anything so serious as the published traffic statements would suggest.

A net decline of £2,000,000 would represent less than the amount required to pay 2 per cent. on the ordinary stock. The L.M.S. interim dividend this year was 1½ per cent. Even if the final is at the same rate I should regard the ordinary stock around 50 as well worth holding on the outlook.

Economies Effected.

THE three other companies are known also to have instituted far-reaching economies so that their published traffic receipts, like those of the L.M.S., cannot reveal the true position.

The decrease in the earnings of the Great Western for the period of 46 weeks amounts to £1,247,000 gross. Even if this has been offset to the extent of £500,000 by reductions in expenses, there should be a balance sufficient to justify a dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary stock.

The North-Eastern, which shows the heaviest percentage loss on earnings, may manage to offset about half the gross decline which, up to the present totals £2,402,000. It, therefore, looks as though the surplus for the guaranteed and preference dividends (requiring £7,402,000) may not exceed £6,500,000.

The Southern is in the happiest position of all. The setback in earnings during the first half of the year was offset by savings in coal and other expenditure. Any decrease in net earnings for the year should be comparatively moderate.

Don't Sell Now.

IT is quite an open secret that the railways intend making the best use of their road powers to combat the competition of motor transport.

Apart from this, the volume of goods traffic should receive a decided impetus when the railway freight relief scheme comes into operation.

Between now and the issue of the annual reports next February, I expect to see a sagging tendency among Home Railway stocks, but in my opinion a holder who sacrifices his stocks at present prices is throwing away an opportunity of recovering eventually a good part of his depreciated capital.

Rubber: The Wrong Way.

A "NATIONAL Week's Sale of Rubber Goods" is the newest idea for assisting the plantation industry. The Rubber Growers' Association refuses to identify itself with the project, which emanates from the chairman of a body called the Rubber Investors' Association.

The starting point of the scheme is the unfortunate holder of rubber shares. He will be asked first himself to promise to purchase at least one article made of rubber during the national week, and then to do a day's work of eight hours for rubber.

This day's work is to be devoted to calling upon, or writing to all his friends and acquaintances, and asking them to make a similar purchase. He is to rope in everybody living in the house, who in turn is to put in eight hours work for rubber, and, in my opinion, to make themselves a general nuisance to the community at large.

The enthusiasm of the originator of the scheme goes far beyond this. A journal devoted to the cause is to be published. Those who are not rubber investors but who volunteer to assist in the campaign will receive a free copy of the journal (a honorarium, I suppose).

The originator of the scheme lacks nothing in the way of optimism, for he anticipates that the circulation of his journal will reach 500,000

weekly and that "an altogether exceptional revenue will be derived from its advertisements."

Scheme Impracticable.

I VENTURE to suggest that the scheme, in its present form, is impracticable. Why should any shareholder make himself an unpaid commercial traveller for an industry in which he has the misfortune to be interested? Why confine the idea to the rubber industry? Why not suggest that all investors in colliery companies should canvas their friends for coal orders?

I feel convinced that the intentions of the originator of this grandiose scheme are sincere; but he is going the wrong way about the matter. Not five per cent. of the holders of rubber shares will give him the full support he requires. That is one weak point of the scheme.

By all means have a "National Week" for the sale of articles made of rubber; advertise them and let them sell on their merits. I should think that a man dunned by a score of friends, who happened to be holders of rubber shares, would loathe the name of rubber before the selling week was a day old.

The bulk of crude rubber consumed in this country, and in America, goes into the manufacture of rubber tyres. In America the ratio is 88 per cent. of the total consumption. This leaves 12 per cent. of rubber for other uses.

In my humble opinion no selling campaign can be successful unless the articles (other than tyres) contain about 90 per cent. of rubber and sell at over 5s. Take a hot water bottle for example, the quantity of pure rubber in it in relation to the selling price of 4s. or 5s. is extremely small.

The sale of 100,000 such articles would be of little real benefit to the industry in the sense of reducing the stock of surplus rubber.

Lancashire v. American Looms.

READING between the lines of the report of Mr. Arno S. Pearce, general secretary of the International Federation of Cotton Spinners, on his recent visit to American cotton mills, I imagine that Lancashire will have to put its house in order before long.

By specialisation of labour, which has not yet been attempted in Lancashire, and by running looms at night, the American mill-owner can bring himself to compete with Lancashire in foreign markets, for by these means the higher wages in the United States can be levelled to the proximity of European wages.

Mass production in the American cotton industry is still in its infancy, but the consumption of all kinds of cotton there per thousand spindles is greater than in Lancashire, chiefly because of the specialisation of labour.

American millowners recognise that the installation of automatic machinery does not pay if a mill is tied down to a 48-hour week without a second shift. Legislation in the United States allows this extra shift. By night working, America's output capacity is accordingly increased.

"Red Triangle" Cement.

FOR a two-year old company, British Cement Products and Finance Co. is a sturdy youngster. In its first year it made a profit of £124,753 on a capital of £200,000. That capital was increased in the second year to £400,000, and a profit of £250,905 thereon is now reported.

Now it is intended to increase further the capital by the creation of half a million new ordinary shares, in order to take advantage of the opportunities that exist for the profitable employment of capital in the building

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and allied industries. So says the annual report.

I believe that the idea is to finance building contracts if the builder is prepared to buy the products of the associated companies which constitute the "Red Triangle" group.

I do not propose to offer any opinion upon this. I prefer to await the statement of Mr. H. S. Horne, the chairman, at the forthcoming meeting, when no doubt he will enlighten shareholders as to the company's constructive programme.

The distribution proposed on the ordinary shares is 22½ per cent., and on the deferred 128½ per cent. plus a bonus of 1s. 11d. per share.

New ordinary shares are to be issued to shareholders at 50/- each on the basis of two for every nine held and one deferred share at 20/- for every three similar shares held.

Artificial Silk Shares.

THE heaviness of artificial silk shares is due more to the lack of support than anything else. Of course, the severe fall in British Celanese issues tends to keep out of this market even the most hardened speculators. There is a feeling in the City that the Celanese Board should issue a statement explaining the position or denying the rumours of internal friction. Nucras are the only share that is attracting any attention. This is on reports of a new agreement with Courtaulds.

At the moment I can see no inducement to investors to buy artificial silk shares, apart from Courtaulds and those of the other established concerns.

A great deal of money already is locked up in this industry and much of it has been lost through depreciation in share values.



By A. G. Walsh

THE London and New York stock exchanges present extraordinary contrasts. On the other side, the speculative boom goes on merrily and the reflection of the activity in what have come to be known as Anglo-American specialties relieves the gloom of markets here.

British speculators are now more concerned about what profits they can secure on their existing holdings than to think about fresh purchases. I warned you a few weeks ago that the "big money" was out of the market and I predicted a collapse of the boom through the lack of support. This is precisely what has taken place.

That the slump has not had more serious financial consequences is because of the plentiful supply of money available both for investment and speculation. The present generation of investors does not speculate in differences, or on the credit system, or with borrowed money, to the same extent as the gamblers of pre-war days.

Although the public now shows a wholesome tendency to return to solid investment securities than to speculate, without regard to merit, merely for the sake of a quick profit, I cannot hold out much hope of an improvement in market conditions. Business generally on the Stock Exchange slows down at this season.

Coming Government Loan.

I ATTRIBUTE the all round appreciation in British government stocks more to the stimulus of artificial support in order to make the market receptive for the impending new Government Loan than to a heavy investment demand. Opinion is divided as to the date of the appearance of the new loan; but in some quarters the idea prevails that the issue will be made early in December in order to provide an outlet for the re-investment of the heavy dividend and interest payments to be made on December 1st. On 5 per cent. War Loan alone the interest distribution will amount to £50,000,000.

More Money for Abroad.

DOUBTLESS because of the amount of money available for re-investment at this period, the time is thought opportune to float new colonial and foreign loans. Southern Rhodesia is issuing a 4½ per cent. stock at 97. This is a trustee stock and being long-dated, should appeal to investors on the look-out for a sound permanent investment.

More German Loans are on the way, and following the example of Cologne, the City of Munich is issuing 6 per cent. sterling Bonds at 94. The yield is thus 6¾ per cent. Hamburg Waterworks Company also intends to issue 6 per cent. bonds.

Depressed Rails.

IT is plain that the holders of railway stocks are studying closely the weekly traffic statements. This much I infer from the fact that the only stocks supported nowadays are those of the Underground Electric and the Metropolitan, the two groups which appear to be doing well.

A Cheap Railway Debenture.

AS regards foreign railways, apart from a moderate amount of investment business in the chief Argentine Stocks, conditions have been quiet. United Havana issues remain weak. I do not look for much recovery until traffics shape better. The repetition of the 5 per cent. dividend on Paraguay Central "D" debentures serves to remind me of their cheapness at 52. On this basis the debentures yield 9¾ per cent. and I have no reason to believe that current year's earnings will not permit the maintenance at least of 5 per cent.

I do not, however, pretend that the debentures are other than a speculative investment. They cannot be otherwise with interest dependent upon fluctuating earnings; moreover the interest is not yet cumulative. It will become so when 6½ per cent., the full rate, has been paid for three years in succession.

Industrials Irregular.

TURNING to the Industrial market, the shares most likely to remain in the limelight, for another week or two, are those which are marketable in New York. They include H.M.V., Columbia Gramophones, Marconis,

Irons are coming on the market. The shares of textile machinists are still under a cloud, as there is little new work coming forward, but I hear that Brooks and Doxey have a good order-book, and their shares at 1s. 9d. look to me worth picking up as a speculative lock-up.

African and Eastern Trade Ordinary still fluctuate around 16s. 6d. I hear conflicting rumours regarding the position. Some people take the view that the shares have reached rock-bottom, and ought to be bought now; others still hint at losses incurred in cocoa.

Harrods (Buenos Aires) results fulfilled highest expectations. Net profits have increased by £118,000, to over £544,000, but some disappointment has been expressed because the dividend on the 15s. ordinary shares has only been increased from 5 to 8½ per cent., or 1s. 3d. a share.

Canal Traffic Decreasing.

Manchester Ship Canal shares are being offered down on the declining traffic receipts. Like the railways the canal is feeling the effect of road transport competition, and the receipts to date are £55,000 to the bad. A reduction in dividend seems almost a foregone conclusion. For 1927 the ordinary shares received 5 per cent.

Mining Tendencies.

THE best that can be said about mining shares is that indications of reviving interest continue good. Business, however, is too small to influence prices. Some of the cheaper Kaffir shares, such as East Rands, West Rands, Robinson "B," and Consolidated Main Reefs have fallen back a little. The cause was a little scattered selling.

My view is that Rhodesians will probably attract attention before Kaffirs. Already I notice some quiet buying of base metal shares. No credence is attached to the rumour of a proposed amalgamation of Bwana M'Kubwa, Roan Antelope, and other mines.

The statistical position of tin has further improved, and I have not lost hope that the price of the metal will tend to rise during the next three months. The way is still being paved for a revival of activity in tin shares. At the moment of writing the price of tin is £238 a ton. At this, most of the Eastern tin mines should be able to earn good dividends.

More Rubber Tyres.

TRADING in rubber continues on a small scale. The shipments from the East have not been quite so large as was expected, but this has been without effect upon the price of the commodity.

Reports from American manufacturing centres are distinctly favourable. There has been an increase of 6,306,000 in the number of tyres produced, and nearly 4,842,000 in the number of tubes, during the first nine months of this year. These are output figures, but there has been a corresponding heavy increase in sales. London stocks of rubber are now down to 18,724 tons as against 69,850 tons a year ago. The position is thus healthy.

Next Week's Features in Britannia.

In addition to our regular contributions, next week's issue will include:

LORD BIRKENHEAD

My Reply to President Coolidge.

SIR MAX PEMBERTON

War in the Schools.

DR. EDUARD BENES

Has Europe Learned Its Lesson?

CAPT. P. T. ECKERSLEY

Problems of Broadcasting.

SIR MANUBHAI MEHTA

What India's Princes Want.

MUSSOLINI

Complete Woman's Section.

Complete Sports Section.

Mond Nickels and Courtaulds. New York has a particular fancy for H.M.V. shares, and it would look as though the price may touch higher levels yet.

The market is still predicting higher prices for Marconis. The terms of the merger are not yet available, but it is significant that Eastern Telegraph stock has risen to over 260. In some quarters the view obtains that the quotation may improve towards 300.

Coal and Iron Shares Sold.

PROVINCIAL investors are selling coal and iron shares, and it looks to me as though they are forced to do so in order to meet losses incurred on other shares. Good-class shares, such as Staveley, Bolsovers, and Stanton

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

A BIG EMPIRE
AND
LITTLE MINDS

By J. SAXON MILLS

THE National Liberal Club is perhaps not the headquarters of British Empire sentiment. But it provided a platform the other evening for Mr. Harold Cox, who used it to good purpose. He carried forward what I had to say on this page about general, as distinct from agricultural, migration to the Dominions. As I pointed out, all schemes of migration to the Overseas Empire are based on the land. Well and good it is that the primary resources of the soil should be developed. But this agrarian must in turn stimulate industrial enterprise. The Dominions, I suppose, intend to develop their mining and manufacturing interests, and why should not the British artisan, engineer, technician, manager, and the rest, take also a big share in this sort of work?

The present year will show a great decline in the figures of British migration, especially to Australia. Mr. Cox seems to be right in saying that there is a limit to the planting of British town workers as land workers in the Dominions. We haven't begun yet to sense the size of our population problem.—A good fifteen million of our people need to be levered bodily from our festering slums and broadcast over the Empire. "Shift the slum population by millions," says Mr. Cox. "Capitalists must be found who are willing to plant industries in our overseas countries."

Lack of Ideas.

We are stuck fast for want of big ideas and big enterprise. We haven't imagination enough even to conceive what we have inherited in our Empire. I listened to a lecture the other day at the Royal Empire Society on "Canada's Metalliferous Wealth—A Golden Vista." That is a heartening title. The lecturer, Mr. John Stewart, could scarcely get along with his subject for its very vastness. When we think Canada, we think grain. We don't remember that the Dominion is the second gold producer of the world, South Africa being the first.

And when we think South Africa, we think gold, not knowing that the coal-measures and iron ores of the Union are so immense that, as an Inspector of the Transvaal mines has told us, the steel and other industries one day to be based on these may well stagger the imagination.

We have 300,000 miners here pining for work and wage. Set them marching, four abreast, and see how long they take to pass a given point. Good strong Britons all of them, with a birthright to the wealth and opportunities of the Empire. And Mr. Baldwin, good man as he is, goes down to Glasgow, speaks three columns of *The Times* about our economic conditions and prospects, and never once alludes to the British Empire.

How Britain is Thanked.

I trust my fellow-Britons will observe quite closely what is going on in South Africa, as

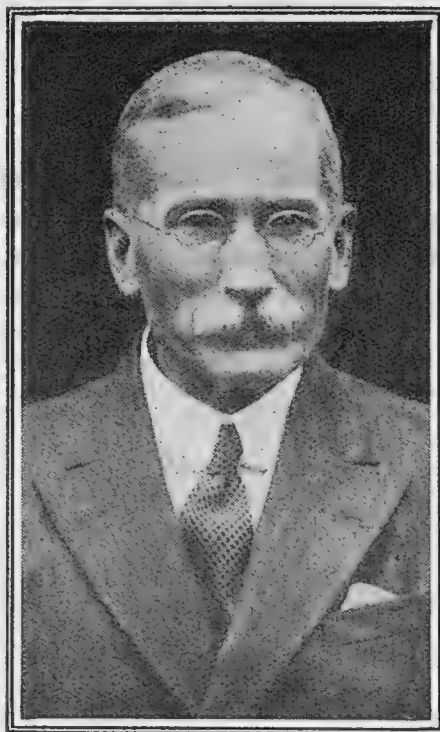
well as in the Irish Free State. I will take good care Britain is not "treated thick" without being duly advised thereof. The British taxpayer is furnishing a million pounds sterling per annum (over and above the fiscal preferences) for advertising Dominion produce—fruits, wines, tobacco, and the like—and South Africa has been getting the full benefit of this publicity. Also, the British public has lent scores of millions of pounds to South Africa, and still goes on doing so, at an interest lower than she could get money elsewhere. Moreover, Britain has just stripped from herself nearly all the remnants of any control she once exercised over South Africa, a Dominion which is British by every conceivable title of purchase, conquest and cession, and which she has defended and administered for much more than a century.

In the face of all this, what does General Hertzog do, who is head of a Dutch Government in this British Dominion? He turns to Germany for closer trade relations. He makes it impossible for the Union to give any more preferences to Britain unless they are also passed on to that country. He negotiates a treaty with Germany for this purpose. As General Smuts truly says, the treaty has "loosened the trade-bonds between South Africa and Great Britain."

A Nice Arrangement.

And this is not all. When South Africa wants commodities like steel-rails, which Britain would readily supply, the Dutch Government gives the order to Germany, finding out in the result that it would have been more economical not to indulge their anti-British feeling and buy an inferior product from the Fatherland. It is altogether a sweet affair. We lend money to South Africa on easy terms. South Africa transfers it to Germany in payment for purchases she might have made in this country. If we had a Mussolini in Whitehall, it's precious little more money South Africa would get in London without a very clear understanding on the trade question.

When we remember that it was largely to placate General Hertzog that this country prompted the constitutional disruption of the Empire in 1926, and that our Ministers on that occasion were seen almost with their arms round the unresponsive neck of the Union Premier, we may well have a tired, if not an angry, feeling. Is it not time Britain gave over playing the "generous fool" and began to temper sentiment with a little justice—justice to herself?



General Hertzog,
Prime Minister of South Africa.

What Might have Been.

Once more one asks what our British statesmen have been doing for a century or so besides manœuvring for party position and distributing offices and titles? If there had been any sense and vision in our statecraft, the British population would not to-day be in a minority of the whites in South Africa.

We have occupied South Africa much longer than Australia. Yet we have settled six million Britons in the latter and somewhere about 800,000 in the former. To-day the British element ought to be, and could easily have been, in a preponderance of six to one in South Africa, instead of having about 48 per cent. of the pink and white population. And what trouble and bloodshed would thus have been escaped! But of course we hadn't time all through the spacious days of Queen Victoria. We

were too busy building up the wealth and population of the United States of America.

Ireland—A Sequel.

I had scarcely written my paragraph about the Irish Free State last week when I read in the Press this interesting item of news: "It is officially announced here (Berlin) that the German Government has agreed, at the request of the Government of the Irish Free State, to the establishment of a legation in Berlin." This, I suppose, is in furtherance of the policy by which, when the Irish Free State required steel work for its Shannon electrical scheme, it ordered the lot from Germany.

Nobody outside will interfere with the Free State however long it continues this expensive amusement of establishing its own embassies or legations in foreign capitals. It will now have its own independent Ministers in Washington, Paris and Berlin. Why not in Spain, Italy, Portugal and the rest? I said nobody outside would interfere. That is true, but I am not sure there may not be questionings inside, when the harried Irish taxpayer sees these fat and useless appointments abroad being multiplied at his expense.

Towards Disruption.

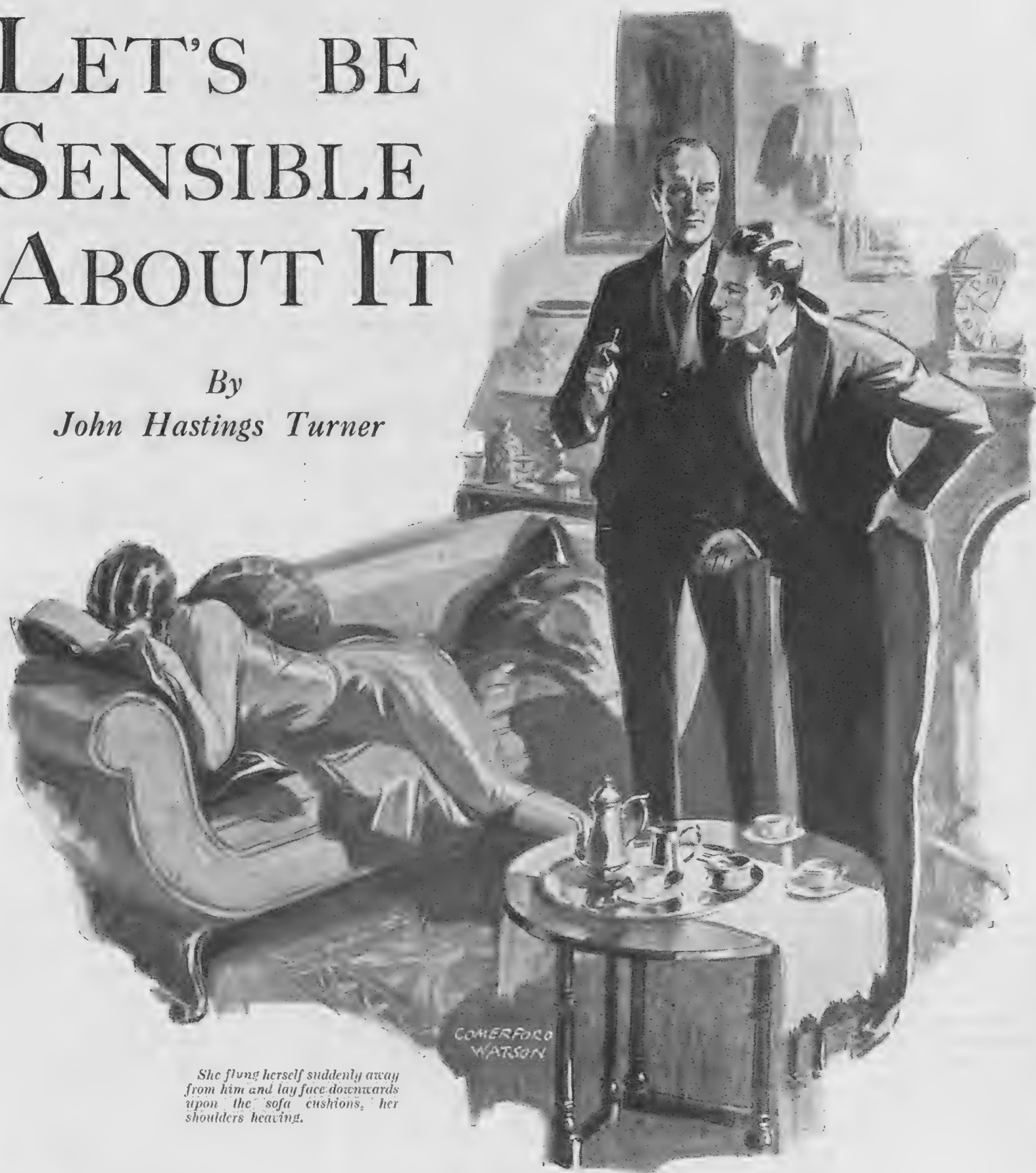
It used to be said, and usually accepted in Imperialist circles, that from the moment when the first Dominion established its own separate diplomatic representation in a foreign capital, the British Empire would cease to exist. Obviously so, because an Empire, to remain an international unit, must have one foreign policy—that is, one set of relations with the outside world, and not several.

I would only add that this policy of isolation and aloofness from England on the part of the little Free State is flat *hara-kiri*. I recently travelled through the length and breadth of the said southern half of Erin, and gathered the impression that the prosperity and welfare of Ireland consists, not in estrangement from England and rapprochements with Germany and other foreign parts, but in the closest possible contact, social, economic and political, with the "predominant partner."

THE BRITANNIA SHORT STORIES: No. 6.

LET'S BE SENSIBLE ABOUT IT

By
John Hastings Turner



She flung herself suddenly away from him and lay face downwards upon the sofa cushions, her shoulders heaving.

COMERFORD
WATSON

HE kissed her lips hungrily, satisfactorily. She closed her eyes. It was marvellous to have him hungry for her. This was living. He kissed her again, then leant back upon the corner of the sofa, drawing her head gently down upon his shoulder. There came a long silence. At last he broke it.

"At least I can say I have fought against it," he said.

"I have fought against it, too," she sighed. "Perhaps I ought to have sent you away."

"I should have come back," he answered. "It's no use fighting against love."

It was, to be truthful, a phrase which he applied to all forms of temptation.

"And what now?" she asked helplessly.

"I shall tell him," he answered firmly. From which you will understand that the girl was married—not to the man at her side.

She shivered in a fear that was not so much a fear as a thrill.

He answered her shiver by drawing her closer to him.

"What's the use of anything else?" he asked. "Let's be sensible about it." He explained to her the world, the flesh and the

devil. How the world only needed looking in the face, and the flesh only needed the sanctification of a real passion, and the devil fled, abashed, before people who were sensible about him. The man had the sort of voice that can put capital letters into speech. She listened to him, entranced. His wisdom was like a nest of cushions. So different from Jim. By which you will understand that Jim was her husband. Perhaps we had better introduce Jim. He was thirty-seven, the junior partner in a small solicitor's business. He had saved money

(Continued overleaf.)

gradually, until he thought it safe to marry. That had been three years ago. It had been safe. He made enough to allow them to live decently, to go to a picture once a week, and to a theatre half-a-dozen times in the year. He loved his wife, and it satisfied him and filled his life to make a home for her. He would be back, as usual, on the six-thirty-seven. He would probably bring something for the larder in a fish-basket. It would be sure to be something inconvenient. That was Jim.

Harold was a cousin: one of those vague cousins who loom suddenly out of the fog of the past and remind one of the days when one was very young and knew one's relations. Harold had always been a sudden loomer. He was the kind of man who is always preceded by a telegram. And the telegram always came from a different place. "Can you put me up day or two from Thursday. Harold." Then he arrived before there had been time to send an answer. His business was vague. He was "interested" in motor-bicycles, but how much they were interested in him was problematical. Sometimes he appeared to have money in his note-case, sometimes not. When he had, it appeared to be unlimited. When he had not, it appeared altogether non-existent. In fact, if Harold had capital, it was in his note-case. Once or twice he had borrowed a pound from Jim. Once he had paid it back, but this was at Christmas, and somehow the postal order demanded to be treated as a present. He had dark eyes and strong wavy hair, and he looked his best in a dinner-jacket. So he always dressed for dinner, even in a boarding-house. That was Harold.

Mary was twenty-eight. Her father had been a Welsh minister, with one son and nine daughters. In spite of this Mary had gone to the altar with Jim in a condition of intense romance. To be freed from and made superior to eight sisters, by one ceremony, might be considered to account for a certain amount of exaltation, but Mary's emotions went beyond this. Being Welsh, Mary imagined herself to possess hidden depths of brilliant coloured passion. The Welsh have hidden depths, but these depths are not brilliant and not at all nice. As a matter of truth, Mary had escaped them. She had no hidden depths, at all. She did not take enough exercise, that was all. She had been married for three years, and it seemed like three years. This disappointed Mary, who had an idea that it ought to seem like three minutes of amazing glory.

SHE held Harold's hand tightly.

"Oh, God," she said. "When will you tell him?"

"After dinner," answered Harold firmly. He liked best to do things after dinner. To some men it might appear a little difficult to eat their host's dinner and then explain that he was in love with their wife, but not to Harold. As he said, he was sensible about these things.

"What will he do?" she whispered.

"Leave it to me," he answered, patting her hand soothingly. "After all, isn't the honest way always the best way?"

"You are the perfect knight," she murmured, for she and the eight sisters had been

brought up on the Round Table. He smiled and shook his head, patting her hand again.

"Nonsense, little one," he said. "Only honest." And anyway, he was a bigger man than Jim.

She stretched her arms above her head, and drew in her breath.

"Oh, it is wonderful," she said, "wonderful to be loved!"

"It is," he answered solemnly, "the only really beautiful thing in the world."

Then the key clicked in the front door and announced that Jim had travelled on the six-thirty-seven, as usual. He hung up his coat and hat in the hall and came into the room. In his hand was a fish-basket. He plumped it down on the table and kissed Mary.

"I saw some Spanish onions cheap, dear, in Cannon Street," he said.

"My God!" screamed Mary to herself, "the sordidness of it!" But she smiled and bore the fish-basket off to the kitchen.

"Well, Harold," asked Jim, "what have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Resting, my dear fellow," answered the other. "Just resting."

Jim could never quite understand why it appeared necessary for Harold to rest so much. He supposed motor-bicycles were exhausting.

Mary returned.

"I shan't dress, Mary, if you don't mind," said Jim. "I feel a bit slack. I'll just go up and have a wash."

She smiled and nodded to him again, congratulating herself upon the subtlety of her Welsh nature. He put his head round the door.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Harold's here. We'll open a bottle of port!"

It was a thing he seldom did, and when he did, he liked to do it himself. He liked to make a great fuss of the decanting, and the time of the decanting. He knew it made no difference to the particular kind of port which he could afford, but it gave him a feeling of self-respect. They heard him going slowly upstairs.

"Onions! Spanish onions!" said Mary, suddenly. "And in a fish-basket!"

Harold smiled.

"It is the man all over," he answered.

"You're going to tell him?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"To-night?"

He smiled.

"I'm not a man who puts off unpleasant moments," he said.

Dinner went on as usual. Jim told them about a suit in Chancery that was in its sixteenth year. He computed, at great length; how far the costs now exceeded the sum in question. He said it was an amazing example of something or other. Harold agreed that it was. Mary also agreed. She found her knees trembling slightly as she left the two men to the carefully-decanted port. She went to the drawing-room and sat down, opening a book and holding it upside down upon her lap. She strained her ears to hear any sound that might come from the dining-room, but she could only hear the low buzz of indistinguishable voices. Her nervousness turned suddenly to a feeling of exhilaration. Two men were fighting for her in there. Not with blows—not yet—but in words. She sat, tense, her lips parted—her fingers showing white round the edges of her book.

IN the dining-room Harold sipped his fourth glass of port. Jim was thinking that he wouldn't have opened a bottle if he had known that Harold would give way to it like that.

"Jim," said Harold suddenly, "do you agree with me that a man must look life honestly and fully in the face?"

"Now that," thought Jim, "is just the damn-fool kind of conversation that a man starts after his fourth glass of port. 'I suppose so,' he answered slowly. He was wondering whether they'd want very much to play cut-throat, and how soon he would be able to go to bed."

"I suppose," said Harold, "that no single one of us goes right through life without having to face a crisis."

"I do hate a man whom port makes solemn," thought Jim. "I daresay not," he answered.

"Jim," said Harold, "I'm an honest man. I can't go behind people's backs." He was enjoying himself immensely, and his voice had taken on a deeper and graver tone.

Jim murmured something non-committal.

Suddenly Harold stood up.

"It's no use beating about the bush," he said, in a ringing voice. "Mary and I are in love with one another!"

"Come, Harold," answered Jim briskly, "I should have thought you could hold four glasses of port better than that!"

"You are making a mistake, Jim," answered the other gravely. "I have steeled myself to tell you this."

For some seconds Jim played with the stem of his wine glass.

"You really mean this?" he asked, at last. "Yes."

"What do you expect me to do?"

"All I ask is, let's be sensible about it." Harold spoke as one from a great height, dispensing wisdom and sanity.

Jim made no reply.

"It's not the first time," went on Harold, "that this has happened in the world's history, nor will it be the last. At least Jim, you can give me the credit for being honest with you."

The husband carefully dropped a little salt upon some spilt port, and rubbed it into the table-cloth.

"Does Mary know you are telling me this?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Harold. "We agreed that you ought to be told at once."

"You seem to think that you are both treating me very magnanimously."

Harold shook his head.

"Let us try not to get bitter about it," he said. "I don't say that you have failed Mary, Jim. I only say that her nature demands more than you can give her."

"In that case," answered the other, "wasn't it rather foolish of her to marry me?"

Harold shrugged his shoulders.

"Can one never make mistakes?" he asked. "You cannot treat these things from a legal point of view."

The husband carefully stubbed out his cigarette-end and folded his napkin.

"I am to understand, then, that Mary has decided that I am not the companion who can give her what she wants of life, and that you are?"

Harold bowed his head.

"That is so," he answered.

There was a long pause. Jim made idle patterns with the crumbs on the table-cloth.

"Very well, then," he said. "I'd be glad if you'd leave me alone for a bit, now. I want to think this thing out."

IN the drawing-room Harold found Mary still clutching her book on the sofa.

"You have told him?" she asked, in a low voice.

He nodded.

"What did he say?"

"He was very sensible about it," answered Harold.

A tiny frown crossed Mary's face. Well, that finished Jim, anyway.

"He wasn't angry?" she asked.

"I think, perhaps, he was dazed," replied Harold.

Well, that was something, if Jim was dazed. How like Jim, in a situation which rouses men to mad fury, just to get dazed!

She went to Harold and took his hand.

"Kiss me," she said. "We have crossed the Rubicon."

He kissed her.

"Darling girl," he said.

"My perfect knight!" she whispered back. It satisfied them to continue like that for half-an-hour longer.

Then she suddenly turned to him.

"What is Jim doing?" she asked.

"He said," answered Harold, "that he wanted to be alone, to think things out."

Suddenly she clasped her hands tightly together.

"You don't think," she said, "that he took it harder than you imagined?"

She rose suddenly and stood white-faced.

"You don't think," she cried, "that he's——"

"What do you mean?" asked the other.

Her voice sank to a whisper.

"That he could have—have made away with himself?"

"No, no," answered Harold, quickly. "Of course not. Jim's not that kind of man."

"Ah," she said, "but how can you tell? How can you tell what any man may do under a strain like this?"

Even Harold had a momentary vision of a still figure on the dining-room floor, with a great gaping red mouth where his throat should be. He felt a curious sense of instability about his legs. Jim had certainly been unnaturally calm—the calmness of despair, of temporary insanity perhaps. The two stood perfectly still, straining their ears for any sound from the dining room. There was no sound. Harold knew that at any moment now she was going to ask him to go and see what had happened, and he felt physically incapable of entering that room. He took her arm suddenly, and led her back to the sofa.

"Harold," she gasped, "you must go and see."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "in a minute."

"Now," she said quickly. "I can't bear it any longer."

Very slowly he turned towards the door. Jim was standing there. A little grunt of relief escaped him. Then he drew himself up and became the perfect knight again. So long as Jim was not going to do anything violent.

JIM came into the room and crossed to the hearth-rug, from which he looked down on Mary's bowed head.

"I have heard from Harold," he said, "that you and he are in love with one another. Do you bear him out?"

"Yes, Jim," she answered. "Will you ever forgive me?"

"In the fuller and brighter life to which you are going," he answered, "I expect you will be

able to do without my forgiveness. But that is hardly the point."

"What is the point, Jim?" put in Harold.

"The immediate future," answered the other.

"Quite," returned Harold gravely.

"I have written to the head of my firm, resigning my partnership."

Mary sat up suddenly.

for storing my belongings. I shall then withdraw my money from the bank and travel. I can do quite a lot of travelling on my capital."

"And when your capital is exhausted?" Harold found that his voice was not quite under control.

"Oh, a man can look after himself, if he's alone." There was a long pause, while Jim wasted three matches lighting his pipe. Then he spoke again. "By the way, Harold," he said, "in going through things, I find that you owe me three pounds: no doubt you would like to settle that up before I leave?"

There was a very long pause indeed.

"My dear Jim," said Harold at length, "I cannot help feeling that you are taking an extremely selfish view of this situation."

"Indeed?" said Jim.

Harold took a long breath.



"You're vain, and rather silly and apt to be impressed by what you see on the films. What you need most in the world is to pull yourself together and have a lay. Now go to bed, and try to be sensible about it!"

"Resigning your partnership?" she echoed. "Whatever for?"

"I'm not absolutely wrapt up in being a solicitor," answered Jim. "It's not fearfully exciting, you know. But I've managed to save a little money; enough for my small needs, and I now propose to do what I've really been wanting to do all my life!"

He paused, and drawing a pipe from his pocket, began slowly to stuff it with tobacco.

"What you've been wanting to do all your life?" repeated Mary, slowly.

"Yes," said Jim. "I shall make arrangements for getting rid of this house tomorrow and

"Mary here," he said, "has made a great decision, a decision which has caused her pain and distress. She has torn her life in two, and, whatever view society may take of these things, I respect her for her courage and her honesty. All that you apparently think necessary to do in the face of this crisis, is to talk about your future plans and to remind me of a trivial debt. I can only say, Jim, that I am surprised that Mary has found it possible to live with you so long."

He took Mary's hand in his own, and with the other flung aback a stray lock upon his forehead.

(Continued overleaf.)

"Moreover," he went on, "you appear to be entirely indifferent to Mary's future."

"I thought," said Jim slowly, "that Mary had arranged her future for herself."

She looked up quickly, and took a firmer grasp of Harold's hand.

"I have," she said.

"Certainly she has," said Harold, "and the wisdom of her choice is made obvious by your amazing callousness."

"I thought," murmured Jim, "that you yourself begged me to be sensible about it?"

"It is not necessary, Jim, in order to be sensible, to lose all sensibility."

Mary broke in quickly.

"What do you expect us to do," she said, "if you leave the house all of a sudden like this?"

"You can hardly expect me to stay and chaperon you," said the husband, and I had an idea that Harold proposed to take you away with him."

"You talk as if I was a piece of luggage," she said, under her breath.

"I think," put in Harold, "that your wife was justified in believing that you might make some kind of provision for her. Some trifling allowance."

THE husband smiled ever so slightly. "I fit three years of my society," he said, "you feel that she has earned a pension?"

"I imagined," returned Harold, stiffly, "that no man would care to see his wife destitute."

"Oh, come, Harold," said Jim, "you put too low an estimate upon your capabilities."

Mary sprang suddenly to her feet.

"Oh," she cried, "this is intolerable! Take me away, Harold! I have given myself to you!"

"Have you?" asked the husband. "Already?"

Harold drew himself up.

"That is not the remark of a gentleman," he said.

"You urged me to be sensible about it," murmured Jim. His pipe had gone out. With his methodical habits this was not a thing which often happened. But nobody noticed its significance except himself, and of that he was glad. He re-lighted it, again taking three matches for a one-match job. Then he spoke again.

"Bear with me," he said, "if, in my lawyer-like and unromantic way, I recapitulate what has happened here to-night. I come back from the office to my wife and to my cousin, a guest of mine by his own invitation. He eats my dinner, and drinks my port, an inferior port, I admit, but not so bad as to justify his subsequent behaviour. He tells me that he and my wife have decided that they love one another and he begs me to be sensible about it. Very well. That is undoubtedly one way of attempting to deal with this kind of situation. I try. I decide that argument will be useless and undignified. Better that I should make my arrangements to retire at once and leave them in peace to find the happiness which they know will be theirs. At the same time, I feel that no one, in such circumstances, would care to go off with a man's wife, while he owes him three pounds. I remind him, quite gently, I hope, of the debt. I am answered not only by

this small question of three pounds being utterly swept aside, but by a suggestion of blame that I have not decided to endow my wife with an annuity for her new life. I find it a little strange."

He stopped. His pipe had gone out again.

"Money? Money?" cried Mary. "What's money got to do with it?"

"That's what I wondered," said Jim.

"Come, darling," said Harold. "Let us go, now—at once."

"Where to?" asked Jim.

Harold turned upon him with a snarl.

"Need you behave like a taxi-driver?" he asked.

"But," hesitated Mary, "but . . . where to, Harold darling?"

"Anywhere," he answered, "out into the night, under the stars, with all the world our own!"

"In that case," said Jim, "I think I'll let you take your fur coat, though, strictly speaking—"

She interrupted him, clinging to Harold's arm.

"Take me away. Give him his three pounds and take me away!"

THE BAT

By LORD DUNSANY

Over the lawn so late,
As the light dims to our eyes,
There go the bat and his mate,
The only mammal that flies.

"Are you not jealous," I said,
As the bat came fluttering by,
That man, on wings he has made,
Now wanders over the sky."

"Jealousy!" answered he,
"I have more to do than that.
There are entrusted to me
The high affairs of the bat."

"I will send him the money to-morrow," said Harold. "Come, darling!"

"No," she answered. "I want to feel there is nothing left between us whatever."

Harold shifted uneasily upon his feet.

"It is not convenient—" he began, when she stared at him with sudden horror.

"You! . . . You want to take me away," she gasped, "and you haven't got even three pounds?"

"Now, at last," murmured Jim, "we are beginning to be sensible about it!"

For a moment Harold was silent; then, drawing himself up:

"Romance," he began. "Romance such as ours, Mary—"

She flung herself suddenly away from him and lay, face downwards, upon the sofa cushions, her shoulders heaving.

"Get right out, Harold," said Jim, "right out and right away. If I find you on the premises when I lock up for the night, I'll sue you for that three pounds. I can't imagine anything that would annoy you more, or I'd do it!"

He held the door open. Harold looked from him to the abased figure upon the sofa. He

managed a magnificent shrug of the shoulders and then he went. Jim closed the door and walked back to the fireplace without a word. There he slowly filled a second pipe.

"I never gave myself to him!" came a strangled voice from the sofa. "It wasn't what I meant!"

"Of course not," answered her husband. "One had only to begin to look at it sensibly, to see that."

"And what now?" she cried. "Oh, God, what now?"

"I'll tell you what now," he answered. "Sit up and wipe your face."

She sat up and dabbed her face with four inches of cambric, staring at him with round eyes. Jim lighted his pipe. This time, as usual with him, one match was sufficient.

"I'm going to talk to you," he said, "and then I'm going to send you to bed."

She dabbed her eyes again.

"I can forgive you for being silly," he went on, "because in some ways you are very silly. I find it more difficult to understand you being silly with a feeble kind of ass like Harold. It's hardly flattering to me. However, what I'm saying to you is this. I was asked to be sensible about this. I think I was. But apparently nobody ever thinks of being sensible about marriage. I'm not mad about trekking to the office every day in that confounded train, or coming back in the evening, a little more tired, in the other confounded train. But I had an idea I was making a kind of niche for us two, and that made it tolerable. If you can find anybody who loves you more than I do, Mary, and will prove it more than I do—then I am quite prepared to be sensible about it. When I said I had always longed to travel, I meant it. It's perfectly true. If I am keener still on making a home for you, you ought to be flattered. But you've got to be sensible about it. A roof, and a fire and a cheque for the books on Friday, aren't everything; but they are a great deal of what an ordinary man can do, to show that he still cares for his wife. I hope you see my point. No doubt you see my faults. I am dull and rather tired in the evenings, and I'm not particularly good-looking. There are other things, also, no doubt. But, believe me, I also see your faults. You're vain, and rather silly and apt to be impressed by what you see on the films. What you need most in the world is to pull yourself together, and have a baby. Now go to bed, and try to be sensible about it!"

SHE got up slowly and put away her handkerchief. Tears of shame and humiliation—and perhaps of other things—welled up in her eyes as she moved slowly towards the door. He longed to take two quick steps and crush her in his arms, but he held himself in. He was determined to be sensible about it.

He heard her footsteps as she went slowly up to her bedroom. His eye caught the matches littered about in the grate, and he smiled.

"I'm glad," he said, "that she didn't understand the message of those matches. Funny how fear attacks the fingers. I'll tell her in a week or two. But it wouldn't be good for her now!"

He mixed himself a whisky-and-soda.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding KC.)

by Woolsack.



All's Well with the Law.

POLICEMEN may sin or policemen may win, but Justice in this country goes on for ever.

There may be hints of third-degree bullying outside the courts, but as yet there's no charge of first-degree bullying inside them. The art of persecution is still not that of the Prosecution—and if the ill-fated *Vestris* had flown the American flag and the inquiry into its sinking been held over here the Treasury attorney in London would hardly have behaved as did the State Attorney of New York.

Indeed, looking at a recent crop of cases in the courts, one begins to feel again the old proud confidence in the "rightness" of our legal system.

Take the Court of Appeal's decision in the Stepney Borough Council "electricity" case a week or so ago.

During the Great Strike, it may be remembered, the Councils Electricity Committee cut off the power supply from certain consumers' premises. One of such consumers sued the Committee in conspiracy, alleging that the cutting-off was done without lawful cause, and in fact, maliciously, to render assistance to strikers.

At the trial a jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs. But three Lords Justices now have come to the conclusion that the verdict of the jury was wrong. According to them, it was "perverse" of the jury to have found, on the evidence before them, that any unlawful and malicious motive had been proved.

Now it is true that the members of the Committee sued were of the Labour Party; and it is true that their conduct may not, perhaps, have been altogether necessary or justified. But so long as any more serious charge against them is not proved strictly according to law it is only right they should be acquitted of it.

And a judiciary that does not hesitate to say that a verdict to the contrary is "perverse" is a judiciary to be respected. Justice should be done—even to misguided Labourites!

A Law of the Land.

Just as just is that appeal decision in the matter of the over-vexed question of Minimum Wages of Agricultural workers.

In this case (which came from Chelmsford way) it was suggested that the Agricultural Wages (Regulation) Act, 1924, did not intend to regulate the minimum wage, but the minimum "rates" of wages. Or, to put it another way, that the term "employment" meant actual work done by an employee and not the contract whereunder he was employed.

The force of the distinction is obvious. If the contention were right employers would be entitled to deduct a proportion of the minimum rate of 30s. a week in respect of holidays such as Good Friday, when an employee was not actually "employed" in work.

But the three good judges and true wouldn't have it. The law said that the least one was to

pay a worker in this part of the country was the sum of 30s. in each and every week in which that worker was bound in service to his employer.

A proper decision, surely! Both from a legal and a sociological point of view.

When He Who Wagers Loses.

Then there was that little matter of interest to all who are interested in Stock Exchange matters—the question of legal liability in "speculative" transactions. A difference of opinion as to opinions on differences, so to speak!

Here A. had admittedly had a little gamble on "margins," getting B. to buy and sell shares on his behalf through C. Things, as they

year I don't have an accident or a fire, or what-not!"

"Done!" says Y. Whereupon either Y. gets away with £10 per annum for a considerable number of anna, or X. strikes lucky with a crash or a fire and gets a new car or a new house for the sum of £10!

And, since insurance companies nearly invariably earn very handsome incomes and individuals nearly invariably do not, the odds must be somewhat against the individuals.

Still, that doesn't mean that insurance companies can afford to take risks; they have to safeguard themselves. Even the bookmakers in Tattersall's ring put themselves behind strong iron railings.

So they insist, among other things, on the strictest compliance with the "non-disclosure" clause in a policy. And the courts uphold their attitude.

One must take care, therefore, when answering the question in a motor-insurance proposal form as to whether one has ever had any serious accident. One should not (as the litigant in this case had done) regard a head-on collision between one's fast Bugatti with a Ford, the product of which was a repair bill of £140, as a "minor" accident.

Insurance, gamble as it may be, is not to be looked upon as poker—not even as whisky poker. All cards must be on the table. Every one of them; and pips uppermost.

Coupon Culpability.

Not so fair and shining an example of the "rightness" of things judicial is the Appeal decision last week in the newspaper football competition case.

That these competitions inflate "circulations" there cannot be much doubt. But why treat them as illegal gambling? Of all the various forms of betting this must be the least harmful and reprehensible.

Let a few hard-working (and otherwise) people use their brains on statistics and knowledge of "form." What evil can befall them? And supposing they do manage to turn a penny that's as honest as any made-to-day!

And the absurdity of the thing as it stands. On what ethical grounds is football distinguished from other sports? Presumably a paper can run a cricket, golf, greyhound, tennis, polo or motor racing competition, but football—oh, no, that's wicked!

But perhaps the legislature means to extend the provisions of the Ready Money Football Betting Act, 1920, to gambling on every other kind of sport, game or pastime.

And, perhaps, to gambling on the sport, game or pastime of Life Insurance! What a sad day for Circulations!



LONDON MAGISTRATES—II.

Mr. J. G. H. HALKETT (Marylebone Police Court).
(An Impression by Kapp).

will do, went badly for A.; and in due course went, as they also will do, from bad to worse.

So far as A. and B. were concerned it was a gamble pure and simple, and the Gaming Act would shut out any claim by B. But C.'s position was another kettle of fish. C. wasn't in the gamble; C. had merely bought and sold shares on behalf of A. on the instructions of B.

So A. had to pay up as against C.!

And When He Wins.

A propos gambling, too, there's the case the other day of a motor-insurance policy.

For insurance is nothing but a wagering contract. X. says to Y.: "I'll bet you £10 a

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES

ALTHOUGH on frequent occasions, in defence of their country or of their liberties, the English have shown

themselves to be possessed of fine military virtues, they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as, what is technically termed, a military nation. Too independent to tolerate the rigours of conscription, they have always preferred to trust to their excellent Navy, and a small professional Army, though ever since the days when Oliver Cromwell made himself an absolute dictator with a well-disciplined army at his back, they have wisely kept in their own hands the control of the military machine.

Owing to her superiority at sea, and her insular position, England has been, since very early days, spared the horrors of invasion, and has been able to fight her battles abroad, with the result that, even during the long drawn-out struggle with Napoleon, the life of the population was not greatly interfered with, and only the professional soldiers in the field ever experienced to the full the real ravages of war, and its terrible effect upon the civilian population.

The Army and the Nation.

Partly for this reason, and partly owing to the fact that after the fall of Napoleon most of the regular troops were quartered abroad, the Army became a thing apart from the mass of the people. The officers were drawn from a class which concerned itself chiefly with sport, while the rank and file were the surplus of the labour market. Neither class had much in common with their untravelling fellow citizens, and gradually a gulf yawned between the Army and the nation. Meanwhile the industrial progress of the nineteenth century revolutionised the national life, and though the Army chiefs of the Victorian era fought hard against reform, the tragic *dénouement* of the South African War opened the eyes of all thinking members of the community.

It was then made abundantly clear, that all was not well with our military machine, and that a thorough overhaul of the whole system was urgently necessary. After considerable delay and much bitter controversy, thanks chiefly to the energy, patience and foresight of the late Lord Haldane, a general staff was created and the Territorial Force brought into existence. This very necessary reorganisation was made not a moment too soon, for already the storm clouds were gathering, and it was obvious that the moment was rapidly approaching when the British Empire would have to fight for its very existence. Quite suddenly, in August, 1914, the gauntlet was thrown down, and after a certain amount of hesitation the small but highly trained Expeditionary Force was despatched overseas.

Citizen Soldiers.

In the meantime the machinery for the mobilisation of the Territorial Force was set in motion. Men were needed, and by a stroke of the pen, drafts could have been procured as required, trained and passed on to the front line formations. Unfortunately, however, the great soldier who had been called upon to deal with the situation, did not believe in the "Volunteers" and decided to raise entirely fresh formations. As a separate organisation, the Territorials proceeded overseas, and while some relieved first-line troops in the East, the remainder filled the gap between the practical annihilation of the original Expeditionary Force and the arrival of the hurriedly trained new armies.

The citizen-soldiers, as is well-known acquitted themselves more than well, and in a very short time became the equal if not the

EMPIRE DEFENCE

By Major Lloyd Jones.

superior of the finest regular units. But, a great opportunity had been lost and the machinery which had been created for just such a contingency had not been used.

The hastily raised national armies soon settled down to business, and assisted by contingents from every part of the Empire, brought the war to a successful conclusion, and having completed the task set them were immediately demobilised, and scattered to the four winds before any organisation had been created for reassembly in case of need.

Our Forces To-day.

Eventually the Regular Army was remodelled, more or less on the pre-war scale, while the Territorial Force was reorganised as the second line, and the mainstay of our Home-defence force, though unfortunately with the exception of a sprinkling of senior officers, few of the war-seasoned veterans are to be found in the ranks.

To meet then the military responsibilities of the Empire to-day, we have the Royal Navy, the young but highly efficient Air Force, the

Local Defence Overseas.

With regard to the protection of the constituent parts of the Empire, the local defence of the

Dominions has been greatly decentralised, and all that is required, besides the provision of instructors, is an arrangement by which all dispositions which concern the Empire as a whole are worked out in conjunction with the Imperial General Staff. Now that the R.A.F. have taken over the garrisoning of Iraq, it is obvious that in a very short time they will be in a position to take over such strategic points as Aden, Malta, etc., and thereby relieve the Home forces of much expenditure in men and money. The garrison of India has always been a difficult problem, as it is certain that the probability of several years' exile in the tropics has a baneful effect on recruiting.

But is it necessary to send all our young soldiers abroad? In these days of mechanisation, it is by no means easy for the man to keep pace with the machine, with the result that longer instead of shorter time is required to turn out an efficient soldier. Surely, from among the short service men, a corps of long service men, akin to the present-day Royal Marines, could be enlisted on special terms for overseas garrison duty? With the assistance of the local forces, and detachments of R.A.F. with armoured car sections, all the necessary garrisons could be found and the Regular Army given opportunity for training itself in up-to-date mechanical methods of warfare.

We have then ample military resources for the defence of the Empire, and if only we can decide on a definite policy, it might be possible to effect considerable economies in certain directions. The general staff, which should consist of representatives of all three Services, is at present a somewhat unwieldy body, and might well be overhauled. The Regular Army, relieved of the continuous drain of sending drafts of half-trained recruits all over the world, should be regarded as a *cadre* for a national army, which would be expanded from the Territorial Force in time of emergency. Instead of being to all intents and purposes separate organisations, as they are to-day, the Regular Army and the Territorials could be welded together into a homogeneous National Army, an integral part of the nation, as it was during the latter period of the war.

Ample Military Resources.

We are, and there is no reason to believe that we shall not remain, on friendly terms with the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic; indeed, it is probably a truism to say that to-day the Atlantic is narrower than the English Channel, so far as similarity in ideas is concerned, and if the two great English-speaking nations decide to insist on arbitration the probability of another call to arms need not seriously be considered by this generation.

In any case, we have ample military resources for the defence of the Empire, for behind the National Army stand the hundreds of thousands of war-tried veterans, ready if necessary to take up arms again in defence of the Empire, as they did in 1914. It is highly improbable that their services will ever be required, but it must not be forgotten that these quiet, law-abiding citizens are the backbone of the Empire, and that amongst them are to be found experienced regimental officers, skilled organisers, as many proved themselves to be brilliant staff-officers. Meanwhile we can sleep peacefully in our beds, and might devote ourselves to the reorganisation of our industries in order to compete with our late allies and enemies, all of whom are our competitors to-day.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

- December 7th.—Annual Submarine Dinner, write Wardroom Secretary, H.M.S. "Dolphin" as soon as possible. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes will be the guest of the evening.
- December 8th.—Q.M.A.A.C. 9th Annual Dinner (Old Comrades Association). Georgian Restaurant, Harrod's, at 7 p.m. Apply Ex-Service Women's Club, 5, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.
- December 14th.—5th Batta. Green Howards. 10th Annual Reunion Dinner, past and present officers. Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough. Write, Capt. C. A. Lofthouse, 9, Westbourne Grove, Scarborough.
- Harwich Force Dining Club. Annual Dinner will be held in future at Easter instead of at Christmas. All officers who served during 1914-18 in Harwich Force eligible. Write Lt.-Comm. Hugh Dawson, R.N., 6, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.
- R.A.F. Middle East Dinner. The Annual Dinner will take place at the Hotel Cecil in Derby week. Officers of R.A.F., R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. who served in the Middle East (1914-19) write Major F. D. Berridge, Holtside, Rowledge, Farnham, Hants.
- King's African Rifles.—Annual Dinner of K.A.R. Dining Club will take place in Derby week. K.A.R. officers can obtain particulars from Major Lloyd-Jones, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.3.

Regular Army, the Territorial Force, and in the background, but none the less formidable on that account, the considerable army of the demobilised veterans of the Great War.

Now, although it is highly improbable that any great Power, or combination of great Powers, is likely to challenge our position, at any rate for some time to come, it is apparently considered necessary that the Regular Army, besides providing garrisons for India and other tropical dependencies, should be in a position to despatch an expeditionary force overseas at least equal to, if not superior, in numbers to that which was landed in France in 1914. Although we have always found it politic to land troops on the Continent in the past, that is no reason why we should be prepared to do so again, and unless we make it clear to European statesmen that we do not intend to aspire to the position of a European military Power, they will inevitably reckon upon a British expeditionary force in their calculations, and in all probability drag us into another devastating Continental war.



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The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health. The children specially need "Ovaltine" at the beginning of the winter. It will build up a rich reserve of health and energy—thus enabling them to resist colds and epidemic infections, and keeping them in robust health in spite of unpleasant winter conditions.

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Diet and Dyspepsia.

THE fact that many advocates of special dietetic schemes are themselves unhealthy must not by itself be taken to prove that these schemes ought to be condemned. Many individuals who adopt this or that diet do so only after their digestion and health have been seriously deranged by long-continued dietary indiscretions. Hence, having a damaged digestive apparatus, they have to suffer restrictions that would not be imposed on their more robust neighbours. Experience has shown that it is far easier to produce disturbances of the digestive processes than it is to cure such disturbances once they have become firmly established. "Dyspepsia," said a French writer, "is the remorse of a guilty stomach." A rigid diet may be an act of penance and may have moral worth, but it will not necessarily wipe out the effects of former physiological unrighteousness. Without doubt the digestive system is often treated very badly, and there is little wonder that it sometimes rebels with pain and other evidence of indigestion.

Man has to take food to furnish his body with heat and energy, and to form and replenish the bodily framework. Oxygen, not less necessary than food, he takes into his body automatically, rhythmically, and even unconsciously in the act of breathing. Food, on the contrary, he has more or less deliberately to select in reference alike to quantity and quality and frequency and dispatch. The range of choice in each of these directions is a very wide one, and the opportunities for error are correspondingly numerous.

Some knowledge of the elementary facts about food and digestion may help the reader to avoid gross dietetic errors. It must, however, be pointed out that the only practical advice on diet that has universal application to persons in good health is that there is no advice on diet that has universal application. Individuals have food peculiarities even as they have other peculiarities, and there is thus a measure of truth in the popular phrase, "One man's meat is another man's poison." It follows that a dietary scheme which professes to be the one proper diet suitable for all persons in all circumstances is based not upon knowledge but upon fancy or imagination or faddism; and the same influences often lead to exclusions and condemnations of food substances, which, in fact, are largely used and with manifest advantage. The amateur and self-appointed law-giver is an active figure in the dietetic world.

The Meaning of Digestion.

DIGESTION is the name given to a group of processes whereby the complex food substances introduced into the alimentary canal are changed into simpler forms that can pass into the blood and so be transported to all parts of the body as fuel or building material. The body cannot assimilate a ham-sandwich as such; the ham-sandwich has to be broken down into soluble compounds that can pass into the blood stream as this circulates in the blood vessels in the walls of the stomach and intestine. This essential chemical transformation is effected by the action of special substances manufactured by the various glands connected with the alimentary system and known as digestive juices or enzymes. These enzymes are formed in the several glands and pass thence as secretions into the alimentary canal. The first digestive enzyme the food encounters is contained in the saliva; it converts starchy food into a kind of sugar called maltose, and mastication promotes this change by securing thorough mixture of the food with the saliva. In the stomach, proteins, which

YOUR HEALTH



The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

are body-building food components, are broken down into relatively simpler substances called peptones, and fats into glycerine and organic acid.

An important agent in promoting digestion in the stomach is the muscular tissue in the wall of the stomach; this compresses the food and causes it to circulate so that it is thoroughly mixed with the gastric juice. In the small intestine, proteins and peptones are converted into amino-acids, which have been described as the bricks of the body, that is, the material used by the body to repair waste and to add to its structure; starches, maltose, milk sugar and cane sugar are broken down further to simpler sugars capable of being used by the body tissues; and still more fat is converted to glycerine and organic acids. In short, and apart from technicalities, digestion means a series of processes conducted some in the mouth, some in the stomach, and some in the intestine, the purpose being to prepare the food substances for passage into the blood.

The success of these processes depends on the full exposure of the food to the action of the digestive juices. Two agencies facilitate this result. One, mastication, divides and pulps the food so that the digestive juices easily gain access to all parts of it. The other, cooking, has much the same effect; in particular, in starchy foods it bursts the indigestible envelope of cellulose which encloses the starch granules, and in animal food it loosens the binding material between the muscle fibres. Thus in each instance effective cooking is an aid to successful digestion, while, at the same time, by developing flavour it promotes appetite.

Foods which are not digested cannot be absorbed into the blood stream; they are expelled from the body without having contributed to its nutrition. That is, it is not the amount of food swallowed but the amount digested and absorbed that has nutritive value. Hurried eating and improper mastication present the food to the digestive juices in a condition unfavourable to the action of these juices; the food, therefore, is not fully digested or absorbed, its nutritive value is partly wasted, and sooner or later the symptoms of indigestion appear.

Digestible and Indigestible Foods.

THE time required to complete the digestive changes varies considerably as between different foods; some foods are digested quickly, other slowly. Again, the chemical composition of a food is not a complete index of its nutritive value. Many foods—for example, peas, beans and lentils—contain a considerable percentage of protein, even more than beef or mutton, but are not so valuable as foods because they are less digestible; hence they yield only in part to the digestive juices and only in part contribute to bodily nutrition. These pulse proteins, moreover, are not of such good quality as those of meat, eggs, and milk; they lack certain important amino-acids or bricks that the latter contain. In constructing a

diet, therefore, not only the quantity, but also the quality of the protein has to be considered.

A food is assumed by some to be digestible merely because it looks digestible.

Dyspeptic persons sometimes eat soft starchy foods—rice pudding, for example—under the impression that these are "light" and easily digested. This is an error; soft starchy foods are generally swallowed so rapidly that they have little chance of achieving adequate admixture with the enzymes in the saliva, and, eaten in excessive amounts, they are liable to ferment in the stomach and produce flatulence.

Some Causes of Dyspepsia.

THE majority of chronic dyspepsias arise out of faulty dietetic habits, for these produce mild but recurrent disturbances of the digestive process. Failure to treat these disturbances, or their incorrect treatment, combined with the persistence of the causative habits, allows them to develop until they have become serious disabilities. The prevention of dyspepsia involves, therefore, the cultivation of good dietetic habits. Persons who eat their meals at irregular times, and take snacks between meals, who do not masticate their food, whether on account of defective teeth, hurry, or simply bad habit; who wash down their food with liquid; who over-eat, who neglect regular and sufficient action of the bowels, are guilty of physiological sins, for which dyspepsia sooner or later is the prescribed penalty.

In addition to unwise food habits there are other causes of dyspeptic symptoms. Anything which overstrains the nervous system or which prejudices the general health comes into this category. Indigestion, indeed, may be a consequence of any debilitating influence. Sometimes it means serious disease of the stomach, as, for example, cancer or ulceration, and sometimes the underlying cause is gall-stones or chronic appendicitis. The moral would seem to be to feed wisely and to maintain good general health as preventive agencies. If in spite of these indigestion appears it is time to get expert advice in order to learn whether the cause is a simple or a serious one; while one patient may need a holiday another may require a surgical operation.

Comfort for the Flain Man.

DOES all this mean that the ordinary individual must spend his time in calculating food values, in weighing and measuring and adjusting the proportions of the constituents of his diet, before venturing to partake of it? If he did this he would occupy so much of his time in preserving his health that he would have no time left in which to use it. "The palate," it has been said, "is placed like a dietetic conscience at the entrance gate of food." The plain man would do well to instruct himself in a few general principles of dietetics, so that he may avoid serious errors, but otherwise, in relation to any particular food he should be guided by the answer to the question, "Do I like it, and does it agree with me?"

These judgments of the palate are not infallible, but they are far from being valueless. Indeed, the fact that a food substance is welcomed by the palate is presumptive evidence that it is of value to the body. The art of feeding has its social and æsthetic, as well as its utilitarian aspects. The dietetic disciplinarian often neglects this consideration, and thus imports gloom where there ought to be gladness. Attractive food is a source of legitimate pleasure; in addition, by stimulating the appetite and promoting the production of the digestive juices it aids both digestion and nutrition.

AREN'T CHORUS GIRLS NICE?

Written & illustrated by
D'Egville



I REMEMBER poor Auntie Diluvia throwing a fit and frothing at the mouth when she heard that her pet nephew had hopped off and married a chorus girl.

But that was in the dark ages when the chorus was drawn from very different sources, and with the passing of dear Auntie Diluvia has passed also the loud, flashy, over-dressed, highly painted, noisy person of doubtful age and doubtless inclinations that was the chorus girl of her time.

Our modern young ladies of the choras, bless their hearts, are something very different, for out of a trade they have created a profession and raised it to a stage of perfection that has been the saving and making of many a musical show tottering on the brink of collapse. The outstanding feature of "Rose Marie" was not Rose Marie, but the chorus, and Jack Hulbert can certainly claim to be a clown in clover with a chorus sweating like the present one. Cochran is always the first to make a fuss of his chorus and to interest the public in them, for which he

deserves much credit, but even now we have to have three portraits of Sonny Hale, so that we may satisfy our natural desire to acquaint ourselves with every aspect of his face, to every one of the chorus.

The Chorus, Every Time.

IF I were a woman, I should certainly enter the chorus. Why? Across a counter I should only meet my own sex. In an office I should remain in permanent obscurity, and who wants to take a woman policeman out to dinner? As a school mistress I should become plain, hard and sour, as a mannequin I should continue to be underpaid for showing impossible women that they could never look possible, and as an artist, of course, I should get nowhere. And so, taking stock all round, I should plump for the chorus!

But if you imagine that the life of a chorus girl is one long queue of beer and skittles, you are wrong.

The average chorus girl of to-day does not go on the stage with the idea of becoming a "star," or an actress (not always the same thing), any more than a born soldier aims at being a staff-officer. Should Fortune smile, and transfer her to a "part," she can probably do it all right. But the modern chorus girl is a more pronounced type than ever, but pronounced with a different accent. She is an expert at her job, just as the Harley Street surgeon, and can pick up a new step or a new song with amazing facility. Her job in life is being a chorus girl, and knowing all the tricks of the trade, and it entails hard work of the most heart-breaking kind.

Work Behind the Scenes.

SHE has got to be able to do several things and do them well. The high kick alone, the stock in trade of her predecessors, won't get

her far. There are steps to learn that take a long time to master and make her little legs very tired. There is drill to be carried out like a regiment, and clock-work precision to be developed so that twenty legs move as one, but produce an effect that no one leg could produce.

There are those constant stops and restarts, repetitions, tears and alterations, long tiring waits while the principals do their worst, and producer perspires freely, and forgets he is addressing ladies. There, in a quiet corner, an experienced "chorite" is helping a new comer



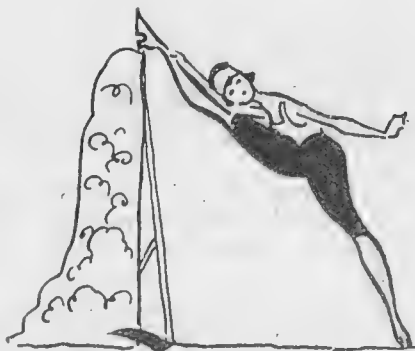
Perspires freely, and forgets he's addressing ladies.



The high kick won't get her far.

and bringing her up to scratch, for the stage is hard, and the inefficient chorus girl will get her *démission* with a speed and ruthlessness that would do many a "star" a power of good.

And then she must keep fit and strong, and there she is behind that Act II set, exercising her legs and stretching her limbs while the new sketch is being rehearsed for the umpteenth time.



Exercising legs and stretching her limbs.

She may at times—being human—look glum and tired at rehearsal, but so long as she does her work, there is no complaint. But when the curtain rises, she'll have to smile and put some "pep" into it whatever she feels like, or she'll know about it from some cad or other. Eight, ten, twelve changes of dress during the evening, long flights of stairs to mount, an incessant call boy with a tin voice banging at the door every five minutes and a day's suspension with loss of pay if she's late for a number—and all on £4 a week, when the show is on, and just half that during rehearsal. That's the pay. Your "star" may try to hide the amount of his salary in the hope that you will think he is getting double and is worth twice that. But the salary of the chorus girl is published for all the world to know, like that of a soldier, or a civil servant, or a Cabinet Minister.

All out of £2.

REHEARSAL is an expensive time, for besides the journeys into Town—and two-thirds of the chorus live beyond anywhere you've ever heard of till you come to drive them home at night—there are lunch and tea and sometimes supper, if the rehearsal is late—it all has to come out of that £2. And the hats, and the frocks, which must be smart, for who will engage a chorus girl unless she is dressed à la Fanny Ward, or one of the people who appear in the society journals as "and friend"?

And then when the show is over, she wonders—will someone call round and take her out? She's tired and hungry. She's been on the go for three hard hours after the lightest of light

meals. You can't dance and sing after a meal of steak and kidney pudding and "spotted Dick." She hopes he'll come, because then he'll drive her home in comfort at their leisure instead of her having to stand from Piccadilly to Harrow on-the-Hill in an atmosphere more fetid than that of her dressing room.



Men who wait patiently at the stage door.

Perhaps she ought to go straight back to bed. But then the night is the only time she gets to see her friends, for they work all day and she begins just when they are coming home.

But aren't they delightful? How different from the days of poor dear Auntie Diluvia. They know! They drive your car, they play tennis, they swim like the devil, and dance like angels, full of "go" and gifted beyond all others to appreciate the Present Moment.

Full of "Pep" and "Ginger."

IT has long been the fashion to refer to those men who wait patiently at stage doors for young ladies of the chorus as Gilded Youths, Lounge Lizards, and Stage Door Stoats. Not only is this an insult to the ladies of the chorus, who have, as they always have had, the Pick of the Town to choose from, but we go farther. We positively take off our hats to these wise men. You think that Captain the Hon. Cyril Peppercaster, of the Unipity-fourth Right Royal Buffoons is a tom-fool for "hanging around" the stage door to collect his little lady friend of the chorus after the show? Make no mistake. He is not such a fool as he looks, thank heaven.

She is superbly dressed. Her figure is divine. She's terribly alive, though not in the least intellectual. She doesn't have to be, any more than her cavalier has to be able to do "buck" dancing to get into the Right Royal Buffoons. But Cyril knows. Is there anyone in the world so full of "pep," of "ginger," of vitality, so ready to appreciate every enjoyable moment, so ready to amuse and be amused? Who is there who can drink his champagne with such exquisite outward indifference and such justifiable inward relish and satisfaction?

There is no one.

Cats? Of course they are cats. So would you be on £4 a week and heavy competition. The life of the chorus does not change their sex, and twenty girls all dressing for weeks in a room adequately constructed to hold fifteen are



Her figure is divine.

bound to get on each other's nerves sooner or later.

Hearts of Gold.

BUT if, being human and feminine, they are cats, they amply make up for it with hearts of gold. They are generous and loyal in the extreme, and it is easier for a "down-and-out" to borrow half-a-sovereign from a chorus girl than half-a-crown from the producer, and if they get a good time, they are the first to try and pass it on to the others when the chance occurs.

So, as we sit in comfort over dinner, while your call boy rasps out his "all down for the first act, please," and the muffled sound of the overture creeps up the corridors and the wobbling voice of the juvenile lead practising his "big success" drives everybody mad, we raise our glasses to you with the toast, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the CHORUS!"



So ready to amuse and be amused.

LEND ME YOUR EARS

ORCHESTRAS *and* CONDUCTORS

THE expected has happened. The remarks I have made on various occasions on the advantages of a permanent orchestra have produced a letter from a correspondent who pleads that our present system is not without its advantages. I admire the spirit that urges a foreigner who has made his home in England to try to see what is good in the country of his adoption, but I cannot say that I am convinced.

He says he would regret it if we had a permanent Philharmonic orchestra, and goes on to say that if Sir Thomas Beecham ever succeeded in getting his permanent orchestra, we should all be surprised at the bad performances that would result. My friend further contends that all that is wrong with English orchestras is that players attend rehearsals and do not play at the concert (which of course is obvious) and that the seconds of our woodwinds are the weak point in our bands. He says if the seconds were as good as the firsts, if not better, all would be well. I will try to consider his points one by one.

That there comes a point when a drilled orchestra runs the risk of becoming stale and machine-like and the individual players lose their spontaneity, I should be the last to deny. It struck me when listening to the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra the other day that they were not far off that point. It is true I only heard one of the concerts this year, but I heard every note of all their concerts last year: and it was only in the Finale of Brahms' First Symphony this month that the players seemed to have any spark of divine fire in them. Of course, when we get an orchestra drilled to the *nth* like the Berlin Philharmonic and really inspired, then, in the vulgar phrase, we really do get something to write home about; but this is by the way.

My correspondent and those who think like him, need have no fears on this point. It takes a good many years for an orchestra to reach such a point. Unless the orchestra has a conductor who is a martinet, there is not much reason why it should ever get there at all. Sir Thomas Beecham is of all people in the world the most unlikely to err in this way—at least until he is quite grey-headed—which will not be for a long time yet. Nor does any British conductor seem likely to go astray in that way.

Art to Conceal Art.

MY correspondent instances the orchestras of Paris, but it is well known that French conductors used to be the strongest disciplinarians in the world, and, with due respect, few of them were, or are, too richly equipped with the other qualities of great conductors. If an inferior musician becomes too pernicketty in detail, the result, as we all know in every branch of music, grows more and more deplorable every day. If a conductor on the other hand has the true spirit of music in him, he will know how to make his art conceal his art. He will be able to allow his players to

By A. Kalisch

have as much freedom as is consistent with the welfare of the whole.

It is very easy to talk of the spontaneous spirit of players, but if this spirit inspires one player to be a quarter of a beat ahead of his colleagues, the *ensemble* is gone. Spontaneity is priceless in cases where one instrument has a little solo to play, and it is then that he should be allowed a certain latitude. That is where the great ones excel, and it is then that the conductor who is merely a martinet and not a great musician, fails. It does not seem to me to be arguable that an orchestra which only



Paderewski at the piano: an impression by Kapp.

plays together at rare intervals, the members of which in the meantime play all kinds of music under all kinds of conductors, can possibly achieve the same results as an orchestra which perpetually plays good music under one conductor only.

We, unfortunately, have not in this country, in London at any rate, any example to which we can point as an object lesson. Manchester, as I said last week, has it in the shape of the Hallé Orchestra. We can get it on the gramophone, which gives us examples of the playing of most of the finest foreign orchestras, such as that of Bayreuth, and the Vienna Philharmonic. The Vienna Philharmonic is rather a case in support of my argument, for here we have perhaps the most magnificent body of players in Europe, but hitherto in all the records of its playing which have reached England, it has had a conductor who, while thoroughly efficient, is not one of the world's masters. The same conductor could certainly not make the great effect he does make with one of our bands.

The only two other bands in England that

I know which will serve to point the moral are those of Bournemouth and the orchestra which plays half the year at Harrogate and half the year at Hastings under Mr. Basil Cameron. That small band of players, who individually are not to be compared with the players of London, can give great pleasure and satisfaction, and cannot be approached even by the best London orchestra in certain essential qualities.

Over-Drilled Orchestras.

The present system in England does not give our conductors a fair chance. At present it is like asking a great pianist to play on an ill-tuned piano with an unsympathetic touch, or asking a Kreisler to play on a fiddle bought for a few shillings in a second-hand shop. Whatever faults an over-drilled orchestra may have, it is certainly better than what was once called by an eminent musician "a fortuitous concourse of orchestral items"—even if its conductor is not up to the mark, and even if we admit that the worse a conductor is, the more strongly does he impress his bad qualities on an orchestra the longer it plays under him.

To sum up: the fears of my correspondent do but scant justice to conductors. The Amsterdam Orchestra, for instance, has played for years under Mengelberg, and for many years Weingartner was in charge of the Vienna Philharmonic. They were both permanent orchestras in the strictest sense of the word, and the charge that they had got stale or mechanical was never levelled against them.

For this reason it would be a sad mistake to attempt to throw cold water on any of the efforts that are being made in this country to establish a permanent orchestra. That the public wants a permanent orchestra is obvious, and that it is keen on hearing one when it gets it, is proved by the way in which musical London crowded to hear the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra a few weeks ago, whereas most of

our own orchestras are allowed to play to half-filled benches.

Piano Player Development.

I heard the other day an extremely interesting Duo-Art and Piano Roll of Stravinsky's music to the "Fire Bird." The music is played on the piano by the composer himself, and the running comment contains his own analysis. This, I believe, is the first time that a composer has given the world at large such glimpses into his workshop. In addition to this he has written a short autobiography, and last of all the roll is illustrated by quaint sketches by Mr. Polunin.

There is a story that once Stravinsky objected to the playing of one of his pieces by a distinguished conductor on the ground that there was too much expression in it. Stravinsky's playing on this occasion is certainly not open to the same criticism, but it must be remembered though he played it lately, that the "Fire Bird" is the product of a much earlier period of his development.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC



Max Beerbohm, by himself.

THE ART of
CARICATURE

By

R. H. WILENSKI

LONDONERS next week will be talking of the art of caricature, because an exhibition of caricatures by Max Beerbohm opens at the Leicester Galleries tomorrow, and to many Londoners, the words "caricature" and "Max" are synonymous terms. I say "Londoners" in this connection quite deliberately, because Max's art is not national, and, indeed, it is not really even metropolitan; it is an art which is essentially parochial, and the parish is the influential parish of the people at the top.

Max's World.

As Max sees it, London, England, the British Empire, the world even, is inhabited by a large number of people who do not matter, and by a clique of men and women who direct it and matter very much indeed. The interest of this leading clique from Max's standpoint is not the relation of the clique of the individuals to the public at large, but the relations of the members of the clique to one another.

Max first appeared as a witty Oxford undergraduate; and, as every one knows, to the undergraduate Oxford and the Oxford men who have done things represent the world. Later, he became a darling of London Society, and the undergraduate world was extended to include the drawing rooms of Mayfair. Later still, he enlarged his acquaintance to include political leaders; and then he retired to Italy where, in what I am told is a most enchanting villa, he can still think of England, the British Empire and the world as a stage

upon which the repertoire company of "the right people" give their regular performances, and call one another by their Christian names in the wings and at supper.

No one in the Nude.

The characterisation of individual figures is a minor detail in Max Beerbohm's art. The kernel of his caricature is in each case what the French call the legend, (i.e., the explanation written underneath) which always lets the spectator into some secret of the private lives of the repertoire actors. Max, in fact, is less a caricaturist than a supreme illustrator of a witty "Talk of London" written by himself. He gives one the sensation of being taken behind the scenes, but he never reveals the secrets that we really want to know. Max in his youth was a dandy, and he is still quite carefully dressed. He would no more think of drawing one of "the right people" metaphorically in the nude than he would think of walking down Bond Street in the nude himself.

Urbane Malice.

This is not to say that Max is always kind to his subjects. He does not use his fists, it is true, but he uses a rapier, and the point of the rapier frequently draws blood. Conversation at a dinner party of "the right people" is not without its malice. But the malice, though it is often of the kind that hurts, is always decent, and urbanely phrased; it always avoids the things that "really are not said"; and it never uses an adjective that smacks of Smithfield or the gutter.

Max's drawings are such dinner-table malice. There are many who have been wounded by them, but no man has yet been able to complain that Max treated him as he had been treated by, perhaps, a cab-driver to whom he had given too small a tip. For Max is not mainly concerned with wounding his subject; he is mainly concerned with displaying his own skill with the rapier of wit.

The Historical Aspect.

Max's drawings have historical importance, because they record an attitude to privilege which has now passed away. If he had been a courtier at the Court of Louis XVI, and had left us five hundred drawings (with legends) of the relations one to another of the people of that Court, we should have something comparable to the gift which Max has made to our grandchildren and their sons. For these descendants of ours will know from Max's drawings how the ruling oligarchy between 1890 and the War looked to one who was admitted to its intimacy and who accepted its privileges quite simply as a matter of course.

Since the War, no man of Max's intelligence can look on power and privilege in just this way. Here and there in odd corners there are little groups of people who can still persuade

themselves that their own admiration for one another is a convincing proof of their individual and collective worth. But men with power since the War have been forced to think of themselves as wielding that power only through the goodwill of the country, the Empire, and humanity at large; and this attitude makes that of Max's pre-war oligarchy seem quaint, trivial and out of date.

Rouveyre's Duchess.

I reproduce on this page a drawing of the Dowager Duchess d'Uzes by the French caricaturist André Rouveyre. Here we have a very different approach. The subject is lifted right out of the circle of social privilege and dumped down in the market-place to be examined in the glare of day. There is no malice in this drawing, no wit, no pin-prick from a gracefully flourished rapier. The drawing is at once a ferocious attack and a tremendous compliment. The artist has set down with astonishing power a cast of features that was never attractive, and that with old age has become a curious distorted, under-hung mask. We look in vain here for the tacit acceptance of the subject's social rank that we find in all Max's drawings. The legend tells us that the subject is a duchess. The drawings tell us that the duchess might also be a cook. But the drawing also tells us—and here we have the greatness of the artist—that the cook might also be a duchess.

If you search your mind for something parallel to this drawing in European art, you will find yourself thinking of the work of Rembrandt. No man confronted with a drawing by Max Beerbohm ever thinks of Rembrandt or, indeed, of any great portrait painter. Rouveyre's drawing shows us that the art of the great caricaturist and the art of the great portrait painter stand very close indeed.

The Comic Touch.

The comic touch is, of course, something different both from the social touch of Beerbohm and the psychological drawings by Rouveyre. There are men—Strube is one of them—who can make thousands laugh by a drawing without the aid of a legend at all. How they do this is—as the phrase goes—another story; but those who aspire to caricature should remember that no intelligent person after the age of five has ever laughed spontaneously at a bulbous nose, staring eyes, bow legs or a protruding stomach.

The Goupil Salon.

The autumn salon at the Goupil gallery is not exciting; it shows us nothing new and nothing of superlative artistic importance; but it also shows us nothing vulgar, prententious or technically faked.

There are pictures here by the French impressionists, a brilliant Claude Manet sketch of a yacht against a stormy sky, and a river landscape by Sisley, an example of English impressionism by Miss Ethel

The Dowager Duchess d'Uzes.
By André Rouveyre.

Walker, Charles Cundall, Alexander Jamieson, J. B. Manson, and Miss Evelyn Abelson, a Slade school nude by Rodney Burn, elegant furniture pictures by William Nicholson, and neo-Pre-Raphaelitism by Gilbert and Stanley Spencer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

AN ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

ONE reads Mr. Lytton Strachey's new book *Elizabeth and Essex* and one remembers an old story of him. He was said to have said, "I am taking a flat beside the Albert Memorial in order to write a biography of Queen Victoria." He did not take that flat, but he wrote his *Queen Victoria* and it set a fresh model in English biography, following the excursions, with alarms, which he had already made in his *Eminent Victorians*. "Warts and all," was Thomas Carlyle's working motto for his *Cromwell*, but *Elizabeth and Essex* goes far deeper than any warts they may have had.

The Love Story.

Biography which is worth while should, as nearly as possible, call its subject back to life, and, if also to love, that is a great quickening. Mr. Strachey stretches his canvas for Queen Elizabeth and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, across a curious passage in English history, their love story. Thus he makes for a study of the swinging Elizabethan age at one of its most critical times and in one of its most extraordinary aspects.

He rightly divides Elizabeth's reign into two clear parts, the thirty years before the Spanish Armada and the fifteen that followed. There had been the "vast caution" of Burghley, Walsingham "working underground." Leicester, gorgeous but dim, the Lord Chancellor Hatton, dancing. Then the old actors and ways went with the Armada and only Burghley remained, while Essex and Raleigh arrived, "young, bold, coloured, brilliantly personal."

How well Mr. Strachey sets the scene and groups the characters in this historic love drama, which he bids Elizabeth and Essex, with Raleigh, Bacon and Cecil looking on, play again for us as they perhaps played it more than three hundred years ago. She had succeeded wonderfully as Sovereign by virtue—and here Mr. Strachey begins his probing—of just the qualities which every hero should be without, "dissimulation, pliability, indecision, procrastination, parsimony."

The "subtlety of her intellect was exactly adapted to the complexities of her environment," but when it came to her emotional side, her sex side, "I hate the idea of marriage," she told Lord Sussex, "for reasons that I would not divulge to a twin soul." One fancies Mr. Strachey marking that remark with a red score, and: "No marriage. Why?"

Age Did Not Wither.

"Yes," is his immediate comment, "she hated it, but she would play with it." Was this a deep streak in her strange, unstrung womanhood, which called and called, and then and ever, with repulsion, ran away from the echoes? Her "emotional excitements did not diminish with the approach of old age" and, "perhaps, indeed, they actually increased." As her charms grew less she insisted the more on their presence, and while she was content with the homage of her contemporaries in age she demanded and got, from the young men about her "expressions of romantic passion." Paradox and uncertainty abode in her court and—

"The goddess of it, moving in a nimbus of golden glory, was an old creature, fantastically dressed, still tall, though bent, with hair dyed red above her pale visage, long, blackening teeth, a high domineering nose and eyes that were at once deep-set and starting forward—fierce, terrifying eyes in whose dark blue depths something frantic lurked; something almost maniacal."

By James Milne

A Virgin and Old.

Gloriana still danced, for She was a woman—ah, yes! a mentally fascinating woman! But then was she not also a virgin and old? Mr. Strachey's vivid, but grave prose justly braids his Elizabeth and his Essex, who sometimes was absent "while the viols sounded" and other young men awaited what their destiny might bring forth. "Looking round, she saw that Essex had come in. He went swiftly towards her; and the Queen had forgotten everything, as he knelt at her feet":

"It was plain to all—the handsome, charming youth, with his open manner, his boyish spirits, his words and looks of adoration and his tall figure and his exquisite hands and the auburn hair on his head that bent so gently downwards, had fascinated Elizabeth."



Mr. Lytton Strachey.

Two Together.

Elizabeth was fifty-three, for it was May in the year 1587, and Essex was not yet twenty, "a dangerous concatenation of ages," remarks Mr. Strachey in one of his deft side-strokes of reflection:

"There were long talks, long walks and rides through the parks and the woods round London, and in the evening there was more talk and laughter, and then there was music, until at last, the rooms at Whitehall were empty and they were left, the two, playing cards together. On and on through the night they played—at cards or one game or another, so that, a contemporary gossip tells us, 'my Lord cometh not to his own lodging till birds sing in the morning.'"

You see how well Mr. Strachey marches with the growth of the high Elizabethan tragedy which has engrossed him and must engross us, for the book is even riper, more scholarly than his *Queen Victoria*.

If only, for Essex's sake, time could have stood still a little, because he was young. "But there is no respite for mortal creatures. Human relationships must either move or perish." At their topmost note only is the "pre-ordained solution of the theme made manifest," but Walter Raleigh, ever a shrewd, human observer, may have thought he understood. He "found himself in the position of a once all-conquering beauty, whose charms are on the wane," and "He knotted his black eyebrows and determined not to sink without a struggle."

As for Francis Bacon, "He was no striped frieze: he was shot silk"; a character whose qualities, "blending, twisting, flashing together," gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent." Oh, it was a time of spacious men, and Mr. Strachey strips them all raked beside the floured skirts of Elizabeth.

A Fearful Bitterness.

"By God's death," said she, when she heard that Charles Blount had wounded Essex in a duel, "it was fit that some one should take him down and teach him better manners." She herself, out of her own racking and then wrecked womanhood, and by reason of her queenship, was to do that eventually. "Haste paper to that happy presence whence only, unhappy, I am banished," he appealed to her during one of his times of disgrace; "kiss that fair, correcting hand which lays new plasters to my lighter hurts, but to my greatest wound applieth nothing." It was from "pining, languishing, despairing Essex," and it may, for a moment, have melted Elizabeth. But, while he pleaded, a "fearful bitterness welled up within her," and with her vampiric long-fingered hands she thrust him forth.

The End of Essex.

No life passes into death at one turn, and Essex lived long enough to realise "that there had never been the slightest possibility of dominating her, that the enormous apparatus of her hesitations and collapses was merely an incredibly elaborate façade, and that all within was iron."

So Tower Hill and the executioner's axe were so much Elizabethan logic for this English noble, "tall, splendid, bare-headed, with his fair hair about his shoulders," who had challenged her in love and then in public affairs. He stood bravely before the world for the last time, then he lay flat on the scaffold; put his head on the block, muttered "Lord, into Thy hands I recommend my spirit," and the executioner lifted the severed head, shouting "God save the Queen."

Elizabeth and Essex: A Tragic History. By Lytton Strachey (Chatto and Windus, 15/-).

The Latest Interesting Books.

Letters and Leaders of My Day. By Tim Healy, K.C. (Butterworth, two volumes, 42/-).

William, Prince of Orange. By Marjorie Bowen. (John Lane, 18/-).

Many Tales of Many Cities. By Isidore de Lara. (Hutchinson, 18/-).

Grey Sheep. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (John Long, 7/6).

Charlotte Löwensköld. By Selma Lagerlöf. (Werner Laurie, 10/6).

An Imperfect Lover. By Robert Gore-Browne. (Collins, 7/6).

HUNTING THE FOX

By "Harborough"



Photo

Keturah Collings

Major Norman Huttenbach.
Master of the Warwickshire Foxhounds.

Cruelty.

THIS periodic outcry against the cruelty of hunting comes as regularly as the similar one about the brutality and cruelty of the Grand National at Aintree, and in both cases I take leave to think and make so bold as to state, that nine-tenths of it is hysteria and the other tenth a desire for self-advertisement on the part of the She-men in one-piece camisoles, or whatever is the garment these sportsmen patronise, and the He-women in side whiskers and minus two's.

It is a known and proven fact that only one fox in ten is killed in proportion to the foxes found, and if anyone can prove by statistics that it is as dangerous to ride in the National as it is to cross a London street, I will eat him or her, boots and all. Statistics, I think you will find, will prove that it is about 1,000 to 1 safer to have a go over Aintree than it is to travel the streets of London afoot or on wheels. But it gives the She-men and the He-women a breast-high scent if they can shriek when only one out of 40 runners gets the course! They do not take the trouble to add that no one is hurt, either horse or man, and that even a collar bone is rather a rarity. Same thing where hunting and cruelty are concerned. Everyone and everything has been either hunter or hunted since creation began; it is the law of the fang and the claw, and if these shriekers were logical, they would start a crusade against fly-papers. Is there anything more cruel than the way flies are caught, or fleas, or wasps or earwigs who have a tilt at our dahlias?

Hunting is inseparable from a certain definite cruelty. Man was, and still is, hunted by the beasts, and I state as a fact that he still has the worst of the deal. In India alone, and not taking in Africa and other parts of the East, between 20,000 and 30,000 people are killed annually by wild beasts.

Foxes kill more feathered things in the way of poultry, turkeys and so forth, than hounds kill foxes. And a fox does not kill only for

food. He will bite the heads off ten roosters or turkeys when he only wants one to carry off for his Christmas or non-Christmas dinner. "Staggers" I do not go with a lot, but stags do as much damage to farmers' crops as elephant and pig do in other parts of this wicked world, and I do not see that the bullet is any less cruel than any other form of death. It is not everyone who is a William Tell with either a rifle or a scatter gun, and I should say that, where birds are concerned, you could count the people who can shoot them through the beak on half the fingers of one hand.

The Warwickshire.

These hounds have been doing well this season so far, and are now, I think, better than they have been for some seasons past. A kennel cannot progress where the breeding of

the hounds is concerned unless the policy as to type is settled and adhered to. Continuity is the only thing which brings ultimate perfection and gives any master a chance to get things as he likes them.

If you want some examples, go and see the Beaufort, the Bramham, V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), the Middleton, and the Heythrop as a start.

There are many others, of course, but these will do to go on with, and you will there find what continuity of idea and a good settled policy as to the strains and type have done.

In these packs I have named they knew what they wanted, went for it, and got it! The Warwickshire have suffered from what I think it best to call non-continuity, and have not had a real chance. Sir Charles Wiggan, who came to the Warwickshire from the Brocklesby, and with Sir Frederick Freke, took up the reins between the Buckmaster-Portman dynasty and the commencement of the reign of the present Master, Major Norman Huttenbach, who started to sort things out a bit in the kennel. Major Huttenbach, aided by Cox, who is a good man in the kennel and out of it, have carried on and done it very well. Sir Charles Wiggan, however, was the benefactor who got hold of old Quorn Safeguard (really a Cheshire bound) for them, and being much interested in the Quorn of the Safeguard epoch, I was pleased to see and hear that the Safeguards in the Warwickshire had done well.

I saw some of them when I was hunting with them last week, one dog bound, whose name I have forgotten, being almost the living image of his old father, excepting that he had a better neck on him. But they have managed to breed some good young hounds in addition to these Safeguards, of which they have not a lot, and have sent to Old Berks Nailer, Nobbler and Streamer, and could not well go wrong with any of them, as I know, the Quorn Bachelor and Barrister, who, by the way, are

both Safeguards; the Cheshire Craftsman and Grafton, the Bicester Dealer and the Newmarket and Thurlow Raglan, whose progeny reached record prices, I think I remember, at Rugby. They have a good lot of young hounds, and the pack certainly is one that will and does hunt a fox, which, after all, is what we go out for.

More Accidents.

The Warwickshire Master, I was sorry to find, was reduced to his flat feet, and going none too sound at that, as a result of a bad fall he got about the second day hounds were out for the regular season. Major Huttenbach tore some of his back muscles, and was ordered to remain in the infantry for some time—but has no intention of doing so. How few of us, in the hunting season, obey doctor's orders as we should. Quite wrong, of course, and very unfair on doctors, but there it is.

This, however, does not complete the tale of disaster as Fred Dawe, the first whip, who hunts hounds two days out of the five, was also badly laid out, and as he was severely concussed, it put him out of action for a time. When he was picked up, everyone thought he was killed. Fortunately, things were not as bad as they looked, and he is now practically right. The country generally, I should say, is not as blind as it usually is early on—a dry summer followed by a nip of frost and a gale or two soon cleans things up and the rain has now taken most of the bone out of the ground.

A Belvoir Correction.

It was very stupid of me to make that mistake about the joint masterships of the Belvoir, and I am grateful to Mr. J. A. Fletcher of Thurston Hall, Grantham, for pulling me back on my hocks, so to speak.

It was the more careless of me since I had a book with which I am more or less intimately connected, since I wrote it, on my bookshelf! Of course Lord Robert and Major Bouch were joint after the present Lord Daresbury's (then Sir Gilbert Greenall) reign. It was a short mastership, and Major Bouch carried on after it from 1914 to 1924 alone, and hunted hounds with Nimrod Capell as his K.H. Silly of me to trust to my memory, and it hurts my *amour propre* to have committed the one unpardonable sin, inaccuracy! Major Bouch was succeeded by Captain Marshall O. Roberts.

I do not know if everybody knows it, but both these Belvoir Masters were and are writers of very delicate verse, and Captain Marshall Roberts is also a pretty good musician.

The present masters, Mr. Charles Tonge and Mr. Peter Akroyd, are already earning golden opinions, and both before operations opened, and since, have done extremely well. Mr. Tonge knows all about hunting hounds, for, as most people no doubt are aware, he had a very useful apprenticeship in the Newmarket and Thurlow country, where he carried the horn himself. In his new charge he hunts hounds on the Lincolnshire side.

They have got also a first-class huntsman in George Tongue who has been most of his time in Essex, from 1910 to 1928, excepting during the war, when he joined up and served with great gallantry in the Artillery.

FUR FIN AND FEATHER

THE "CLEAN BOOT"

By L. C. R. Cameron

THE sport of hunting the "clean boot" with bloodhounds is one of those that, although interrupted by the war, has shown signs of beginning to take a hold on the imagination of a different class of dog owner from that which pursued it on the Wiltshire downs and elsewhere during the first decade of the present century. So far, despite the name that this breed of hunting hound has brought down with him from the Norman conquest, no fanatics have invoked the shades of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her creations, Legros and Uncle Tom, in order to protest against the hunting of a human quarry as another form of "blood sport"; and although the criminal classes are said to possess a smouldering resentment against the breeding and training of hounds capable of tracking them down and bringing them to justice, providing they escape from the scenes of their crimes on foot, and not as is now their fashion in high-speed motor cars, they have not yet become articulate enough to send a deputation to a sympathetic Home Secretary on the subject.

The Recent Bloodhound Trials.

The list of entries at the meeting of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders held at Chilcombe, near Winchester, disclosed the fact that several new owners have entered the ranks of those to whom the bloodhound and the sport he can be trained to show, have always appealed; while it was satisfactory to note that some of the keenest of the old hands at the game are still to the front as breeders and workers of bloodhounds. The Marquis of Ailesbury, who as Earl of Cardigan kept bloodhounds at Savernake, is still president of the Association, and was present at the Field Trials: and among the newcomers were welcomed Lieut.-Col. J. D.A. Roberts, of Trethill in Cornwall, for so many years Master of the Trethill Harriers and from 1917 to 1920 of the East Cornwall Foxhounds, and his daughter, Miss W. H. Roberts.

Over the same country where he has hunted fox and hare, Col. Roberts, since giving up his harriers, partly owing to lack of subscribers and partly owing to the ever-increasing scarcity of hares, finding that he could not, as he says, "do without something in the shape of a hound to hunt," has been enjoying quite good sport in riding after the bloodhounds he has in kennel at Trethill; either single hounds or a small pack, but in either case hunting the "clean boot."

His success at Winchester proves that he is a valuable accession to the ranks of bloodhound breeders. He had two hounds placed respectively second and third in Stake I for single hounds on a line one hour cold: Vida, bred by Mr. Thornton, and Ledburn Bargain, from Mrs. Edmund's kennels at Leighton Buzzard; the first prize going to Capt. A. S. Williams's Herald of Hambrook, though Vida took the prize for the best novice hound present.

Good Performances.

Mrs. Sadler's Towers of Barchester won Stake II for single hounds on a line two hours

cold, a litter-brother to Henry of Barchester, exhibited at the last Cruft's Show, with Mr. Hall's Mournful, second and Herald of Hambrook third. All of these hounds, and a majority of the nineteen competitors in the two stakes, hunted up to their men within the hour allowed them from being laid-on. In the weather experienced during both days, when a gale of wind accompanied by a deluge of rain that would have excused hounds of any-known breed being beaten, this was a good and sufficient proof that whatever physical differences there are between modern bloodhounds and their reputed ancestors of "Black St. Hubert's Breed," they have not lost those qualities of nose and patience under pressure of weather conditions, that enabled them to track Wallace

the hound that bays his quarry generally runs the line mute, while the hound that gives tongue on the line runs up to and caresses the man.

The New "Baily."

Not alone foxhunters, but those who follow staghounds, draghounds, harriers, beagles, bassets, and otterhounds, as well as sportsmen who get the opportunity of hunting with those continental packs run on English lines, or with the forty or so colonial, or the eighty packs established in the United States of America will welcome this year's *Baily's Hunting Directory*, for its very complete particulars of all these widely distributed hunts. They total 523; but this is not to say that they include all the packs of hounds in the world, nor even in Europe. Before the war there were nearly as many packs of hounds of various sorts kept up in France and Belgium as there were in Great Britain. Of the forty or fifty in Belgium, but four, unhappily remain, the war having hit most hardly in that country the only class of the population still interested in the chase.

Many of the old French *équipages* are, however, still maintained; and it is curious that, since particulars are furnished of two German packs and one Dutch pack, all of which hunt a drag, there should be no record of the 150 French packs that still hunt wolf, boar, stag, buck, roe, and hare, if not often fox. Many of these sent representatives to the *Concours International de Trompes de Chasse* at Brussels last July, as guests of their Belgian *confrères*, whose four packs only hunt roe and hare, I was told there.

It is not only as a book of topical reference that *Baily*, as it is affectionately called by all hunting men, is welcomed; but because it constitutes an analytical history of hunting, from the earliest recorded period of each recognised pack of hounds. Thus it is possible to find out from its pages who was master of any specified pack of hounds at any past date, and to trace the migrations of many famous Masters from, perhaps, the days when they hunted the Eton or Christ Church Beagles to those when they proudly carried the horn with the Quorn or the Atherstone.

Many a sportsman who has got out of the saddle for the last time, and taken to a saddlebag chair in the study instead, can renew his youth by a quiet perusal of *Baily*; and as he turns its pages see in his mind's eye not only the scene at some well-remembered fixture in the far past, but the lost faces of men who showed him the best of the sport he owed to horse and hound.

The present issue is as well produced and as valuable for the accuracy of its information as ever, and no hunting man of any sort who desires to be up in the details of his chosen sport can afford to be without it. Especially will it prove useful to the man who has recently taken to the sport of hunting, and its appearance and contents should go far to comfort those pessimists who in these latter days see with regret their favourite sport threatened by all sorts of Bolshevist tendencies.



The Association of Bloodhound Breeders Open Trials at Petersfield. Miss Roberts taking Miss E. M. H. Loxe's "Igranic of Lyonesse" to the Starting Point.

and Robert the Bruce to such good effect that the one had to slay one of his own followers and the other to wade miles up a swollen torrent in order to throw hounds off their trail.

Hunting the "clean boot" is a sport within the reach of anybody who can afford to buy and keep a bloodhound. Well-bred puppies from any of the kennels represented at the Winchester Meeting, as from some others, can commence their training at the age of five or six months, before which many of them will have given distinct indications of their inherited characteristics by hunting their masters on their own account. On coming up to the runner they either stand back and bay him, or run in to be fondled; and in my experience



Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P.



Mr. George Lansbury, M.P.



Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P.



Sir Charles P. Trevelyan, M.P.

By Dr. L. HADEN GUEST

SOCIALISM'S SECRET DIPLOMACY



Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P.

ONE of the truly remarkable features of the policy of the Labour and Socialist Party is the contrast between its declared policy of "no secret diplomacy" and the mass of understanding, agreements and compromises by which it arranges its relationships with the International Socialist movement.

At the recent conference of the Labour and Socialist International at Brussels in August, at which the British Labour and Socialist Party was represented by a strong delegation led by Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., who officially opened the conference with a policy speech, agreements were arrived at which are unknown to the mass of the members of the Party in this country.

It is true that neither Mr. Ramsay MacDonald nor Mr. Snowden were at Brussels. It is also significant that the weekly newspaper, the *Forward* of Glasgow, which Mr. MacDonald has been lately using as a medium for the expression of his views, said little or nothing about the International Conference. But saying nothing is a very good way of keeping a secret.

And what is the secret? Well, there are more secrets than one. It may be pretended by some Socialist and Labour speakers that they are not bound by the decisions of the International. But the *Daily Herald* does not agree

with that, for it has stated that it is the duty of the International to "guide" the British and other Labour movements in the way they should go.

And that the Conference in Brussels was thoroughly representative there can be no doubt. According to the official list issued at the Congress, delegates were present from the Labour and Socialist parties of America, the Argentine, Belgium, China, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, Finland, France, Georgia, Holland, Italy, Latvia, Luxembourg, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Hungary. The delegates from Russia, Georgia and Italy represented revolutionary delegations in exile from their countries.

The British, French, Belgian, Austrian and German delegations were not only representative, as were the others, but very large. There were 52 delegates from the Labour Party and 12 delegates from the I.L.P., and they included, in addition to Mr. Henderson, Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P., Mr. C. H. Charleton, M.P., Mr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Lord Olivier, Dr. Marion Phillips (Chief Woman Organiser of the Labour Party), Sir Charles Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., Miss S. Lawrence, M.P., Mrs. Harrison Bell, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and many

other M.P.'s and representative people. The I.L.P. delegation included Miss Dorothy Jewson, Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, editor of the *New Leader*, Mr. H. Brailsford, Miss Widdowson (the Labour candidate for Cheltenham), and others.

From France there were the leaders Messrs. Leon Blum, J. Longuet, and P. Renaudel; from Belgium Messrs. A. Vandervelde, C. Huysmans and Anseele;

from Germany Dr. R. Breitscheid, Otto Wels, and Arthur Crispien—in all cases backed up by more than thirty others.

Secrecy And Intrigue.

QUITE clearly, if the decisions of this Conference are to "guide" the British Labour movement openly, they should be published far and wide and explained to the rank and file in this country with the greatest candour, for they are authoritative as far as anything can be. But the exact reverse is what has happened.

At the Conference itself there was a constant stir of backstairs intrigue going on to get the support of this group or that group for some particular proposition. And an international conference gives great scope for intrigues and "arrangements." There were even Communists present, as journalists, who got facilities which the mere "bourgeois" journalists did not and who were able to take part in behind the scenes conferences. But even the decisions finally arrived at by the full Conference itself are apparently to "guide" the British Labour and Socialist Party from behind a veil.

Empire And Foreign Policy?

TAKE as an example the "Empire" policy of the Labour Party. Dr. Norman Leys, one of the bitterest and most anti-British critics of Empire administration in Kenya, regards the policy of the Conference "for dealing with Imperialism" as satisfactory. And

(Continued overleaf.)

Socialism's Secret Diplomacy (Continued)

goes on to say:—"The resolution of the Congress itself is in substance admirable. . . . Why then should its terms, and the terms of the statement made by the British Labour Party to the International, be so widely different from the passage on the subject in the draft electoral programme? The Party has no right to profess one set of intentions to the Socialists of the world and another set to the British Electorate." (Dr. Norman Leys' Italics.)

Take as another example the Foreign policy of the Labour and Socialist Party. What is it? Where is it stated? The official answer is in *Labour and the Nation* in the grandiloquently styled "Six Pillars of Peace." But, unfortunately, when analysed this states nothing clearly.

Mr. George Young, a former diplomat and now regarded as a Labour Party Foreign Affairs expert, dismisses the "policy" with such contempt that he says even Tories could agree with it. But Mr. Robert Dell, the well-known internationalist journalist, writing in the *New Leader*, is still more scathing. He asks what is the policy of the Labour Party on such vital questions as the Evacuation of the Rhineland, the Revision of Peace Treaties, Security and Disarmament, and says: "I look in vain for a reply to such questions."

Imperial policy concealed, Foreign policy concealed, what is the real policy behind that guides? Why is the Labour and Socialist Party deliberately wrapping decisions on the most important matters in obscurity and secrecy? The reply to this may be that a book on "Colonial Policy" was available for delegates at the annual conference of the Labour Party and that Mr. MacDonald expounded Foreign policy. But that does not explain the difference between what was said and agreed at Brussels and what is put forward in the official programme and from official platforms in Great Britain for the consumption of the British Elector.

For Election Purposes.

THE reasons for Socialist obscurity and secrecy are not very far to seek. The Labour and Socialist Party is making a bid to capture the electorate at the next election, and if it put forward the Imperial policy it has agreed on with the International, and made clear the Foreign policy to which its association with the International commits it, the chances of success would be remote.

The internationally agreed Empire policy is one of independence of the constituent parts of the Empire, so that a British Labour Government would "at once"—to quote Dr. Norman Leys in the *New Leader*—"demit its authority to the common people in every country where that could be done, and elsewhere it would direct its agents to make it their chief duty to prepare the common people for the exercise of their sovereign authority."

At Brussels the Labour Party pledged itself "to enfranchise the natives of the Dependencies, who are either educated or propertied, on the same terms as Europeans." But the official programme for British consumption does not say that.

Dr. Leys himself invites the next Labour Government to announce to the African dependencies "that self-government is theirs for the asking," and adds significantly, "Once [this decision is] made, Africans themselves will see to the rest." The slave wars in the Sudan, the miseries of tribal conflict, pestilence and famine in the past tell us how.

Left-wing Influence.

IN Foreign Affairs the meeting of the International at Brussels was profoundly influenced by a definite left-wing group of which many British delegates formed part, which, among other things, pressed for closer relations with Russia and denounced Poland and Italy.

So while the official Labour Party Conference at Birmingham was invited to take severe measures against Communists and all

suspected of Russian influence, it was at the same time, through the International, working for a closer co-operation with Russia, while its left-wing wants an International in which London and Moscow will meet on equal terms.

The directing policy of the Labour and Socialist Party is wrapped in obscurity and secrecy, because if it was avowed it would shatter the Party's electoral chances.

To risk the break-up of the Colonial Empire, with all its valuable tradition of native progress and all its hope of improving trade and improving the standard of life for all workers, white and coloured, in the Empire, is not a policy which appeals to the man or woman of ordinary common sense.

To entangle ourselves with an international organisation which claims to "guide" the Foreign policy of this country and creates dangers of wars against other nations, and danger of our being dragged into civil wars on the side of "international socialism" or communism, is not a Foreign policy which appeals.

Working Behind a Veil.

THE misinterpretation and the secrecy are deliberate, and they arise out of the conflict inside the Party itself between those who say the moderate things and those who do—when they have the opportunity—the extreme things. Secrecy is the veil that tries to hide the discord and from behind which the extremist can put out his hand to take control when the moment arrives. For, as the French Socialist Party announce in their programme, no one knows exactly "when the hour of the proletariat will arrive."

Secrecy veils the fact that while it is the "moderate" man in the Labour Party who does the window dressing for elections, it is the left wing revolutionary who takes the decisions in times of crisis, as has been shown by the General Strike, pro-Bolshevik Policy towards Russia and pro-Bolshevik Labour Policy in China.

THE SMALLHOLDING and ALLOTMENT

Protection—For the Vegetables.

SHARP frosts are now the order of the day. Already some fairly severe ones have been experienced and any night now the thermometer may fall to a few degrees above zero. Measures should be taken, therefore, to protect any crops which are still in the ground.

Winter broccoli, for instance, may be saved by heeling the plants over with their heads towards the north, while cauliflowers should have the leaves pulled together over the curds and tied at the top with string or raffia. The late cauliflowers may be lifted with a good ball of soil attached and planted in a frame or greenhouse in ordinary garden soil.

Onions in Abundance

The bulk of the work on allotment and smallholding just now is in the direction of preparing the ground for next year's crops, and very important work it is. One job that should be done without delay is the preparation of the onion bed, and for this purpose a medium soil is the most suitable. Heavy clay or newly broken up grass land produces very poor crops, as a rule. The plot chosen should be dug to the depth of about nine inches and left in a rough state, so that it may benefit from the winter frosts.

Opinions are very divided on the subject of manuring. Some practical smallholders apply a dressing of good half-rotten stable manure at the rate of ten tons to the acre, while others

obtain equally successful results with artificials only. But on two points all growers are agreed: manure should not be allowed to lie on the land for any length of time; fresh farmyard manure should never be used.

When stiff land has to be used for onions a good dressing, in addition to the short, mellow manure, of a mixture of wood and cinder ashes, with basic slag or lime in the proportion of 6 lb. of ashes to 9 lb. of lime or basic slag to the square yard is recommended. A dressing of 5 lb. of super-phosphate and 4 lb. of soot is recommended immediately before sowing. Soot is particularly valuable.

Articles on the Smallholding and Allotment will appear regularly in BRITANNIA, and Mr. E. T. Brown will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers.

Inquiries should be addressed to him,

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Inveresh House,
Strand, London.

A Mint Specialist.

An Essex smallholder, who is an expert gardener, has developed the cultivation of mint on an extensive scale as a crop in the early season of the year. In one of his large glass houses, which later on is filled with tomatoes, and still later with flowers, he plants mint very

extensively. The demand is so great that he sends it all over the country.

It is rather surprising that those who have a spare plot do not grow more mint and dry for autumn and winter use as much of the crop as is not required during the lamb season.

Let There be Light—and Eggs.

A few years ago a system of encouraging the rapid growth of chickens by the aid of electricity was much boomed in this country, but nothing more has been heard of it. Artificial lighting of the poultry house, however, leads to a considerable increase in egg production.

The results of some experiments held in this country a little time ago are interesting. The lights were turned on at 5 a.m. and turned off at daylight. At dusk they were again used. At half-past seven in the evening these were turned down, or dimmed, to give the hens a hint that it was nearly bed-time. They were extinguished altogether at eight o'clock. The whole object was to extend the time when bodily activity in scratching could be exerted.

The report states that 2,200 hens, to which the test was applied, produced eggs as follows: November, 18,830; December, 23,330; January, 25,045; or a total of 67,205 eggs. A control flock of 2,500 hens, which had no light provided, in the same period laid 31,375 eggs. The averages for the three months were respectively: light, 30 eggs; no light, 12 eggs.

E.T.B.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



THERE IS MONEY IN FARMING

By E. T. BROWN

THE bright boy of the family is generally put into the legal, medical or journalistic profession or into business. The second boy, just a little less bright, goes into the Navy or the Army. The third, considerably less bright, and possibly distinctly dull, naturally gravitates towards the Church. If there is a fourth boy, and he is a thorough "dud," he is supposed obviously to be destined for one of the branches of farming.

I have received hundreds of letters during the last few years to this effect:—"My son, who is not very bright (sometimes for "not very bright" read "delicate") has tried his hand at several different jobs, but without success. Therefore, we have decided that he shall go in for farming. What do you advise?"

The "therefore" illustrates the whole point. Because the lad is dull or delicate, and has made a failure of everything else he has tried, it is imagined that he will be able to make a success on the land.

Failures Galore.

Never was there a greater mistake. The country is simply littered with failures in farming. You can count them by the thousand. To succeed in farming brains, and a generous supply, are needed. It is a business, pure and simple, and unless a farm be run on business lines and be managed by an intelligent man who knows his job thoroughly then it is doomed to failure from the outset.

I could tell you of a thousand people who have started farming—or one of its specialised branches—with the idea that it was a simple and sure way of making a good income. They have invested their all, sometimes more than their all, in the venture, and at the end of a few years they have found themselves penniless. These are the folk who will tell you that farming does not pay, that it cannot be made to pay.

In a sense they are right. Farming does not pay, and cannot be made to pay, when it is undertaken in the way that they have undertaken it. They are wrong, however, when the farmer had had a thorough grounding in agriculture, when he is possessed of more than average brains, and when he is willing to work pretty well from daybreak to nightfall—and often long after nightfall. Farming does pay in these circumstances. More than that, it pays extremely well. But it must be coupled with knowledge, brains and hard work.

A Successful Collier.

To show you that farming does pay I am going to give you two examples. These could be multiplied a hundredfold. I could tell you

of many a hundred man—and woman—who starting with practically nothing has more than made good. But two examples will be enough.

The first is the story of a collier. When he left the Army in 1920 he had a year's instruction in agriculture at a farm settlement under the Ministry of Agriculture, and at Lady Day, 1921, he took a holding of 49 acres. He then had about £400 capital, and obtained the loan of a further £300 under the Ministry's guarantee.

The holding was increased to 69 acres in 1923, and at Lady Day this year the tenant quitted in order to take over a mixed farm of 142 acres. By that time he had paid off the

The opportunity came, as it comes to all who seek diligently for it, to launch out on the longed-for enterprise. With no practical experience, but with a capital of £180 and abounding faith in himself and in the possibilities of poultry-keeping, a start was made on a quarter of an acre holding in Sussex. As is known the world over, Sussex is the centre of the table poultry industry and, therefore, this was the first branch to be established. A beginning was made with a weekly purchase of 20 dozen young Irish fowls. A capable fatterer was engaged, and three weeks later the first consignment of dead fowls was despatched to the London market. During the next eighteen months a vast amount of experience was gained, although the monetary returns were only sufficient to cover expenses.

The First Development.

Another small piece of land becoming vacant it was snapped up at once. Not content with fattening alone Mr. Able went in for egg production. By selective breeding a magnificent strain of hens was established, which thrived and laid apace on the congenial soil and under the ideal conditions of this southern county. The tiny farm grew to such dimensions that it was necessary to take a larger one. A holding of 13 acres, with cottage and numerous outbuildings was rented shortly afterwards.

Rapid growth was quickly reflected in every phase of the farm's operations. So successful was the outcome that the 13 acres were purchased outright, since the desire was to erect a number of expensive buildings, and this could not very well be done on rented land.

The Farm To-day.

Large laying houses, brooder houses and incubator sheds were quickly in evidence. The poultry business was now beginning to assume huge proportions, due largely to the meticulous care given to the selection and breeding of the pedigree stock. The farm advanced by leaps and bounds.

And what of the farm to-day? The laying stock consists of 6,500 head of pedigree birds, the incubator capacity is 10,000 eggs, and the brooder capacity is upwards of 7,000 chicks. In addition to this, large quantities of fattened chickens are marketed weekly. The farm possesses its own motor lorry, the owner has his saloon car and his town house, and the farm itself is valued at many thousands of pounds. The original capital was £180. Not one penny more has been sunk in the business.

Who will dare to say after reading these two true stories that farming and its allied branches do not pay?



Cutting fodder for the stock.

whole of the £300 loan, and, in addition to cash at the bank, owned 7 milking cows, 17 head of store cattle, 66 sheep and lambs, 4 horses, 17 pigs, with some poultry and all the necessary implements for working the farm.

A Poultry Romance.

The second story concerns a poultry-keeper, who now owns one of the biggest, most up-to-date and successful poultry farms in the country.

Seventeen years ago Mr. Able, as we will call him, was suffering from an acute attack of "chicken fever." He realised that he was a square peg in a round hole. The routine work of a London business life did not appeal. His great craving was for a life in the open country, far from the stress and worry of a town existence.



The Shannon Dam erected by German engineers at O'Brien's Bridge (County Clare).

SOON after the Free State was born, when conditions in Ireland

were more or less approximating to normality, a young Irish engineer found himself in the Berlin works of Messrs. Siemen Schuckert. He had some knowledge of hydro-electrics, particularly in connection with the Shannon and the Liffey, which for years engineers had been surveying with the idea of providing electric current for the whole of Ireland.

The possibilities of the scheme were at once realised by the German firm, and the Free State Government when approached declared its readiness to consider developing these untapped resources of light and power. After an investigation by independent experts who were called in from Switzerland and Sweden, an agreement was signed, and Messrs. Siemen Schuckert were given one of the biggest hydro-electric contracts ever placed in Europe. The partial development scheme, which is at present nearing completion, cost £5,200,000, while the full scheme, which will provide 425 million units, will cost £7,188,000.

A German Colony.

QUITE naturally the Berlin firm decided to entrust the task to their own German experts, and sent over a small army corps of German engineers and skilled mechanics, and now quite a little German colony has sprung up round Limerick, where many of the engineers have bought houses and live with their wives and families. The unskilled workmen were recruited from all parts of Ireland, and although there was some little trouble at the outset regarding conditions and wages, the work has proceeded smoothly, more especially as in recent months a number of young Irish engineers have been given junior posts as supervisors.

GERMANISING IRELAND

By ARTHUR WEBB

Nearly all the machinery for the main scheme has come from Germany, and Messrs. Siemen Schuckert are responsible for what is undoubtedly a first-class engineering job. The German firm's contract ends once the sluice gates are open. Then the Free State will be faced with the problem of selling this power.

The plan for its distribution from one end of the Free State to the other is to be carried out by a great network of overhead lines. The Electricity Supply Board, which has been set up, has obtained a nucleus of customers by taking over the existing undertakings, or by arranging (as in the case of Dublin) to supply them with current, but a great deal more will have to be done when the Germans, having completed their scheme and drawn their last instalment from the Free State, hand over the power station in working order to the Board.

Cheapest Power in Europe?

IF the scheme is to be a financial success, the Electricity Supply Board must considerably increase the consumption of electricity throughout the Free State. They are tackling this job with considerable

spirit, and there are signs that a publicity campaign on the "eat more fruit" lines will be carried out in connection with electricity in Ireland. But it is one thing to invent a slogan, and it is quite another thing to persuade the very conservative Irish farmer to act on it. Incidentally it may be remarked that Ireland probably eats less fruit than any other country in Europe.

One thing, however, has been very definitely demonstrated, and that is the futility of the suggestion that the Shannon scheme would give Ireland the cheapest power in Europe. There was a great deal of talk in the early stages about electricity at 1d. per unit or less, but the Board who have been given the unenviable task of selling it find that they can not economically do so under 6d. per unit.

Special arrangements are being made for the wiring of houses on the hire purchase system to make it attractive to customers in rural areas, but even here the Board is hampered because of the lack of skilled electricians in the Free State.

Foreign Trade Agents.

GERMAN activities in Ireland did not cease with the sealing of the Shannon contract, in the negotiations of which Messrs. Siemen Schuckert were fortunate

enough to have the opportunity of referring any delicate point to Herr von Dehn, who had a short time previously been appointed as representative of the

German Government in the Free State. He was, in fact, one of the first Consuls-General to come to Ireland. Since that time nearly every European country of importance has appointed one of its own nationals to Dublin as Consul-General, whereas up to a few years ago most of them were represented by Irishmen or Englishmen who held only honorary rank.

America, in addition to a Consul-General and a big staff, is represented by Mr. F. A. Sterling, who bears the title of Minister Plenipotentiary

and Envoy Extraordinary, and has taken over the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park as his official residence.

There is little doubt that this sudden invasion of foreign trade agents was inspired to a considerable extent by the success of the Germans in securing the Shannon contract and by the impression which obtained abroad that in big works of this sort the policy of the Free State Government was "no British need apply."

Contracts Given Abroad.

THIS impression was still further accentuated when the Free State Government adopted the American and Continental



Col. Fritz Brase, the German Bandmaster of the Free State Army.

system of paid managers for the city of Dublin. They abolished the Dublin Corporation, deposed its Mayor and appointed three Commissioners. One of the first acts of the new administrators was to give a contract for the cleaning of the Dublin streets to a French firm. Shortly afterwards negotiations were completed for the construction of the sugar beet factory at Carlow. The contract for this, together with a large subsidy, was obtained by a Belgian company after considerable competition with a Czecho-Slovakian organisation.

Among other contracts that went abroad was one for a housing scheme which was placed with a Dutch firm.

At the present time there seems to be some ground for the belief that one of the largest German air lines is seriously considering the possibility of an aerial link between Ireland and the Continent, and one of the suggestions that is being put forward is that the German Trans-Atlantic liners will put into Galway to land mails and passengers who would then be transferred to Europe in German aircraft. It is calculated by the promoters of this scheme that they would have a day's advantage over the present New York-Southampton-London route.

No British Experts.

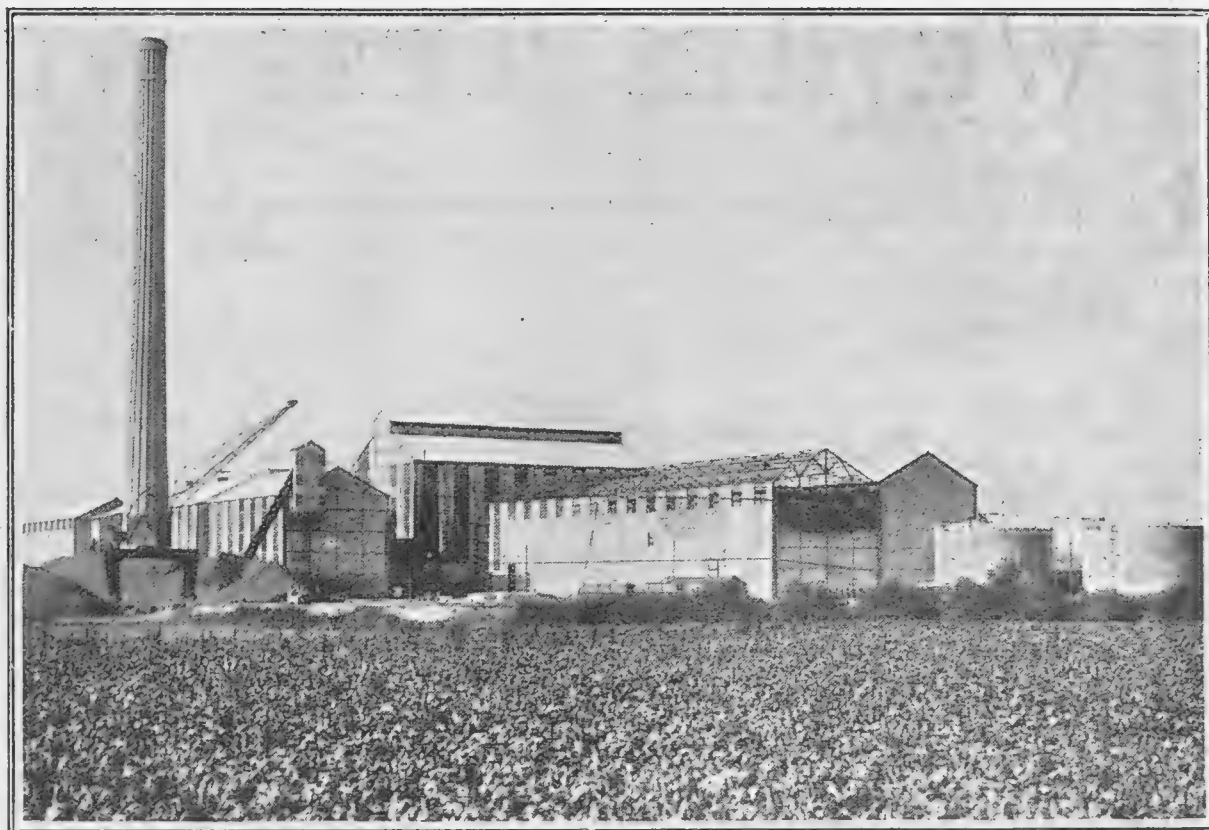
OBSERVERS were not slow to note that when experts were required for official positions for which Irishmen could not be found, foreigners invariably had the preference over British. Colonel Fritz Brasé was brought from Germany to train the Free State army bands. Dr. Mahr, an Austrian, is Keeper of Antiquities at the National Museum, while a Russian is to be master of the Free State Army Horse and take over the training of the officers who are to compete in the International jumping competition.

Experts from Sweden and Denmark were called in when the Technical Education system was undergoing revision; Frenchmen were asked to advise on the teaching of art, and Germans on Celtic studies. Incidentally it may be remarked that there are German professors who know a great deal more about the Irish language than most Irish ones.

The Free State army itself is being trained by instructors who were sent to the United States for courses at the Military Academy there.

NOT unnaturally, all these events have given rise in many quarters to the assumption that there was a very definite anti-British bias in the Free State Government.

But too much emphasis must not be placed on this. Considering the circumstances under which the Free State was born and considering the fire of criticism that had to be faced by the Ministers (who for many months during the early part of their term of office were



The Belgian sugar beet factory at Carlow.

virtual prisoners in the Government buildings, and even to-day cannot visit their friends without having armed detectives in attendance), it is doubtful whether they could have acted otherwise and survived. While in England the tendency has been to assume that they were anti-British, in the Free State they have been denounced by the extremists for taking their "orders" from London. Time and again the Sinn Féin leaders have declared that the Government were only the puppets of the Imperial Government.

IT must be remembered that the Free State Government were themselves put and retained in power by a section of the Sinn Féin party which broke away from Mr. de Valera when he opposed the signing of the Treaty. Fundamentally the outlook of both these sections up to 1922 was identical, and the progress that has been made by the Free State in its acceptance of a place in the British Commonwealth of Nations may be gathered from a remark made during the recent convention of Mr. de Valera's party.

During his speech, Mr. Sean Lemass, one of the leaders of the Opposition Front Bench, referred to Germany as "our allies in 1916."

There are still quite a number of people in the Free State who think of Germany as the friend, and England as the enemy, of Ireland, although the Free State Ministers in scores of speeches, both in the Dail and during the election campaign, have tried to drive home the solid economic fact that England is Ireland's best customer, and that in the British market alone can the Irish farmer sell his produce.

Hope for the Future.

EVEN if the Free State Government desire to give positions in Ireland to Englishmen or to make a

gesture by placing big contracts with English firms, it is doubtful if they could do so and survive the next election. In ten years' time things may be different. During the past few years, and even at the present time, to adopt such a course is simply to play into the hands of the reactionary party.

It is less than ten years ago since Archbishop Walsh issued his famous letter in which he declared that he had reason to believe that Ireland had been sold by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and in a few days the men who had devoted a whole lifetime to the study of the problems of Ireland and to the service of the Nationalist cause, were swept out of public life. This little piece of history should be kept in mind by those who talk about the Germanisation of Ireland if they wish to get a full appreciation of the situation.

Truth About Trade.

BUT leaving the Free State Government's attitude entirely out of account, and to avoid any possible misapprehension, it is perhaps as well to bring this article to an end with a few figures which ultimately will turn the scale.

The Free State exported to Great Britain and Northern Ireland during the nine months ending September this year £30,662,719 worth of goods, mostly agricultural products. She imported from Great Britain £33,870,407 worth, of which most were manufactured goods or food-stuffs. Her trade with all foreign countries was: exports £1,999,972; imports £9,723,771, and of these amounts £221,716 represented exports to Germany, and £1,329,498 imports from Germany to the Free State.

Without her English trade the Free State could not exist for a month. Her adverse balance of £13,000,000 is largely due to the fact that foreign countries are sending tons of goods into the country and taking little or nothing in return.



Dr. Mahr, Keeper of the National Museum Dublin.

WE RESTLESS WOMEN of To-Day

EVE—splendidly arrogant in her equality with the male, self-supporting most of the time, a little self-satisfied, self-seeking at whiles, but very vital, very much alive. Eve, the living woman of to-day. She is blazing the trails and hesitating over nothing. She looks thirty when she is in her forties and at sixty her back view will be the most misleading thing.

But she is like a cat on hot bricks for restlessness. Poise went out with primness and prudery. The difficulty with so many women nowadays is to pin them down to anything. They are jumpy in their *joie-de-vivre* and tragically unreliable over things which do not concern the bread and butter of life. They seem to give so much to their professions that they drain themselves of staying power in friendship. They do not concentrate and their desire to be vitally alive is rather devastating to those who love them.

The Streak of Restlessness.

PROBABLY it has all arisen out of the times in which we live. We seek to cram too much into each day. We burn our candles at both ends. We make a business of being bright and breezy.

It is an extraordinary thing to notice the number of restless women to-day whose ages range between 35 and 45. They are the women of my generation and I have been trying to analyse.

Taking a little coterie of acquaintances I find each tinged with the restless streak.

There is Janet—jolly and clever, and the life and soul of any party, though she will tell you with a toss of her sleek head that she is "forty and some more."

But Janet's promises are less reliable than her pies and prettiness. You can depend on getting a most excellent meal at her house, but you never know if she will turn up if you ask her to one at your own. Socially she is scatter-brained. The whim of the moment rules her and, though she is generosity itself, she will leave her best pal cooling her heels at the rendezvous while off enjoying the moment—and possibly the man—elsewhere. Excitement leads her into the way of many indiscretions, and consecutive interest in any scheme never lasts.

Binnie is quite as trying. An hour with her is exhausting. Her conversation is either like a machine gun, or she is so absent-minded that you feel insulted.

As for Tess she is breathless about life. She will jump from a scientific discussion to an insistence on your coming to inspect her new lingerie, from religious opinions to recipes for cooking aubergines. One minute it is politics, the next the price of corn on the cob.

"A shilling a cob—



They gave to those bloodthirsty years their youthful enthusiasm and energies.

but Jim does love it so! Oh, my dear you must come to that lecture on Buddhism next week! Heavens, I hope it isn't going to rain!"

One's mind leaps to a mental picture of Buddha eating generously-buttered corn on the cob, with cumulus clouds as a background.

Their Wild Oats.

JANET, Binnie and Tess, have careers as well as marriage. Alys is the restless woman in the home environment. She is an excellent housewife, but obsessed by "the thousand and one things about a house." She flits in and out of her rooms, never sits still for long, apologises for the imperfections of her domestic staff, and appears distraught and nervous when playing hostess.

She has money to burn, everything a woman can wish for, yet to stay wit Alys leaves one vaguely miserable. It is her restlessness as a hostess which spoils everything.

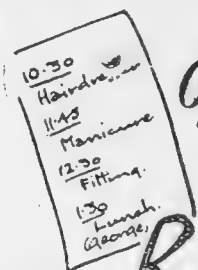
Now in each case these women are married, but they married late—after thirty in all instances. The Great War found them energetic workers. They gave to those bloodthirsty years their youthful enthusiasms and energies. They did "their bit," in a woman's way.

Possibly they sowed some wild oats and reaped them with tears. Many women did out of the largeness of their sympathy and the sweeping tides of patriotism.

With so many of such women the 'twenties were troubled years. War came into them. It still counts. In that time of heart agony they lost men for whom they cared. Though second love has come, it may not be the same as "that first fine careless rapture."

The restlessness we notice, the jumpy minds and devastating energy shown at times is puzzling in women who should have reached years of discretion.

Our mothers were matronly and sedate at the same age. But then they rocked cradles and drank camomile tea, while we drive cars and indulge in cocktails. They were content with little. We cram our lives. But the price of cramming must be paid.



By Joan Kennedy.

I make confession after four years at the wheel, driving a car is simplicity itself. There is sheer joy in a traffic jam, while to step on the accelerator on an arterial road brings a thrill unequalled. And yet, even after a run which has held nothing in the way of a flock of sheep on the bend of the steepest hill or fools on the road who step blindly from the pavement in front of the bonnet, that twinge of neuritis will come next day and I have head-on collisions at dream cross-roads.

Like Janet and Binnie and Tess I have to pull up over the restless streak. I know that when a woman has passed the half-way house of thirty-five she mustn't burn the candle at both ends. Yet we do it—we of my generation—loving the bright blaze of the moment. We are a restless lot, very Oliver Twistish, wanting the very pips of life's apple.



Our mothers were matronly and sedate at the same age. But then they rocked cradles and drank camomile tea, while we drive cars and indulge in cocktails.

Content in Motherhood.

JUST then—by a queer coincidence—my telephone bell shrilled.

"Well, here I am in Tom's office," said the voice of one of those others of my generation. And then, "Oh, Joan, I really must do something. I don't know what I want. I am so restless!" A sigh, then, "I think I'll make some new nighties!"

I said, "I'm just writing an article about you and me and those others."

"Oh, what are you saying?"

"Only that we're a terribly restless lot."

"So we are," agreed the voice. There was a little more conversation, jumping from the quality of crêpe-de-Chine to a constituency being offered to Tom. I returned to my desk, my mind groping.

One solution occurs. Not one of us—these women of my generation—has a baby. Does the secret of a woman's content lie in motherhood?

RADIO REFLECTIONS

IN TOUCH WITH
the WORLD

BY ROBERT W. BEARE

I HAVE been using a Selector five-valve portable set with considerable interest, especially so far as long distance reception is concerned. When I first saw the list of stations and dial settings, nicely set out on an ivory tablet which is part of the equipment, I am afraid I smiled. Moscow, Kalundberg, Warsaw and many other far distant stations were on the list. I forgot the exact number, but at any rate I thought that since the presence of this schedule implied that the set's performance included the reception of all of them, it was only fair to give it a thorough test on those lines.

And, to cut a long story short, I received, without the slightest difficulty, every single station named, at exactly the dial setting stated. I am not going to say that every programme was heard "at full loud speaker strength." Most of them were pleasantly strong; some were powerful (Radio Paris, for example) while others were weaker. But even the faintest was clearly audible without strain; it was Warsaw, I believe, and if I had understood the language, every word would have been distinguishable.

I regarded this as a performance distinctly above the average, and was only sorry that a slight lack of selectivity on the high wavelength range rendered it impossible to eliminate Daventry entirely. The Paris signal was so strong that it didn't matter, but some of the other long wave transmissions were not sufficiently powerful to drown 5XX.

Among the features of the set which I liked, apart from the really charming appearance of its powder-blue leather covered case, were the inclusion of sockets for the attachment of an external aerial and earth and loud speaker or telephones—a good loud speaker is also contained within the case, of course—and a further socket for plugging in a gramophone pick-up connection.

The Craze for Portable Sets.

In my opinion there is a limit beyond which the portability and compact design of a radio set should not be carried. I have had several queries from correspondents who wish to embody a moving coil loud speaker in a self-contained cabinet set. While it would be unwise to say that anything is impossible, this plan is at the moment highly undesirable. Those who have used moving coil speakers must be aware of two peculiarities. The performance of the instrument is very largely influenced by the size and type of baffle board which is employed, and any attempt to fit it casually in a closed cabinet—especially when the interior is packed full of

other radio components—must involve some experiments.

The performance of a good moving coil loud speaker is so excellent that it is, to say the least, a shame to cripple it by unnecessarily cramped quarters, and as matters stand at present I should say it would be almost invariably more satisfactory to employ one of the recognised types of balanced armature cone loud speaker units for the purpose of a portable set.

Another point is that although the weight of moving coil loud speakers varies considerably according to make, even the lightest of them is scarcely a desirable addition to an alleged "portable"!

"Music hath Charms—"

While on the subject of loud speakers, I cannot help wondering why the excellent plan adopted by the Celestion Company in equipping a show room on lines which entitle it to the designation "studio" is not more generally followed. The purchaser of a loud speaker is usually forced to test its performance under the worst possible conditions, and to make an imaginary comparison with the effect that should be gained in his own home. The only consolation is that the conditions are equally bad for all the speakers tried before the purchase is concluded, so that the comparison is equitable as between different makes and types.

The Celestion "studio" in Victoria Street, London, is pleasantly furnished, with a view to both atmosphere and acoustic requirements and, besides a complete range of the company's own products, there are various types of set—self-contained cabinet models, portables and



A five-valve portable Selector set.

If your radio won't work, write to BRITANNIA about it.

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

all the rest of it—with which the different speakers may be tried out. This is an invaluable feature, and it is to be hoped that in future no radio user will be misled into buying a "baby" type of speaker because he believes—probably quite erroneously—that his set "is not powerful enough to work a full-sized instrument." Many people have failed, and still fail, to realise how good radio music can be, simply through that mistake.

As a matter of fact, I have been using one of the latest Celestion models for a year or so, and in the course of experiments have frequently been surprised at its wide range of sensitivity. It will stand the full horse-power of a powerful set without chatter or distortion, or at the other extreme will give comfortably audible signal from a good crystal set, 16 miles from London.

New Sets for Old.

As a result of my recent remarks concerning the modernisation of old but otherwise satisfactory radio sets to bring them up to the later standard of efficiency, I have had inquiries too numerous to mention on specific details of conversion. So far as possible I have very willingly assisted each correspondent; but I do want to emphasise the fact that the extent of such assistance is definitely limited by the comprehensiveness or otherwise of the information supplied as to the type of sets from and to which conversion is desired.

Much the same applies to the question of defective performance. Unless I have very full information regarding such matters as the circuit, the age and type of valves and batteries, and on any point bearing directly upon the fault which it is desired to be remedied, I am reduced to sheer guesswork, which cannot be satisfactory in so precise a science as radio has become.

While upon this same subject, I should like to give a word of advice which applies to those who are converting old sets and those who are making new ones. Many excellent circuits are published, both by the various radio journals and by valve and component manufacturers. Precise instructions are given regarding the layout of the components, and as to their actual make and type. While it would be possible to depart from these instructions without sacrificing efficiency under expert advice, it must be remembered that the specification advised has been arrived at after extensive experiment, and it is very unlikely that the average amateur would hit upon a casual arrangement or selection of components which would be as good.



The modern music shop.

A "studio" in Victoria Street devoted to the sale of "Celestion" loud speakers.

LIFE in the NEW BALKANS

No. v ALBANIA

By Rosita Forbes

ALBANIA is different from all the other Balkan countries, in that the average Albanian is an individualist rather than a nationalist. The hardest task of the new King will be to turn a tribal community, knowing no law but that of vendetta, into a nation. At present the mountaineer explains that he is a Merdit, a Dhukajin or a Debrani, rather than that he is an Albanian.

In the plains he is apt to think of himself as a Moslem, in which case he has leanings towards Turkey, or as a Christian, when his sole object in life is to emigrate for twenty years to the U.S.A.!

Patriarchal Life.

ALBANIA is divided into two definite zones with entirely different conceptions of life. The coastal districts, the South, which, if not chiefly plain, has, at least, considerable flat spaces in the valleys; and the immediate surroundings of the capital, Tirana, are as civilised as any other primitive Western country. There are no railways, but the roads are quite good, except where, in the absence of all bridges, they pass through rivers in flood! There are moderate hotels, though the landlord still hankers to let beds, not rooms, and, in the smaller villages, the only means of abatement are in the publicity of the corridor!

Nobody ever seems to undress and the usual "boy" who haunts such inns, performing every possible combination of duties and sleeping (usually) in a bundle of quilts on the landing, always appears to be about to burst out of his garments by a natural process of growth. Nevertheless, this simple but, for the traveller, practicable Albania is full of indifferent motors, and half the inhabitants speak English.

The life is patriarchal, for the whole family live under the same roof. The villages are built of dark, grey stone, so that they are often indistinguishable from the mountain-side. The houses are enclosed within high-walled compounds, and, to such an extent does the Moslem influence predominate, that hardly any women are to be seen in the streets. The small girls use kohol and henna before they are ten, and wear absurd little frilly trousers of brilliant reds and purples, so that they look as if they were playing about in pyjamas. Inside the formidable walls, there are pleasant gardens and courtyards, on to which open wide verandas whereon, in summer, the family live and sleep.

The Albanians are the most hospitable race in the world and if a stranger crosses a village threshold in search of information or rest, he is always invited to stay for three days. Every able-bodied man who can get to America does so, but he saves two-thirds of his wages and either sends it back to his family, or returns in middle age as a plutocrat. He leaves his wife under his father's roof and very often doesn't see his children until they are grown up.

Secret Rites.

I STAYED in several Moslem farms, where the girls wore charming European clothes but were quite illiterate, where we slept on piled mattresses on the floor, or on a hard divan running round three walls, and where the sons waited on the guests, refusing to sit down in the presence of their grandfather.

Most of the Moslems belong to the Bektashi Tariq, a heretical Shia sect which possesses some fifty monasteries scattered throughout the country and always situated in some post of vantage on the hills. The Bektashi is a secret rite known only to the initiates, of which there are several circles, and it is performed once a week at night. We were received by the Baba, an imposing personage in flowing white robes and a green turban, in a stone-built monastery that looked like a fortress. The cells were white-washed and spread with sheepskins. In each one was a coffee-hearth with a row of tiny, long-beaked pots. As soon as we had



A pair of typical Albanians.



A woman of the country in her Sunday best.

seated ourselves on the floor of the reception room, which was empty except for hide mats and a few of the little Eastern bolsters which always feel as if they had been stuffed with potatoes, we were offered sweet, cloying coffee strengthened with raki. The youngest brother played the lute and another recited Persian poetry, but they were all farmers, and, between them, the nine monks cultivated 600 acres and grew the best grapes I've ever tasted.

Kortcha is the most progressive town in the South and it boasts one wide, well-lighted street, a large Greek Orthodox Church, schools, a cinema and a good hotel, not to speak of an intelligent and energetic prefect who is determined to modernise the whole of his province.

Education Difficulties.

THE present generation will benefit by the elementary and secondary schools which the Government is building throughout the country and, in a decade, one of Albania's chief problems will be solved. At present it is difficult to find educated men to fill political and municipal posts. The National Assembly is a farce, for its members were appointed without any reference to the districts they are supposed to represent. Free elections, it must be acknowledged, would present difficulties in a country where eighty-five per cent. of the population can neither read nor write.

The literates of to-day see no opportunity in their own country. Rather than work at necessarily small salaries in the few growing towns, they go abroad in search of the factories they crave. But the Government, which gives bourses for technical education in Paris, Rome and London, under strict personal supervision, makes each recipient of such a purse sign an agreement to serve so many years in Albania when he finishes his training as chemist, engineer, or whatever it may be.

Most of Southern Albania is, in colour and mode of life, more Eastern than anything which can be seen out of Arabia. There are villages which might be illustrations to the history of Haroun al Raschid. Here the mosques, with minarets like rapiers and inverted clay bowls for



Municipal workers laying the dust in a street in Durazzo.

roofs, are surrounded by gargantuan cypresses. In the bazaars, the open-fronted booths are stuck together like the cells of a beehive. In each squats, cross-legged, a swarthy merchant in fez and upturned Aladdin shoes, a pom-pom cuddled under the toe. Sufficient material to clothe an English family goes into his voluminous trousers which are bunched into an enormous scarlet sash, bristling with weapons.

Wherever a new house is building, a sort of gollywog is stuck on the scaffolding for protection against the evil eye. Under a plane-tree as old as time, small boys offer trays of coffee, rattling their long-handled tongs to attract attention, or plums dipped in scarlet sugar and stuck on spelikins. There is a flutter of scarlet in the air, rows of scarlet kerchiefs hanging from the eaves of small beetle-browed stalls, scarlet sheets enveloping the veiled Moslem women, scarlet rugs over pack-saddles and scarlet stripes on blankets, scarlet of fruit, flowers and fezzes. There is even a water-seller, dripping goat-skin slung across his shoulders, brass cups clapping like cymbals in accompaniment to his raucous voice.

A Royal Interview.

TIRANA, the capital, is creeping out of its Eastern sheath in deference to the wishes of its new King, Zogu the First, who has succeeded in keeping peace for four unprecedented years. He is a man of single purpose and a profound knowledge of the problems he has to face. He has a strong character without being a great personality. Simple as the mountaineers from whom he springs, as honest as it is possible to be in the semi-East, which means that he cannot resist meeting intrigue on its own ground, he is equally capable of ruthlessness or of a patience prolonged beyond Western limits.

During a lengthy interview which he fixed at 9 a.m., after he had got through half his morning's work which begins at 5 o'clock, he proved himself interested in all questions concerning the political, agricultural and industrial development of his country. His fund of information was practical and inexhaustible. He struck one as a sensible and shy young man, conscious of his isolated position, situated as

it were on the quicksands between East and West, stemming a tide which might at any moment—according to the ambitions of Italy or Serbia, to the intransigence of the mountaineers among whom fighting is a natural state, or to the intrigue of politicians who would like his job—develop into a whirlpool.

A few miles from Tirana, or from Elbasan, which is a page out of the old Turkey abolished by Mustapha Kemal, it is possible to climb (on foot or astride a rat-like pack-pony agile as a centipede) into trackless mountains and, at the same time, back into the middle ages. Here the women share the total outdoor labour with such thin beasts of burden as indifferent harvests suffice to nourish. Their men are either actively engaged in vendetta, or, under the mediæval oath, the "bessa," the sworn protectors of some shedder of blood.

The foreigner may travel without the slightest danger from one end of the land to the other, for no man will shoot his country's guest and, under no circumstance, is an Albanian rifle ever fired on a woman! Otherwise it is a ridiculous situation and not particularly inspiring, because the victim of vendetta is invariably shot in the back.

A boy becomes liable to such a blood feud between the age of two and three and the affair is generally started by some utterly inadequate cause such as a theft, a broken promise, an insult which is often no more than an impertinence, or a boundary dispute.

One tribe lost ten per cent. of its adult males within a single year and a particularly lawless village boasted to us that in the summer "men died like flies." The only reason why they do not succumb to the same extent in winter is because, during the snows, they remain hermetically sealed in their cabins, which are granary, chicken-run and pen for livestock as well!

Tribal Law.

THE present Government has settled 132 vendettas since it came into office on the

basis of blood-money, a man's life being valued at approximately £27 sterling, but there are certain feuds which, according to the old tribal law, can never be settled except by blood. If a guest is killed by any member of his host's family, the house in which the murder was committed is rased to the ground and the whole family are outlaws until the death is avenged.

The assassination of a person protected by the laws of hospitality or by the sacred "bessa" is the cause of the most sanguinary feuds, which go on from one generation to another and in which male children, priests, and women who have sworn the oath of virginity may be forced to take part as avengers.

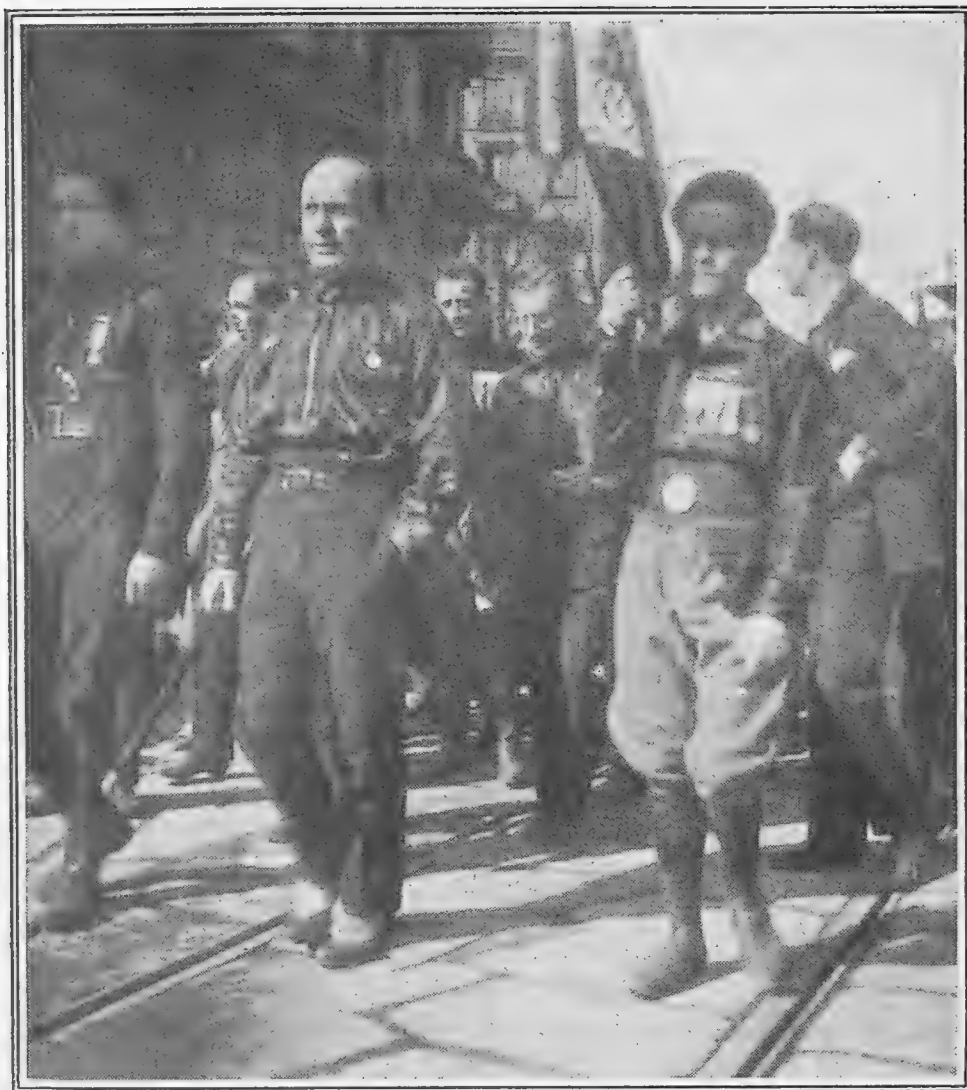
Otherwise, the life of the mountains, hard as it is owing to poor soil, uncertain rainfall and practically no communications, has a primitive and patriarchal charm. Each tribe has a different feminine costume, generally blazing with scarlet embroidery. In certain districts the matrons wear marriage belts a foot wide, of leather solidly studded with silver. By the arrangement of sable braid on their white felt trousers the men indicate the tribe to which they belong.

The Greatest Delicacy.

THE mountaineers are Catholics and their priests are apt to interest themselves too much in politics. Italy has made use of their Latin bias on more than one occasion. Mountain hospitality is unbounded and the poorest family kills its ewe lamb in honour of a stranger's visit. Unfortunately it takes four or five hours to skin and roast it over a meagre charcoal fire, so the traveller, arriving with the sunset, is expected to converse with his host while drinking a curiously flavoured coffee, or alcohol made from unripe fruit, in a cabin dense with smoke, till, blinded and half stupefied, he is summoned at midnight to dinner. The culmination of his discomfort arrives when his host follows the Arab custom of offering the principal guest, or even sticking into his mouth, the sheep's eye as a token of his regard, and also, of course, as the greatest delicacy known to local gourmets.



A peasant's home in Albania.



*A hitherto unpublished photograph which Mussolini has not seen.
Sent to BRITANNIA from a reader in Milan.*

WHEN a general strike menaced the Province of Rome I ordered the Florentine legions of the Militia to parade in the streets of the capital. The armed Militia with its war songs is an element of great persuasion. It is an argument. In September, 1924, I had visited the most intense zones of the Tuscan Fascism; I went among the strong populations of the Amiata, among the workers and peasants, among the miners of the province of Siena. On that occasion, while opponents waited my fall hour by hour, I said to the Fascists "We will make a litter for the Blackshirts of our adversaries."

The opposition Press made a great fuss about these words; but their chattering had no importance. That became clear on January 3rd, 1925, when in Parliament, while Rome was already full of the exiled from the provinces and of those who tremblingly expected the conclusion of the political struggle, I made this speech, which certainly was not lacking in reserve:—

"Gentlemen,—The speech I am going to make before you might not be classified as a parliamentary speech. It might be possible that at the end, some of you will find that this speech is connected, even though a space of time has elapsed, with the one I made in this same hall on November 16th. Such a speech can lead, but it cannot lead to a political vote. In any case let it be known that I am not looking for this vote. I do not want it; I have had plenty. Article 47 of the Statute says: 'The Chamber of the Deputies has the right to accuse the Ministers of the King and to bring them to face the High Court of Justice.' I formally ask if in this Chamber, or outside, there is anyone who wants to make use of Article 47. My speech will then be very clear; it will bring about an absolute clarification. You can understand this.

After having for a long time marched with comrades to whom our gratitude always will go for what they have done, it is good sense to stop to consider whether the same route with the same companions can be followed in the future.

"GENTLEMEN, I will repeat in this hall the accusations against me. It has been said that I would have founded a 'Ceka.' Where? When? In what way? Nobody is able to say. Russia has executed without trial from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand people, as statistics show. There has been a 'Ceka' in Russia which has exercised terror systematically over all the middle classes and on the individual members of that class, a 'Ceka' which said it was the red sword of revolution. But an Italian 'Ceka' never had a shadow of existence. Nobody has ever denied that I had in my possession these three qualities: a discreet intelligence, plenty of courage, and an utter contempt for the lure of money. If I had founded a 'Ceka' I would have done so following the reasoning that I have always used, to defend one kind of violence that never can be eliminated from history. I have always said, and those who always followed me in these five years of hard struggle can remember it, that violence, to be worth while in settling anything, must be intelligent and chivalrous. Now, all the exploits of any so-called 'Ceka' have always been unintelligent, passionate and stupid. Can you really think that I could order—on the day following the anniversary of Christ's birth, when all saintly spirits are hovering here—can you think that I could order an assault at ten o'clock in the morning in the Via Francesco Crispi, in Rome, after the most conciliatory speech

MY LIFE

By Benito

MUSSOLINI

which I ever made during my Government?

"Please do not take me for quite such an idiot! Would I with the same lack of intelligence have planned the minor assaults against Misuri and Forni? You certainly remember my speech of June 7th. Perhaps you will go back to that week of ardent political passion when in this hall minority and majority clashed every day, so much so that some despaired of being able to re-establish those necessary terms for political and civil co-operation most necessary between the opposite parties at the Chamber. There were the shuttles of violent speeches flying from one side to the other. Finally, on June 6th, Delcroix broke with his lyric speech that storm-charged tension.

"THE next day I spoke to clear the atmosphere. I said to the opposition, 'I recognise your ideal rights, your contingent rights.' I remember and I have still in my eyes the vision of this part of the Chamber, where all were attentive, feeling that I had spoken deep, living words.

"How could I, after a success—let me say that without false or ridiculous modesty—after a success so clamorous that it was admitted by all the Chamber (opposition included), how could I meditate, unless I were mad, I won't say a murder, but even the slightest, the most petty offence against that very adversary who I esteemed because he had a certain courage, which looked like my courage, and an obstinacy which appeared like my obstinacy in sustaining a thesis?

"They have the minds of crickets who pretend that I was making only cynical gestures on that occasion. Such gestures I will not tolerate; they are repugnant. So, also do I feel strongly against parades of strength. What strength? Against whom? With what aim? When I think about that, Gentlemen, I remember those strategists who, during the War, while we were fighting in the trenches, made strategy with little pins on the maps. But when the problem is to get something done at the place of command, things are seen under another light. And yet on enough occasions I have proved my energy. I have usually not failed to meet events.

"In six hours I settled the revolt of the Royal Guards. In a few days I broke an

insidious revolt. In forty-eight hours I brought a division of infantry and half of the fleet to Corfu. These gestures of energy, and the last one amazed even one of the greatest generals of a friendly nation—are here to demonstrate that it is not energy that fails me.

"The death punishment? But this is a joke, Gentlemen! First of all the death punishment must be introduced in the penal code and, anyhow, capital punishment cannot be the reprisal of a Government! It must be applied with a regulated, rather shall I say very well-regulated, judgment, when the question is the life of a citizen. It was at the end of that month which is carved so deeply on my life, that I said: 'I want peace for the Italian people and I want to stabilise the normality of political life.'

"WHAT was the answer to this policy of mine? First of all the secession of the Aventino—anti-constitutional secession, clearly revolutionary! Then a campaign of the press which lasted during the months of June, July, and August. A dirty miserable campaign which dishonoured us for three months, in which the most fantastic, the most terrifying, the most frightful lies were affirmed extensively in the press. I have always been peaceful and calm amid the storm. That storm will be remembered by those who will come after us with a sense of intimate shame. On September 11th, somebody wanted to revenge the killing and shot one of our best men who died poor. He had sixty lire in his pocket. However, I continue in my effort to normalise. I repress illegalities. I state the bare truth when I say that even now in our jails there are hundreds and hundreds of Fascists.

"But after all, Sirs, what butterflies are we looking for under the arch of Titus? Well, I declare here in front of this assembly, in front of all the Italian people, that I assume, I, Benito Mussolini, alone, the political, moral, historical responsibility for everything which has happened. If sentences, more or less maimed, are enough to hang a man, out with the noose! If Fascism has only been castor oil or club, and not a proud passion of the best Italian youth, the blame is on me! If Fascism has been a criminal association, if all the violences have been the result of a determined historical, political, moral delinquency, the responsibility of this is on me, too, because I have created it with my propaganda from the time of our intervention in the War to this moment. In these last days not only the Fascists, but many citizens, ask themselves: Is there a Government? Have these men a dignity as men? Have they dignity also as Government? I have wanted to reach this determined extreme point. My experience of the life of these six months is rich. I have tried the Fascist Party. I have seen their value and for what reasons at some moment when the wind seemed contrary, they turned around the corner. I have tested myself. And be sure that I would not have persisted in measures if they had not been for the interests of the Nation. A people does not respect a Government which allows itself to be scorned. The people want to see their own dignity reflected in a Government, and the people even before I said it, said, 'Enough! The measure is filled!'

"AND why was it filled? Because the revolt of the Aventino has a republican background. This sedition of the Aventino has endangered the life of everyone who professes to be a Fascist. In November and December eleven Fascists were killed. One had his head crushed, and another, an old man of seventy-three, was killed and thrown from a high wall. Three fires happened in one month, three

mysterious fires on the railroads, one in Rome, the other in Parma and the third one in Florence. Then came a subversive movement everywhere, with fights and woundings all over the country.

"In the three days of this January, 1925, and in only one zone, there happened incidents in Mestre, Pionca, and Valombra. Fifty subversives armed with rifles, strolled through the country singing the 'Red Flag' and exploding bombs. In Venice the Militia-man, Pascari Mario, was attacked and wounded. In Cavaso di Treviso another Fascist was hurt. In Crespano, the headquarters of the Carabinieri were invaded by about twenty frantic women, a chief of a detachment of Militia was attacked and thrown into the water. In Favara di Venezia Fascists were attacked by subversives.

"I BRING your attention to these matters because they are symptoms. Express train No. 192 was stoned by subversives, who broke the windows. In Moduno di Livenza a chief of the squad was attacked and beaten. You can see by this situation that the sedition of the Aventino has had deep repercussion in the whole country. And then comes the struggle in which one says: Enough! When two elements are struggling, the solution lies in the measure of strength. There never was any other solution in history, and never will be. Even now, I dare to say that the problem will be solved. Fascism, the Government, the Party is in full efficiency. Gentlemen, you have deceived yourselves! You thought that Fascism was ended because I was restraining

THE SECRET SOCIETIES

Mussolini has always been a sworn enemy of the secret societies which abounded in Italy. He passed a strong law against these societies, declaring that "a secret political society in modern life is a piece of nonsense when it is not a menace." All societies were forced to make known their aims, their membership, and their general formations.

it, that the Party was dead because I was holding it back. If I should use a hundredth part of the energy that I used to compress the Fascists, to loosen them. . . . Oh! You should see. . . . But there will be no need of that, because the Government is strong enough to break fully and finally this revolt of the Aventino.

"Italy, Gentlemen, wants peace, wants quiet, wants labour, wants calm; we will give it with love, if that be possible, or with strength if that be necessary. You can be sure that in the forty-eight hours following this speech the situation will be clarified in every corner. We all know that it is not a personal fancy, not lust of government, not base passion, but only infinite and powerful love for my country."

These words, restrained till then, together with my disdain and my force of expression suddenly awoke Fascist Italy. The situation, as I had foreseen and stated, was clarified in forty-eight hours. The opposition papers—which till then had been full of envy, hate and defamatory attacks—stole back into their holes. A new situation, full of power and responsibility, was developing. Fascism was able to march onward and to govern by herself.

After this the Liberal Ministers Sarrocchi and Casati, and also the Minister-Oviglio, a tepid Fascist, resigned from the Ministry. I replaced them with three Fascist Ministers.

Victory was complete. The manoeuvre of the former premiers definitely failed and became ridiculous, just as did other artificial structures attempted about that time. One was a move-

ment inspired by Benelli, under the name of the Italian League, to create secessions from Fascism, and another an underhand manoeuvre of some "short weight grandchildren" of Garibaldi.

AT the end of January, 1925, the Aventino with all our opponents, appeared destroyed, torn to pieces by a thousand internal discords and differences. I had won again on the whole front, and I was getting ready to channel the Fascist revolution into institutions and constitutional forms. On October 28th, 1924, the National Militia, which represents the best of Fascism, and which has always been my beloved creation, had sworn loyalty to the King. Now it was necessary to bring up to date the Constitution of 1848 and to create new representative institutions, worthy of the new Italy. With this aim I brought about the nomination of a Commission of eighteen experts on statecraft. I charged them with the preparation of proposals of reforms to be presented to our legislative organs. The Commission was called the Commission of the Solons. It concluded its works, after a certain time, suggesting some improvements for the old Constitution and the creation of new institutions. I afterwards used the proposed recommendations as a base. The Commission at the time did not lay down definite lines, but it contributed to the reforms which later on I saw growing clearer, and which were approved by the two branches of the National Parliament.

A law against secret societies was voted; and so legal sanction was given to the struggle maintained by Fascism against Masonry. In fact, in 1925, it was ridiculous to think that there could exist societies authorised to perform a single clandestine public action, outside the control of the person who has the supreme direction of public affairs, and beyond the control of all who fulfil any function of the law. A secret political society in modern, contemporary life is a piece of nonsense, when it is not a menace. I arranged that all associations should make known their aims, their formations, membership and developments.

IT was at this time that Federzoni, then Minister of the Interior, prepared, with my full approval, the new law on Public Safety. The Governorship of Rome was instituted, and there began, because I had so made up my mind, an inexorable fight against the Mafia in Sicily, the bandits in Sardinia, and against some other less known forms of crime, which had humiliated entire regions. In February, 1925, I fell desperately ill. For obvious reasons, and perhaps because of exaggerated apprehension, there never was given any exact account of my condition. I admit that the situation was, in a certain way, very grave. For forty days I was confined to my house. My enemies greatly hoped that my end was near. The Fascisti, because of my silence, and the contradictory news that circulated, were very troubled. Never, so much as then, did I understand that I was indispensable to my men, to my devoted people, to all the great streams of Italian people. I had lively, vibrating and moving manifestations of solidarity, of devotion, of good will. The Black-shirts roared impatiently to see me. When, finally, at the end of March, on the sixth anniversary of the foundation of Fascism, I appeared healed on the balcony of Palazzo Chigi, I had in front of me all of Rome. On seeing me still thin and pale, there was deep emotion. I saluted the multitude in the name of Spring, and among other things I said, "Now the best will come!" This sentence was interpreted in a thousand senses and aroused a wave of plaudits and approbations.

Those wise doctors, Professor Bastianelli and Professor Marchisava, had healed me completely. Those miserable persons who hoped for my death through my illness were baffled. Nothing to me is more hateful than a hope that illness may end an adversary. I am more alive and stronger to-day than ever before. I could repeat, as I said one day, after an attempt against my life, "The bullets pass, Mussolini remains!"

ANOTHER series of events which were to mark my complex and difficult life were the attempts made against my life. Zaniboni initiated the series. He was a vulgar Socialist, who received two cheques of 150,000 francs each from the Czechoslovakian Socialists to lead an anti-Fascist struggle. Zaniboni, a drug addict, used the 300,000 francs to prepare his attempt against me with devilish ability. He chose the sacred day of the commemoration of the Victory. He hid himself in a room of the Hotel Dragoni, just in front of the Palazzo Chigi, from the balcony of which I usually review the processions which pass on the way to the altar of the Unknown Soldier to place their flowers, their vows and their homage. Having an Austrian rifle with fine sights, the fellow could not miss his aim. Zaniboni, to avoid detection, dressed in the uniform of a major of the army, and got ready in the morning to accomplish his crime. He was discovered. He had been followed for a long time. A few days before, General Capello had generously given him money and advice. But with a simultaneous action, Zaniboni, General Capello, and various less important Masonic personages of the plot were arrested one hour before the attempt was planned.

So closed the first chapter.

IN 1926, in the month of April, when I inaugurated the International Congress of Medicine, a crazy and megalomaniac woman, of English nationality, exalted by fanaticism, came near my motor car and fired a shot at close range, which perforated my nostrils. A centimetre of difference and the shot might have been fatal. She was, as I said, a mad, hysterical woman, led on by elements and persons never clearly identified. I abandoned her to her destiny by putting her beyond the frontier, where she could meditate on her failure and her folly. Just after this, before my nose was out of its dressings, I was addressing a meeting of officials from all parts of Italy. I felt impelled to say, "If I go forward, follow me; if I recoil, kill me; if I die, avenge me." Another attempt, which might have had grave results, was that of an anarchist, a so-called Lucetti, who had come back from France with his soul full of hate and envy against Fascism and against me. He waited for me in the light and large Via Nomentana, in front of the Porta Pia. He had been eight days in Rome and carried powerful bombs. Lucetti recognised my car, while I was going to the Palazzo Chigi, and as soon as he saw it he hurled the infernal machine which hit an angle of the car and bounced back on the ground, exploding there after I had passed. I was not wounded, but innocent people were hit and taken to the hospital. When arrested, the miserable man could justify his crazy act only by his anti-Fascist hate. I did not attach great importance to the episode. Having to meet the English Ambassador, I went directly to the Palazzo Chigi, and the conversation with the foreign

diplomat continued calmly enough until a great popular manifestation in the streets interrupted us. Only then the English Ambassador, somewhat amazed, learned of the attempt against my life. The last attempt was on October 31st, 1926. It was in Bologna, after I had lived a day full of life, enthusiasm and pride. A young anarchist, egged on by secret plotters, at a moment when the whole population was lined up for the salute, came out from the ranks and fired at my car with a rifle. I was sitting near the "Podesta" of Bologna, Arpinati. The shot burned my coat, but again I was quite safe. The crowd, in the meanwhile, seized by an impulse of exasperated fury, could not be restrained. It gave summary justice to the man. He was lynched!

OTHER attempts were baffled. The operation was now surpassing any limit. I understood it was time to stop the doleful game of my adversaries. The secret societies, the opposition Press, the deceitful political cults had only one aim—to hit the Chief of Fascism,



Mussolini has aged with the cares of government.

so that all Fascism should be hit. All the movement that dominated Italy they believed turned on one pivot, on a name, on a lone man. All the adversaries, from the most hateful ones to the most intelligent, from the slyest to the most fanatical, thought that the only way of destroying Fascism was to destroy its Chief. The population itself perceived this, and demanded grave punishments for the criminals.

A policy of force was absolutely necessary. I took the Ministry of the Internal Affairs and I launched laws for the defence of the Régime, laws which must constitute one essential basis of the new unified national life. I abolished the subversive Press, whose only function was to inflame men's minds. Provincial commissions sent professional subverters to confinement. Not a day goes by that we do not feel in Italian life how much good has been brought by these measures against forces of disintegration, disorder and disloyalty.

I am forced, therefore, to conclude that this strong policy has given really tangible results. Many elements of the old popular subversives understand now how much well regulated life is a benefit, not only to one class, but for every

class of the Italian people. Few now are those who are still confined, and few are those who intend to disobey. As Minister of the Interior, I distributed a circular on January 6th, 1927, to the Prefects, in which I pointed out what must be their duty in relation to the population. A new sense of justice, of seriousness, of harmony and concord guides now the destinies of all the peoples and classes of Italy. In every class, among all citizens, nothing is done against the State, nothing is done outside the State.

Many have finally opened their eyes to this serene and severe truth; the Italians feel themselves of one fraternity in a great work of justice. The sense of duty, the necessity of action, the style of civil life mark to-day an intense reawakening. The old Parties are dead. In Fascism, politics is fused into a living moral reality. It is a faith.

It is one of those spiritual forces which renovate the history of great and enduring peoples.

WHEN one sees the building of the new structures, when hammers and concrete mixers flash and turn, the occasion is not one in which to ask the superintendent his opinion about the plays of Bernard Shaw, or to expect the architect to babble discursively on the subject of his preferences between the mountains and the seashore as summer playgrounds! It is absurd to suppose that I and my life can be separated from that which I have been doing and am doing. The creation of the Fascist State and the passing of the hungry moments from sunrise to the deep profundity of night with its promise of another dawn, avaricious for new labours, cannot be picked apart. I am lock-stitched into this fabric. It and myself are interwoven. Other men may find romance in the fluttering of the leaves on a bough; to me, whatever I might have been, destiny and myself have made me one whose eyes, ears, senses, thoughts, time, and energy must be directed at the trunk of the tree of public life.

The poetry of my life has become the poetry of construction. The romance in my existence has become the romance of measures, policies, and the future of a State. These, to me, are redolent with drama.

So it is that I see the solution of problems as I look back over nearly six years of leadership, each of them a chapter in my life, a chapter in the life of my country. I am not concerned deeply because I am misunderstood. I do not care! It is more or less trivial that conspiracies go on to misinterpret and, indeed, to misrepresent in full, what I have sought and why I have sought it. After all, I have been too busy to hear the murmur of liars.

HE who looks back over his shoulder toward those who lag and those who lie is a waster. It is because I cannot write my life, my daily life, my active life, my thinking life and even my own peculiar emotional life, without recording the steps I have taken to renew Italy and find a new place for her in the general march of civilisation, that I call up one after another the recollection of my recent battles with measures which submerge men, with policies which bury under the simplicity and weight everything else I might have lived.

Two fields of my will and action, of my thoughts, my conclusions stand out as I write, and as I record my life itself. I think of all of

them in terms of utter simplicity, stripped of complex phrases. I have seen the utility of those who speak endless stream of words. These words are like armies enlisted over to go away into the night, never to return from a campaign where the enemies are Compromise with Principle, Cowardice, Inaction and Idealism without Realism.

There are those, no doubt, who regard me or have once regarded me as an enemy to the peace of the world. To them there is nothing to say, save to recommend them my biography for careful reading. The record of facts is worth more than the accusation of fools.

FROM the first I wanted to renovate the foreign policy of Italy. Let it be remembered that I was fully conscious of the history and the economic and spiritual possibilities of my country in its relation to the world. Such a renovation, such a re-making of policy was absolutely new for us. It was destined to meet serious preconceptions and misconception before it would be clearly understood and appreciated, not only by Italians, but by those responsible for the foreign policies of various nations. I was fully aware that a new spirit, one of new austerity and dignity imposed by me as to every large and small action of my Ministry might create the impression that I wanted to fight to a finish old international political tradition, organisation, and existing alliances and the *status quo*.

What an error! To inaugurate a firm stand does not mean to revolutionise the course of international dealings. To demand a better appraisal of Italy in accordance with a correct audit of our possibilities as a powerful and prolific nation was only to re-establish our just position. My problem was to open the eyes of the responsible elements in the various European governments and chanceries. They had gone on rather blindly considering Italy still in its unstable position after the war.

To open these eyes was not always easy. I spent months and years trying to bring about the realisation that Italy's foreign policy had no tricks in it. It was always straightforward. It was always vigilant.

I MADE a speech on foreign policy in the spring of 1928, reviewed all our national and international situation, and the part that Italy has had in the many little or great events of world life. It set forth a clear review of my work. It summarised the concrete success obtained by my Ministry. But, before reaching this concrete and tangible result, let no one believe that the steps were light and easy. I knew, well enough, how many would look toward Rome with suspicion, as if it were an irresponsible centre of disturbance. Enemies of our country and of Fascism tried in every way in their power to strengthen, in bad faith and with twisted interpretations to undermine my good works.

But truth usually comes along behind any simple, clear policy and overcomes the obliquity, the conventional mentality, the spirit of opportunism, and the lie-barking of yesterdays. There is no country in the world where foreign policy, carefully carved out and approved by the nation, is not subject to internal attack based on ignorance or bad faith. Therefore, it was no surprise to me to find that when I had already calmed the internal political situation and had established for us the main points of the general policy of Italy within and without, there were those who began an offensive of criticism.

One of them was Count Sforza, who, in October 1922, was in Paris acting as Italian Ambassador. That man, loquacious and irresponsible as a Minister in past governments, had been a nuisance to our country. He had tied his name to the Adriatic situation—humiliating for our

nation. This former Minister, amateur in everything that referred to any perplexity of foreign policy, showed himself so vain that he could not even feel the delicacy of his position in Paris.

WHEN Italy was maturing events of historic character, homesickness for lost power made him a bad servant of his own country. He even went to the point of trying to create difficulties for the Fascist Government in the French capital; and political groups there were unfavourable, if not envious to any new solidity in Italy. Count Sforza at once began openly to criticise my declaration of foreign and internal policy, my political method and my conception of Fascist Italy. I sent him this telegram:

"I must interpret as a not quite amiable and rather an awkward gesture, your decision to give your resignation before having officially known my orders as to foreign policy, which I will disclose in the Chamber of Parliament; orders that will not be merely a sum of sentiments and resentments as you wrongly think. I bid you now formally to keep your place and not create difficulties for the Government. In this moment the Government represents the highest expression of the national conscience. I am waiting for a telegraphic answer, and I reserve until later decision as to you.—MUSOLINI."

TO this telegram Count Sforza made an elusive reply. So I called him to Rome, and after some explanations, revealing our two minds in perfect antithesis, I relieved him of office and dismissed him from his place. It was time that the central authority should no longer be debated by those who occupied inferior positions. Italian political life needs command, organisation, and discipline. This first strong gesture of mine was a clear signal; it undoubtedly served as an example and admonition for many other Italian diplomatic representatives, who tried to withdraw themselves, with subjective attitudes, from the supreme authority of the State.

I now devoted all my energies to the solution of those political problems which determined our future. I found facing me a situation already distorted and prejudiced by the crass errors of preceding governments. I found a series of peace treaties, though in some parts full of defects, nevertheless as a whole constituting an inevitable state of fact to be squarely met. In Italy, still palpitating and open, was the wound of the Rapallo Treaty with Jugoslavia. I wanted to heal it. On the delicate ground of treaties I explained my position and suggestions in a speech about foreign policy delivered at the Chamber, November 16th, 1922. I said then as I always say that "treaties, whether bad or good, must be carried out. A respectable nation can have no other programme. But treaties are neither eternal nor irreparable. They are chapters of history, not epilogues of history." Speaking of foreign policy in relation to the different groups of powers, I summarised my thoughts with this definition; "We cannot allow ourselves either a plan of insane altruism or one of complete subservience to the plans of the other peoples. Ours is a policy of autonomy then. It shall be firm and severe."

In November, 1922, I met, at Lausanne, Poincaré of France and Curzon of Great Britain. Let it be said that I re-established our equality then and there! There were clear and precise interviews; some of them rather vivacious!

FOR the time had come when Italy should enter with her record of sacrifice and with the weight of her history into an equality of standing in the discussions of international character, side by side with England and

France. During my brief stay at Lausanne I held conferences also with the Foreign Minister of Roumania and with Richard Washburn Child, Ambassador of the United States in Rome, and chief of the United States delegation at the Conference.

To sum up my trip to Switzerland; these were the results:—

First: We made clear to foreign diplomats the new prestige of Italy.

Second: We gave examples of our new style in foreign policy at the moment of initiating a direct contact between myself and the responsible diplomats of the world.

In December of that year, I made other important declarations to the Council of the Ministers concerning our foreign affairs. I again examined the Rapallo Treaty. I began a solution of the problems of Fiume and Dalmatia, making that solution fit in with the situation which had been created by the preceding treaties to which I had fallen heir. For the second time I met Lord Curzon; and then I went on to London, where I stayed for several days. On that occasion I received the most generous hospitality and found that I was listened to with respect by the English political world.

ALREADY the question of the Allies' debts was on the table. I had discussed this with Mr. Child and the British Ambassador in Rome. I had a plan that I do not hesitate to claim to be most efficacious for the solution of that problem. My plan aroused a certain interest among the allies, but some divergencies of a secondary character (and particularly the design of France to occupy the Ruhr) killed that which in my opinion was the most logical solution of the debts question, combined with the problem of the German reparations. That was a solution which might have permitted a quick and powerful renewal of world economy. Before me always is the economic aspect of international problems in my foreign policy. That was why, in 1923, I concluded a series of commercial treaties, with political backgrounds with a number of nations. It amuses me to be called an anti-pacifist in light of our record of treaty making for peace and for smooth international dealing! These commercial treaties were very helpful in settling our economic position.

In February of 1923 I signed the Italian-Swiss treaty, concluded in Zurich; and I ratified the Washington Treaty for the limitation on the naval armaments. Other commercial treaties were concluded with Czechoslovakia, with Poland, with Spain, and, finally, with France. I took the first steps toward renewing commercial relations with Soviet Russia.

OUR record in international affairs indicates a sleepless vigilance of peacemaking. More peace, more friends. We yield nothing of our autonomy, nor do we allow our power to be used as pawns by others. We are idealists in the sense that we endeavour to make and keep peace by building and maintaining, brick by brick, stone by stone, a structure of peace, founded on realities rather than on dreams and visionary plans. I have insisted upon being strong, but I have laboured to be generous. For an efficient foreign service, the world requires a spring cleaning of its diplomatic machinery. It has grown stale, over-manned and bureaucratic and is filled with feeble, petty conspiracies for place and promotion.

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next week.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

WHAT I THINK *of* RELIGION TO-DAY

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times is the interest shown by the general public in religious questions. To judge by the Daily Press, nothing will sooner run up their sales than a series of articles by religious leaders. It may seem an exaggerated estimate, but it is safe to say, speaking generally, that religion holds its supremacy in the estimate of the great majority.

Respect for Religion.

The Prime Minister, in an address delivered before the Bible Society, recently quoted the notable words of Erasmus, in the Preface to his translation of the New Testament:—"I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospels and Epistles of Paul. I wish that they were translated into all languages so as to be universally read and understood. I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the time of his shuttle, and when the traveller shall while away the weariness of journey to their stories."

Obviously we can lay no claim to that; but it is undeniably true that deep down in the masses of our country there is a profound respect for Religion and the vast questions that it involves.

Take the House of Commons, for instance. In the debate on the Prayer Book there was hardly a member who had not given time and thought to the questions at issue.

The Britisher is naturally reticent on these matters, and resents the intrusion of a stranger. But get him by himself; acquire his confidence; talk to him, not from above, but on his level—as man to man—and he will be a somewhat rare specimen if he has not his thoughts on those questions which each must face for himself.

Against this will be quoted the falling-off of church attendances; but that is, after all, no criterion of the situation. The clergy and ministers of the various sects have a good deal to answer for. I was giving a "lift" recently, in a vehicle in which I was riding, to a country woman, and she illustrated the matter thus:

"Well, you see, it's just this ways. I used to go to the church in our village as long as the old passon was alive. He was one of the good old sort—he didn't want any of this here flummery they have to-day. But when a new man came with all his dressing an' undressing, an' candles an' incense an' such-like, I couldn't stand it, an' thought as how I'd get on with the Chapel-Folk at t'other end of the village. But the minister there, he started on pulling the Old Book to pieces. He says we wasn't to believe this an' that, an' I says to myself, 'I can't give up the Old Book for you or anybody else.' So me an' a few of my neighbours meet every Sunday morning in my bit of a house, an' we read a chapter round an' talk on it. And it does us good."

That seems to be a fair explanation of what is going on in our country to-day, and when we study, on the one hand, the issues raised in the Church Congress by Lord Halifax and his seven hundred followers; and on the other, those which are forcing the Revised Prayer



By the REV.
F. B. MEYER, D.D.

Book—is it to be wondered at that the countryside is filled with Sunday motor-cars and charabancs? Of course, we deplore it; but we cannot be surprised.

Improving the Bible.

A further development of this drift from the old moorings is due to the efforts being made to improve on the Bible by cutting out large portions, supposed to be incongruous to the

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
the Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER, M.A.

modern mind, and hurtful for juvenile digestion. They eliminate passages in the Psalms that bear harshly on wrong-doers. But they are apparently oblivious of the fact that if such actions as are pilloried in the Psalms were perpetrated in this or any land, they would be dealt with by the Press in terms equally strong.

They eliminate the references to sex questions, ignoring the fact that the Puritan woman was of a type that would shame the dress, the talk, the cigarette and the license of a large

contingent of the womanhood of to-day; and that it is a necessity in all life, but especially in religious life, that men and women should know where the sunken rocks lie, beneath the surface of the seas.

They thus eliminate those fair hopes which beckon forward the weary race of humanity; when Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood shall be born out of our present travail. Those results can never be obtained by revolution. Danton, Marat and Robespierre did their best to secure them by the guillotine, and failed. No! The New Heavens and Earth are to come, not by violence, but by the breaking of the Dawn which the Old Book confidently predicts.

A Tribute to Radio.

We must not close without paying our unhesitating tribute to those who control the marvellous wireless developments of the present day.

Obviously they must cater for all sorts, sizes, tastes and conditions of men, women and the coming generation. Jazz music must take its turn with the opera and oratorios; the variety entertainment with the recent splendid commemoration of the Great War. The child, the youth, the married, and the lonely old man or woman must be catered for. But there is a very noticeable place given to religion, in the Morning Service, the Sunday Afternoons for young people, and the Sunday Evening Sermon.

The indebtedness of the religious community to the managers of the various wireless centres is a heavy one, which we gratefully acknowledge. It goes to prove the object of this article—that the religion of our country is not dwindling to the extent that many deplore; and if only the Church leaders would study it, they would find for the Gospel, as Spurgeon and Moody preached it, an immediate response.

Religion and our National Life.

As we review our national history, we have abundant evidence of the immense service which has been rendered through the centuries by men and women who have not hesitated to avow their religious convictions as their Guiding-star.

Tyrrell, in *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, said truly that the notion that religion was a disease of man's intellectual childhood—something which he throws off with his bibs and tuckers—is being rapidly discredited. This might be more plausible did we fail to distinguish between magical religion on the one hand, and moral and spiritual religion on the other.

Those who speak most flippantly of religion are probably they who have come across persons, whose religion consisted in obedience to outward and sensuous forms, from which the true spirit had long since departed. But, when they study the precepts, teaching, example, and results of lives like those of Howard, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, and of noble Christian women not a few, the stoutest critic must admit that the results they achieved could not have been realised, apart from their identification with that indwelling Spirit, which is transcendent over Nature, and we know as God.

THE WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED BY

Julia Cairns

EVERY regular reader of "Britannia" is invited to make full use of this Service Department, which I am personally directing.

In order to facilitate matters as much as possible readers who wish to avail themselves of this free Service are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries, which should be addressed to:—

*BRITANNIA UNIVERSAL SERVICE, JULIA CAIRNS DEPARTMENT,
BRITANNIA, INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON.*

*Envelopes should be marked "Home," "Beauty,"
etc., according to the nature of the inquiry within.*

TWENTY years or so ago cookery and household management were the Cinderellas of the kitchen. But the glass slipper was found. It transformed our attitude to the former

"slaveys." If the change is still a little bewildering, it is delightfully so. The glass slipper?

Oh, it is the discovery that it isn't the job itself which elevates or degrades, but the way it is done. So the so-called humble tasks have been raised from Cinderellas below stairs to queens of the home when perfectly done. What woman doesn't know that when her heart goes into what she is doing, she does it supremely well?

To-day, all over the British Isles are scattered schools and colleges where cookery and domestic science are taught. They have sprung into existence in response to the demands of women who want to know how to do these things scientifically and well. There, the secrets of elaborate as well as plain cooking are revealed. The principles underlying ordinary and institutional housekeeping are indicated. There is not a single side of housecraft which is not covered. In fact, all this has opened up a fascinating career for many girls, often leading to posts that are not only interesting but extremely lucrative. At the bottom of the page is a typical letter from a reader of BRITANNIA whose query is answered in this article. Here are two aspects of the subject.

FIRST, lessons are provided for mistresses and maids—they work oftentimes side by side in these democratic centres—who apply them in the home. Nor is it a new thing that ladies should learn how to cook, for the very first cookery schools in England were established in the seventeen-thirties for them alone. "Housecraft" was necessary "in the education of girls of the upper classes." Other types of children were then shortsightedly unconsidered in spite of the fact that it was much more important to the nation that they should know.

OUR second aspect of the subject is the training of those girls seeking a vocation. It opens up many spheres to them according to the way they combine the several courses of instruction. They can become, for instance, teachers of cookery and domestic science in elementary schools or secondary schools or institutions. Salaries by the year under the Burnham scale range for elementary schools from £150-£162-£180, rising by £9 a year after the first two years to £246-£258-£288-£324; for secondary schools and institutions, non-graduates £174-£192 to £306-£342, and graduates £216-£264 to £384-£420. In addition, after thirty years' service, though not before they have reached the age of

NO LONGER CINDERELLA

Are you contemplating Domestic Science as a career?

Then this article contains practical information which may interest you.

sixty, pensions are provided. If they have an aptitude for administration or organisation as well as skill in housecraft, they can turn it to account in a hotel as manageress, in an institution as matron-housekeeper, or in a university

college hostel as superintendent. Salaries here range from £52 a year to £200 with full maintenance in addition. There are certain unusual positions in this last category for any outstanding woman of poise and tact who has specialised in every branch of housecraft and who can control and administer a large staff. It is that of lady housekeeper in a great country house where, as "the power behind the throne," she is responsible for the success of house-parties and elaborate functions.

The supply of women trained in cookery and housecraft falls short of the demand, and the various colleges cannot satisfy all applications received by them.

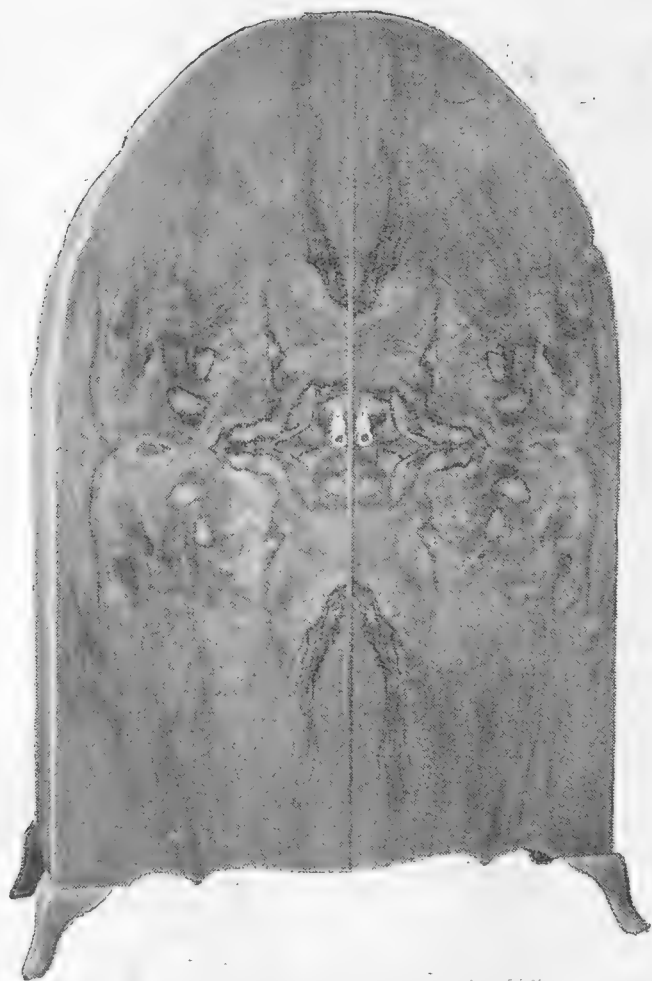
PERHAPS there is no greater indication of the change of attitude towards domestic science than in the different requirements for entrance to these colleges. It used to be thought that any girl unfitted for an academic career could at least enter the household field. All one had to do on taking up such a course was to pass the simple entrance examination. But in cooking, as in everything else, the woman who has been taught how to use her mind alone can do it well. So the standards for entrance to cookery colleges are now the same as for other colleges. A girl must have matriculated and be holder of the Oxford or Cambridge senior certificate or the equivalent from the Universities of Durham, London, Bristol, the Northern Universities or the Central Welsh Board.

AND the courses? Those of the National Training School of Cookery, London, may be taken as typical. The two years' course includes cookery, laundry-work, needlework, home management, and science, especially as applied to housecraft: and the third year course comprises advanced cookery and cognate science or advanced cookery and needlework. Those desirous of becoming certificated teachers may take the third year's work in general housecraft or in needlework and dressmaking. Private courses for those not training for teaching diplomas are given in plain and advanced cookery, household science, management and scullery work.

In London women can take lessons individually either by attending the Polytechnic Institutes or a recognised private school like Marshall's School of Cookery, which is attended by some 3,000 people a year. Lessons may be taken by the day or month. The Regent Street Polytechnic has series in three courses of twelve lessons each.

A READER WRITES:—

"I am eighteen years of age and wish to take up a career . . . I had an inclination to train for Domestic Science, but I cannot find out what posts are obtainable after a course of instruction."



As is the case with many modern artists, the designer of this wardrobe prefers the simplicity of flowing lines and curves to the more ornate mouldings of other periods.
(Maurice Adams)

QUEER fascinating stories the trees could tell us, couldn't they, if we only understood the meaning of their whisperings, as they sway lightly in the breeze, or understood their rollicking gabble and shrill whisperings, which persistently keep us awake o' nights?

Fine stories they would be. Sometimes of gay, happy days when the sun played hide and seek with their young leaves . . . days when even the wise and solemn trunks and dull older branches would light up with sheer joy. Sad days, too, when there was no sun, and the leaves hung together despondently—almost lifeless, because they had lost their playmate.

But in walnut, at least, artists and craftsmen—who understand these things so much better than you or I do—have preserved, for ever, a hint of this beauty. You can see it in the delicate markings, and you can see it in the lovely bold figuring, with its great depths of contrasting light and shade. The walnut tree is originally supposed to have come from Western Asia—long, long ago—but now it has definitely made a home for itself in England, France, Italy and America.

ENGLISH and American walnut differ slightly in their colourings, a fact which may be due, in a small measure, to its furnishing, but not altogether; Italian walnut is slightly darker in marking.

Broadly speaking, the walnut period occupied the interval between oak and mahogany, and, strangely enough, it also comes midway between the two in characteristics. Because its grain is closer than oak, it is a better wood for carving, but, at the same time, is inferior to mahogany.

The reign of walnut really began with the advent of Charles II to the throne—previously it had been little used as a wood, but now it supplanted oak in popularity. The Puritans had lost power, England was once again happy and care-free, and this spirit of the age was reflected, as it were, in the furniture. Oak had served its purpose well—good solid furniture it had made which certainly lasted well, but in oak you couldn't

Walnut Furniture

IS AN ASSET

To ANY HOME

BY MARJORIE DAY

possibly carve the gay irresponsible designs that you could in walnut. The crowns and cupids, for instance, which played such an important part in the designs of the furniture. Emblematical designs they were, and intended to show the love and loyalty of the people for their King. So did it matter that the walnut should be susceptible to the attacks of wood-boring insects and that little of this attractive furniture would remain as a monument of the age?

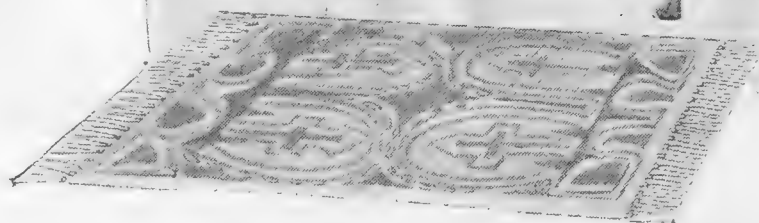
DURING the Queen Anne period, walnut began to get scarce, so instead of using it as a solid it was now employed as a veneer only, or as a groundwork for marquetry. As much of it was veneered upon deal as on oak, naturally it is the latter which has survived. It was at this time, too, that thin transverse slices of young boughs and roots of the tree were used for the first time, to form the veneer known as burr walnut, and with walnut furniture, and all its glorious colourings, goes the beautiful *petit point* needlework, of which, of course, many beautiful examples are to be seen to-day.

WITH the accession to the throne of William and Mary, the English influence rapidly gave way to the vogue for curved and swelling outlines of the Dutch craftsmen. Large bulbous-legged chairs and tables were made, copied from the style of furniture which William imported into his own home from Holland—and so on—down to the present day.

During the nineteenth century there



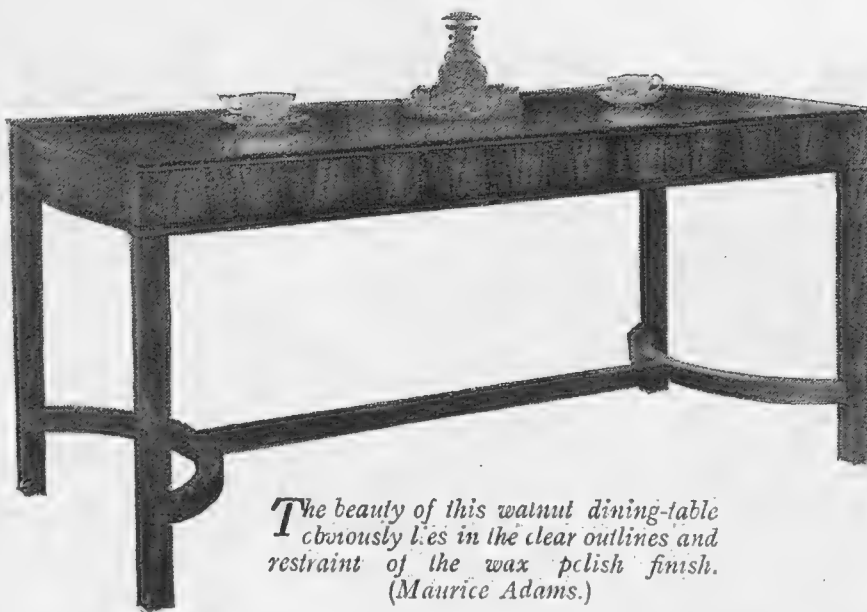
An unbroken surface tends to emphasize the charm of the figuring of this finely marked cabinet (£25). The cabriolet-legged table is £5. 15. 6 (Spriggs.)



were little or no new woods employed, but suddenly we were awakened to the fact that our bedroom suite need not always be made of oak, mahogany or walnut. There was a wealth of various new woods to choose from! Your choice may fall on Macassar Ebony, or the rich golden shades of Amboyna wood. . . . Perhaps you would like your dining room furnished in the beautiful Australian silky oak, or in the cool greys of English sycamore, inlaid with blue lines of dyed holly and bands of East Indian satinwood.

BUT, once again, walnut is the medium which our craftsmen have chosen to express, in terms of wood, the modern freedom—in the fine sweeping curves and beautiful unbroken lines. Veneered, of course, on mahogany, this richly figured wood lends itself naturally to this treatment, and its exquisite markings are left free, unhampered by small unnecessary moldings, to display their beauty as they will.

THE bulk of the best so-called walnut furniture made to-day is really mahogany with a veneer of walnut laid on. When one



The beauty of this walnut dining-table obviously lies in the clear outlines and restraint of the wax polish finish. (Maurice Adams.)

A third bedroom suite, costing less than sixty pounds, was of English walnut, veneering laid over African "Sapele" mahogany (a lightish colour wood with a marked branded roe and beautiful figuring). Strangely enough, this timber has been little used here before, but on the Continent it is quite common.

IN writing an article of this description it is difficult to cover, in so small a space, the vast field which even the mention of the very word walnut opens up to you. There are genuine antiques to be found—delightful speci-



With the advent of wireless our craftsmen have used their ingenuity to invent new ways of housing these instruments. Here is a example of an original Adams design.

Below is a delightful reproduction of an antique Queen Anne chair, upholstered with a Portuguese style of linen, which imitates the needlework of the period. The price is £3. 5. 6.



Richly figured walnut is the veneer chosen for this spacious chest of drawers, a piece of furniture which has gained in importance during the last few years. The price of this one is £12. 15. 0. (Spriggs.)

mens, and living monuments to the craftsmen of their period—bringing with them memories of dainty hooped petticoats and rustling silk dresses. There are good reproductions, too, survivals of other ages, and those which are being produced to-day.

mentions the word "veneer" it rather gives rise to the false impression that it refers to bad work. But such is not the case. Mahogany is an ideal material for furniture; it is both strong and lasting, and the extra veneer will strengthen and not impoverish the wood.

Many delightful pieces of furniture are made from walnut which is inlaid with another wood. I can recall a bedroom suite, which I saw quite recently; in this case golden and red Amboyna was the wood used. The Amboyna was inlaid effectively in the centre of each panel of the wardrobe, and the design was repeated artistically in the dressing-table, tall boy and pedestal cupboard.

IN sharp contrast to this was another suite of finely figured burr walnut, again inlaid with Amboyna. It was interesting to note that, unlike most modern designs, the inlaid frieze of Amboyna was based on a slightly rococo motif, which blended rather happily with the naturally ornate figuring of the burr walnut.



AND then there is the present-day, or George V, style of furniture, or perhaps we should call it the antique of to-morrow. And, as I have said before, the principal wood of this period is walnut.

Discerning collectors are buying this modern walnut furniture with a view to its worth in time to come, because they realise that the work of one or two of the leading designers of to-day will be sought after a few years hence, in the same way that period furniture is sought to-day. And you, who love your home, and want for it the best and most beautiful furniture, will be wise to give very careful thought to this present-day walnut.

All the articles illustrated on these pages can be purchased—write to the Service Department as directed on page 863.

Vanity goes to Paris

By Oscar M. Sheridan

IT was inevitable that sooner or later Vanity should want some new dresses; it was inevitable, also, that they should come from Paris. There was no reason, as far as I could see, though, why my wife should go to Paris to fetch them when, in the opinion of a mere man, the latest models of the Place Vendôme seem so very similar to those of Hanover Square. But then a mere man is not supposed to know anything about such things, and so Vanity had to go to Paris. That I was to accompany her was a small detail, and Vanity never bothered about small details.

"Paris has a fatal lure for me," said Vanity, as, with eyes shining with excitement, she watched the porter stick innumerable labels on innumerable pieces of luggage, "there is something about Paris that brings out the worst in me. The French capital is so very expensive to a loving wife, and, as you know, dear, I love expensive things!"

ONE of the reasons why I adore Vanity is that, unlike most beautiful and young wives, she is so sincere. Her frankness, sometimes, is a little alarming, but then all brilliant people are, at some time or other, a little alarming. I remember when I—but that's another story. . . .

As a girl Vanity had spent one year in a convent at Neuilly, just outside Paris, so it did not amaze me to learn that Vanity knew the French language as perfectly as any Englishwoman was ever likely to. To her consternation, however, for Vanity had not visited the French capital for over five years, she discovered on her arrival that a knowledge of French was the very reverse of indispensable.

The train had just steamed in at the St. Lazare station when Vanity, with head and shoulders out of window, shouted at the top of her voice, "Hé, portier!" The porter turned leisurely on his heel, and appraising Vanity from head to foot, with a cool, almost insolent stare, said: "Right you are, miss!"

"I don't like the look of this man," I said to my wife, "Let's choose another . . ."

Vanity looked at me almost contemptuously.

"Are you one of those absurd people who suspect every Frenchman with a moustache of being an apache, because. . ."

"Of course not, my dear," I said hurriedly, and to show her that I was not one of those absurd people, I smiled good-naturedly at the man hurrying along with our luggage. He replied with a scowl, and a dangerous glint entered his eye. He glanced at Vanity, and his face brightened; then, turning to me, he gave me a look that was not good to see. I really think he was jealous; I can, to this day, see no other reason for it.

AT last we were comfortably installed in our luxurious suite at the Hôtel Magnifique in the Champs Elysées. Vanity gazed at me triumphantly.

"You see what a knowledge of French can do?" she said.

"But, my dear girl, you've not spoken one word of French yet, and here we are settled down already; so much so, in fact, that we can almost call it our home!"

"You will pardon me," replied Vanity coldly, oh, very coldly, "you can't have been listening, for when that page boy came up with the letter from Monsieur le Vicomte de Chauffage Centrale I distinctly and most eloquently said, 'merci.' He beamed all over his cherubic countenance and retorted, 'Please, don't thank me, it's a pleasure to please a Parisienne.'"

"I'll take your word for it," I said. "Who, by the way, is Monsieur the French Viscount, and what does he want? I suppose it's to ask us to some charity affair or something?"

"Excuse me," said Vanity suddenly reaching for the telephone.

The following is a true and almost correct English translation of Vanity's French conversation on the telephone:

"To the Vicomte de Chauffage Centrale to speak with I. You, is it? Vanity, this is, no, yes, no! Also. *Parfaitement* (I forget what that word means). I'd love to. Of course, alone, of course. Jeannette, then, at thirty minutes after eleven the next day, my dressmaker, yes, that's right, isn't it? Silly don't be, naturally, *parfaitement*. I understand. Be there to the time, Au REVOIR!"

"That was the Vicomte de Chauffage Centrale; I am meeting him at my dressmaker's at eleven thirty to-morrow morning," said Vanity carelessly, and manicured a pink nail.

"I know," I said, and ruffled my copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, which is my usual method of pronouncing that I am unimpressed. "But who," I added hastily, "is this man? I don't seem to have heard of him before."

I thought that Vanity had grown a trifle paler, as she replied with some hesitation:

"He's a friend of father's. Rather a nice man. You wouldn't like him though; he is so very different from you. Tall, extraordinarily handsome, impeccably dressed, and sounds his words with a fascinating slur!"

"And all that's a man!" I said cuttingly, and spent the next five minutes in searching for pearl studs among a heap of silk stockings, and other delightful things that should have no place in a gentleman's valise.

IN the three days that Vanity and I spent in Paris, I saw very little of my wife. Shopping, she explained to me, was not a matter of minutes, and if a woman was intent on securing real bargains, thus saving her husband a whole lot of money, said husband should be the very last person to complain.

It was just five minutes before we were to leave for the station that my suspicions were finally and maddeningly aroused. In the corner of the spacious hotel lounge Vanity was in earnest conversation with a tall, dark, saturnine-complexioned man, who was holding her hand hard and fast. On seeing me approach he bent low over her hand, and, placing the large cardboard box he had been holding into her other hand, departed with extraordinary rapidity.

"Who was that man, and what has he given you?" I whispered fiercely, grasping my walking stick firmly.

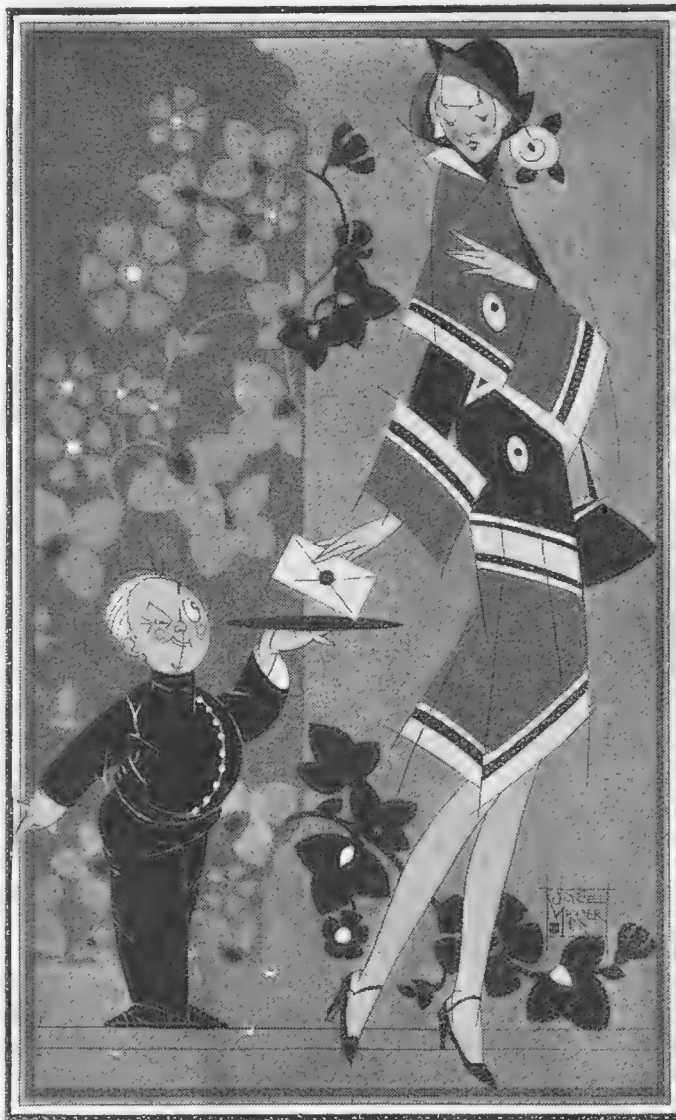
"Don't shout," said Vanity, "that was the Vicomte, and he's just given me the sweetest little gown in apple-green you've ever seen."

In the mirror I saw how pale I had become, and I was actually trembling from head to foot.

"Explain," I said, with terrible calm. "You love this man. Who is he?"

"You silly boy!" said Vanity. "He said that as I was such a good customer at my dressmaker's he felt he had to make me a little present. You see he is Jeannette, the dressmaker!"

And Vanity smiled tenderly—up at the chandelier suspended from the ceiling of the Hôtel Magnifique.



. . . It's a Pleasure to Please a Parisienne!

MODERN UPHOLSTERY FOR EVERY HOME

COMFORT is the one thing we must have in the home of to-day. We, each of us, demand it, with the result that the supply of comfortable furniture equals the demand . . . that is, of course, provided we make it our business to become *au fait* with furniture which guarantees complete comfort. To-day the drawing-room, or lounge, as we often prefer to call it, will not consider two armchairs as its full quota of comfort. No! . . . there may be three or four, or more, according to the size of the room, with very, very few, if any, of the uncomfortable "please do not sit on me" type of chair.

AND it is only in comparatively recent years that we have realised that well-upholstered chairs and settees are not the sole prerogative of the drawing-room. In the dining-room . . . in addition to the orthodox dining-room chairs, how seldom it is that we see a room without one or two well-upholstered easy chairs which, parking themselves either side of the fireplace, seem to whisper that even the



We will tell you where the chairs illustrated can be purchased if you write to the Service Department as directed on page 263.

Fitted with a loose cushion, and well-stuffed and sprung throughout, the "Ascot" is an easy chair which really will bring comfort in your home. Price £4/5/0



What more inviting than an exceptionally well upholstered settee such as this? With its three loose cushions which can be readily removed for dusting, it is covered in a good quality cretonne, its price is £19/17/6

dining-room has succumbed to the modern demand for comfort. And the bedroom, too . . . why, it isn't so long ago since very few bedrooms could boast of anything answering in the slightest degree to any description of comfort, as far as seating accommodation was concerned. To-day no bedroom is considered complete without its easy chair. The problem, nowadays, is not so much one of finding "cushy" comfort in the shape of an easy chair or settee as it is of selecting which model will, in the end, prove the most serviceable. One very important point, apart from the actual structure of modern upholstered furniture, is the willing way in which it comes into play with any existing colour scheme. No longer need we suffer from chair covers which are all out of tune with our favourite scheme . . . not at all! . . . for, whatever model we may choose, it is possible to have it

specially covered in a fabric which will harmonise in colour and in texture with whatever scheme may please our whim of the moment.

OF the wide variety of modern upholstery materials, hide, moquette, corduroy, cretonne, tapestry, printed linen, furnishing repp, and damasks are only a few from which we can make our choice. Again, in the case of rooms furnished in some definite period style, the introduction of comfort by way of modern easy chairs and settees

If you are looking for a sturdily built easy chair, one that will combine comfort, practicability and good appearance, then this model the "SANCO," is well worth consideration. Price £4/5/0.





This arm-chair in oak, with its adjustable back, and fitted with cushions of corduroy velvet, is a practical choice for almost any room.
Price £3 14s.

need, in no way, belittle the charm of the scheme. Take, for instance, the beautiful hand-blocked printed linens, reproducing Queen Anne motifs, for the dining-room of Queen Anne persuasion; or, again, for the more solid Jacobean suite, a printed linen of Jacobean design? And when you consider the hard-wearing and lasting properties and the attractive appearance of modern easy chairs, I think you will agree that good upholstery is a sound—and remarkably inexpensive—investment.

An ideal chair for Hisden! The "Minty" is so essentially comfortable, and moreover it is made in varying sizes in order to suit all heights. Price from £1 17s. 6d.



Happy in almost any room, the "Berkeley" model! Well stuffed with fibre and hair, with a well-proportioned seat it costs from .8s. 6d.



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Deep-seated, splendidly proportioned and luxuriously upholstered with real FIBRE and HAIR stuffing and long coppered-steel springs, this magnificent Easy Chair is absolutely supreme for quality and value. Only enormous demand, backed by scientific production in the largest factories in the world devoted solely to Upholstery, make it possible to sell the Berkeley at its amazing low price.

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By
Margaret
Bovill

"TELL ME A STORY"



The woodpecker's home in the tree-trunk looks the sort of place that fairies might live in.

FAIRIES seemed further away in the autumn. When apple blossoms gleamed, and cowslips and daisies starred the fields in springtime, fairies were everywhere: under bushes, in the young grasses, dancing among the daffodils. A pink may tree scattering bright petals to the breeze smelt like fairy-land.

Hitherto an old Nanny had looked after Molly, the kind who says, "No, dearie," and "Yes, dearie," and occasionally, "It's a pill you need, dearie." But this September she was replaced by a governess. On the first evening after her arrival Molly said to her, "Please tell me a fairy story."

Miss Wilkinson had been informed that her new pupil was a dreamy child who wandered about the woods and meadows talking to unseen companions. Wonderful things which are true exist in the world. Fairies do not. So she ignored the request for a fairy story and talked of flowers instead. How they grow. How they breathe, and make seeds. How later the seeds germinate in the brown earth. How the sun draws them up, and the dew and the rain help the buds to swell.

Molly listened very politely to what she did not wish to hear, and said "Thank you," at the end. Then she got up and went to the window and looked out.

Away beyond were the Deep Woods, and now, in the fading light they looked dark, and a little sad. She wished it was last spring again, because then she would have been out of doors at that time, and Miss Wilkinson in the future—and not yet.

CHILDREN know at once if a grown-up person ignores a request, and gives them metaphorical bread and butter when they want cake. Molly had asked for cake.

The governess wished to teach her that dreaming should be a stimulus to life, and not a substitute. She had made a study of child psychology, and really liked children, without an effort. But her world was an objective, concrete place: Molly lived in a land that never was—and always will be. Miss Wilkinson is a

type of teacher, and Molly is a type of childhood. Both have something to give the other. Miss Wilkinson thought Molly must do all the taking in and she must do all the taking away. She intended gently to empty her pupil's mind of fantasy; or perhaps to leave a little, as one egg may be left in a nest.

EVERY evening Miss Wilkinson told stories of the marvels of botany, and talked about animals and insects. Molly learned a good deal of natural history, and sometimes felt interested. Once they went to hear a man lecture on bees in a garden full of twisty paths and enchanting openings. They stood among a group of earnest bee-keepers and listened. He showed them the queen bee in the hive, and the drones, and the worker bees, explaining how they had toiled hard in the summer, collecting the honey he was now taking away.

"Bees do not spend their time dreaming, and playing with fairies," said Miss Wilkinson.

"Silly things," said Molly. "We eat the honey." She felt glad Miss Wilkinson had got stung.

The children weary of fairy tales only at the age of six or seven, was a theory Miss Wilkinson believed in, but it did not seem to apply to her pupil, who was eight. Nor did another theory; that children love "pretending," not because they think the pretending thing is true, but because they know in their hearts it is not. Molly would not adopt this attitude of "let's pretend."

During their walks together, she often loitered behind, or ran into some glade or copse by the road side, as if she was following an unseen playmate. Miss Wilkinson went after her once and found her thoughtfully eating an apple. Molly had heard her coming. She did not explain that Mrs. Tompkins, the water-pixie, was there, too, that morning. She knew her governess did not believe, not really believe, in fairies, though she did not mind an occasional fairy tale.

"Nature's magic," said Miss Wilkinson after reading aloud "Beauty and the Beast," "is better still. Think of the grub and the butterfly!"

IN spite of fantasies, Molly was a healthy, normal little girl. She had a vivid imagination, and suffered from being too much alone. In a larger or smaller degree, as long as there

are children in the world they will people it with fairies. Some of them do it as a game, knowing they are only the "let's pretend" sort. These are the children who are aware that Santa Claus is Daddy, and whose enjoyment is not spoiled by the knowledge. If we wish to understand the other kind of child we must rub our own eyes with a fairy dockleaf.

IN the Deep Woods one day, Miss Wilkinson and Molly sat silent, listening to the quiet busy noises. A twig snapped; leaves floated to the ground and rustled softly; a wood pigeon cooed in the topmost branches. They swayed in the golden autumn hour.

Miss Wilkinson thought of Molly who seemed to be retreating into herself, becoming more reserved, leading more and more a secret elusive life. And, strangely, now she never talked about fairies. A flash of inspiration came.

"Molly," she said, pointing to a woodpecker's hole in the trunk of a tall beech tree, "that looks the sort of place fairies might live in."

The enormous relief of finding her governess understand about the elves worked like a charm. Molly told her a great deal about them. In springtime, when they came out again, she said, they were in such a hurry that occasionally they got hurt. "There!" she whispered "There's one going in. Don't you see?"

Miss Wilkinson shook her head.

"No, dear," she answered, "I cannot; but please tell me more."

Molly told her the elves who wore blue caps and lived in the tree in winter were cousins to the fairies with no blue caps, but wings instead, by the king-cup pasture. They sometimes paid visits together to the water-pixies in the pool and returned very often asleep on the thrush's back on the journey home.

"But supposing the thrush went the wrong way?" Miss Wilkinson said spontaneously.

The next moment she realised she had forgotten she was only "pretending." She had genuinely wondered what would happen to the blue-cap fairies.

"And if I can forget," she thought, "who am a matter-of-fact woman—what about a child?"

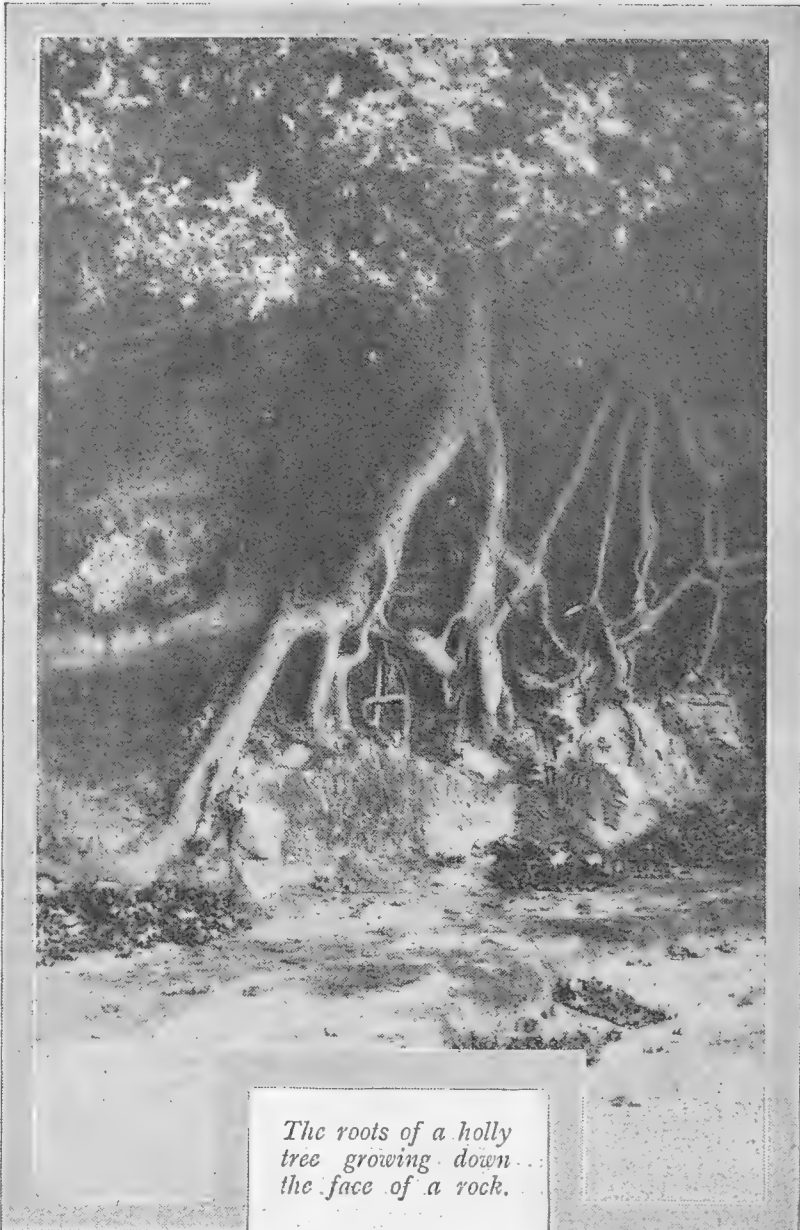
That afternoon, when they sat on the log together watching fairies, marked the beginning of a change both in Molly and her governess. Miss Wilkinson encouraged her pupil to talk and tell her things, with the result that Molly became less dreamy and a great deal happier. She had flung a luminous web of fancy over life and imagination was needed to help her to adapt herself to reality.

MARION CRAN ANSWERS SOME

THE article on the Garden page in BRITANNIA is written each week to help the amateur without expert knowledge to do the right thing at the right time. If roses are the subject, then there is work to be done in the rose-garden that week; if it is water-lilies, delphiniums, gladioli, seed sowing, flowering shrubs, readers may be sure that that is the time to attend to them.

Wallington.—The woody shrub you mean is a *Ceanothus*; it is a rigid grower rather than a climber; if you choose a good variety it quickly covers a large wall with very little help, needing only an annual pruning directly after flowering to keep it in neat order and good blossom. Your description of the foliage and your mention of a sweet aromatic smell shows it to be a *Ceanothus papillosus*, an excellent variety for your purpose. As you have so much wall space you could well plant three, about thirty feet apart, and so secure a succession of bloom. *Ceanothus rigidus* opens its sheet of violet-blue flowers in April and very early May; *C. papillosus* follows with its lovely powder blue, and lastly the robust *C. Veitchianus*. Do not move them when once planted, they like to stay where put; they come in pots and should first be soaked in a pail of water, then planted where they are to grow; in early autumn or late spring.

Kegworth.—Holly makes a very good hedge indeed, but it is a slow business maturing. Do not buy the old woody stemmed plants, they will not make you a good dense bottom. Get (or grow) seedling plants—if you treat them well they will make fairly quick headway and you



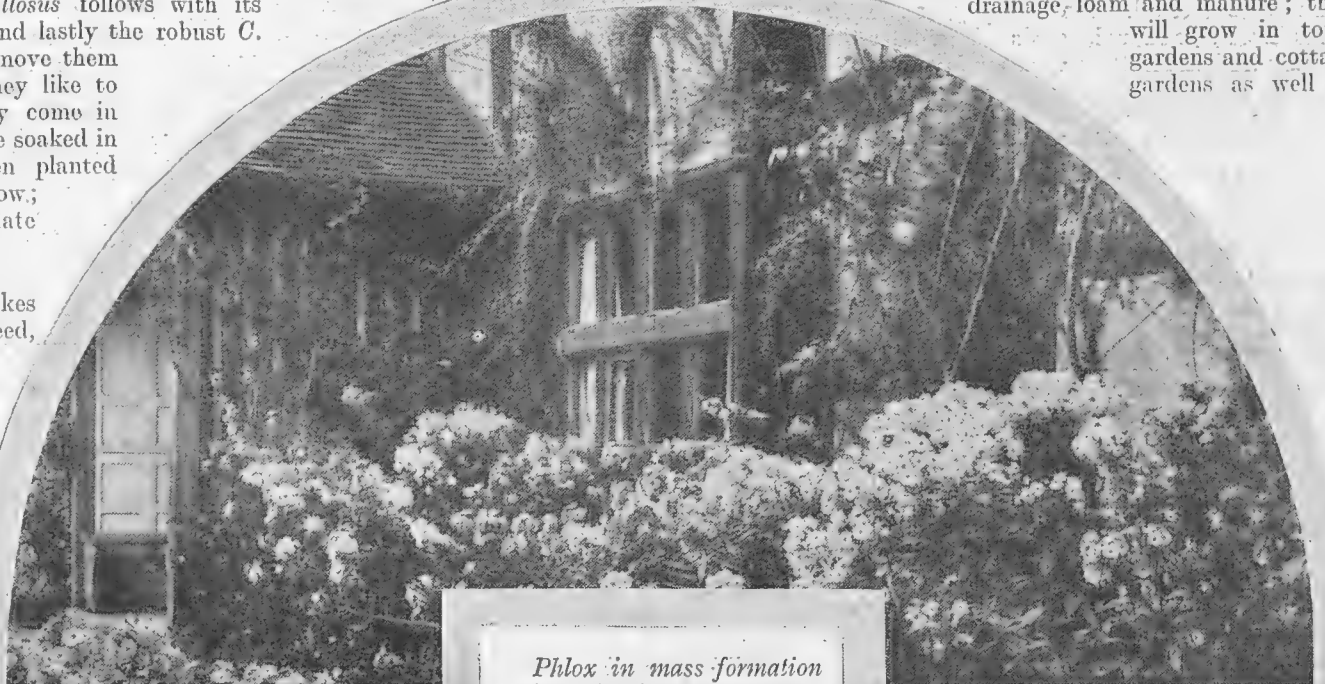
The roots of a holly tree growing down the face of a rock.

Why not let Her Advise You on Yours?

will never regret the time spent in waiting for that hedge, nor will those who inherit it after you. Holly has a queer way of making patterns of its gnarled roots down banks and rocks, and it economises its prickles too. It grows spiky leaves till it is tall enough to be out of reach of man and beast, and then it does not bother any more but lets most of its leaves grow smooth and unprotected. The clematis you describe, which is white with a soft pink stripe, is Nellie Moser; it is quite well known and cheap, being a good garden variety.

Pinner.—As it happens I do know that particular lovely pink hawthorn. I have seen it once, and it was then in bloom, a very beautiful pale pink with larger flowers than usual. It makes a shapely tree. It is called *Crataegus rosea Haseki*, and you can get it from R. C. Noteutt, Woodbridge, Suffolk, but it is not in his catalogue or in any other that I know. So it must be very scarce. There are a good many kinds of hawthorn, though people often suppose there are only the familiar white and scarlet. The Glastonbury thorn is called *Crataegus praecox* because it is supposed to bloom in mid-winter, and you can get it from Gauntlett and Co., Chiddingfold. The one with the long spikes that puzzled you is *Crataegus Crus-galli* or the Cock's Spur Thorn; it makes a very safe thick hedge and grows quickly. The flowers are white and large; the brilliant berries stay on long after the leaves have dropped—a warm note in the grey of the year.

Nottingham.—Phloxes like good drainage, loam and manure; they will grow in town gardens and cottage gardens as well as



Phlox in mass formation in a simple cottage garden.

GARDENING QUERIES

the big borders of grander ones. Some of the best I have ever seen have been in simple cottage gardens.

West-Country.—The mistake is usual. I have often seen quite good gardeners make it. The fact is that that particular Barberry likes a damp shady place. It will never be happy in a dry sunny spot. Move the plants when dormant, but don't worry them now, for this is their hard-working spell; if you look you can see to-day long spikes of bloom in bud, and in another week or so they will begin to open their drooping sprays of yellow bells and fill the Christmas garden with a strong scent like lily-of-the-valley. Get your plants into cool damp shade and then watch them grow! The name to look for in catalogues is *Berberis Bealei*, sometimes *Mahonia Bealei*, sometimes *Hyemalis*, but usually *Berberis Bealei*.

Surrey.—That sand of yours is hungry soil. Get humus, or substance matter which will retain moisture, into it; and



Foliage of Meconopsis Wallichii: a most beautiful shade of middle to darkish green with a velvet-like surface.

incorporate cow and pig manure, vegetable refuse, heavy loam, and even clay. You want to make that light and airy soil into a retentive responsible medium. You can grow roses quite well if you keep the plants mulched in summer; they respond eagerly, almost visibly to manure-watering in spring.

Wood Green.—There is such a thing as a blue poppy, and very lovely it is. Its name in catalogues is *Meconopsis Wallichii*; it is a perennial with crinkled flowers of pale blue satin and a golden heart; the foliage is a soft furry velvet in texture in shades of beautiful green. It will grow from seed, and likes deep rich loam and leaf-mould in sheltered places.

"Joyous Garde."—The box edgings should be clipped at the very end of April; the new growth comes in early summer, and so it escapes the sharp frosts of late May. The early rhododendron to which

heucheras, carnations, pinks, London pride, and many other plants; but do not try Aubretias and woolly-leaved subjects of that kind—the absorbent texture of the foliage gets choked with the sooty atmosphere and results are very disappointing. Very good delphiniums in the bright blue tones you ask for are Knight of Somerset, rather expensive, but an intense gentian blue with dark eye; Kate Greenaway, porcelain blue, with quaint crinkled flowers; Stanley Baldwin, pure, deep, true, blue; Blue Boy, a rich deep blue; and Brilliance, a deep bright sky-blue. Lesley Dudley is a new variety, a lovely thing of lavender, edged blue.

CHRISTMAS 1928

Only 25 days.

HAVE you thought about Xmas Presents? Do you want to choose something that's altogether original and delightful?

DURING December "Britannia" will devote considerable space to all that's new in Xmas Gifts for "Her," for "Him," for the "Little Ones," for the "Home"—in fact, for everyone at prices to suit all purses.

AND THIS ISN'T ALL!

BRITANNIA will advise you on what to buy and where to buy, if you will write to the Service Department as directed on page 863. In order to help us to help you to make your selection, please indicate the approximate price you wish to pay, and state clearly the type of person for whom the gift is intended.



KELWAY'S Lovely Sweet Scented ENGLISH PAEONIES

Kelway's Catalogue is ready—
send at once for a free copy.

**NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT
for the best permanent effect.**

Kelway's varieties are new, and perfect in form and colour, and sweetly scented. Every garden should possess at least a few, and a considerable area should be devoted to paeonies in large gardens, for they are the noblest hardy herbaceous perennial.

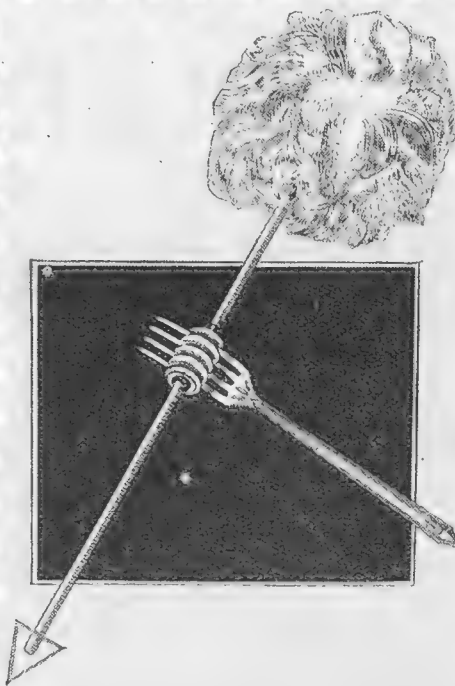
Collection "A"—Purple, purple-crimson, cherry-red, rose and lilac-rose colours are included in equal proportions. 12/- per doz., 90/- per 100. All double or semi-double.

Collection "C"—Double-flowered or single-flowered or both, rose pink, lilac rose, rich rose, deep amethyst, cherry-red, crimson purple, crimson, maroon-crimson, white, cream, faint blush and peach, 24/- per doz., 50/- for 90/-.

Flowering plants true to name guaranteed.

All plants carriage and packing free for cash with orders of £3 and upwards.

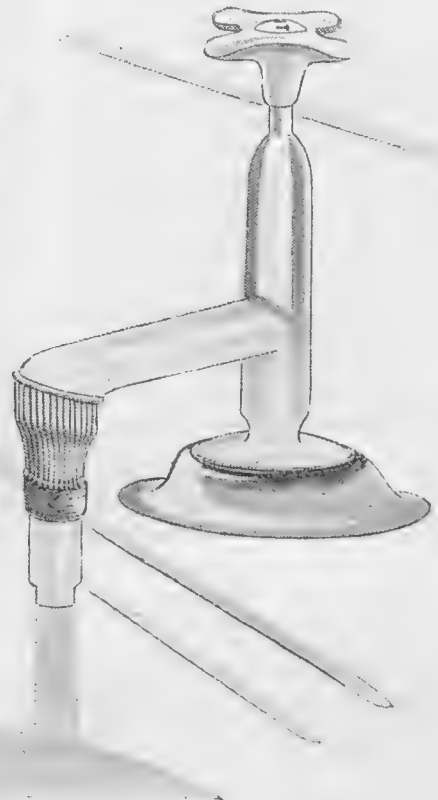
KELWAY & SON, LANGPORT
The Leading British Hardy
Plant Raisers since 1851
SOMERSET



This Mop has all the advantages of an ordinary household mop and in addition a special device for cleaning between the prongs of forks. This is of endless use in the kitchen and the mop also will be found to serve its usual purpose. The price is 6d. and 1/-.

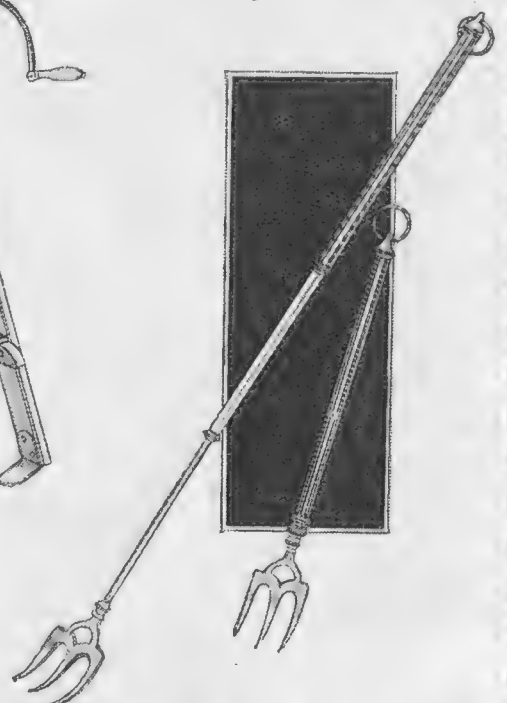
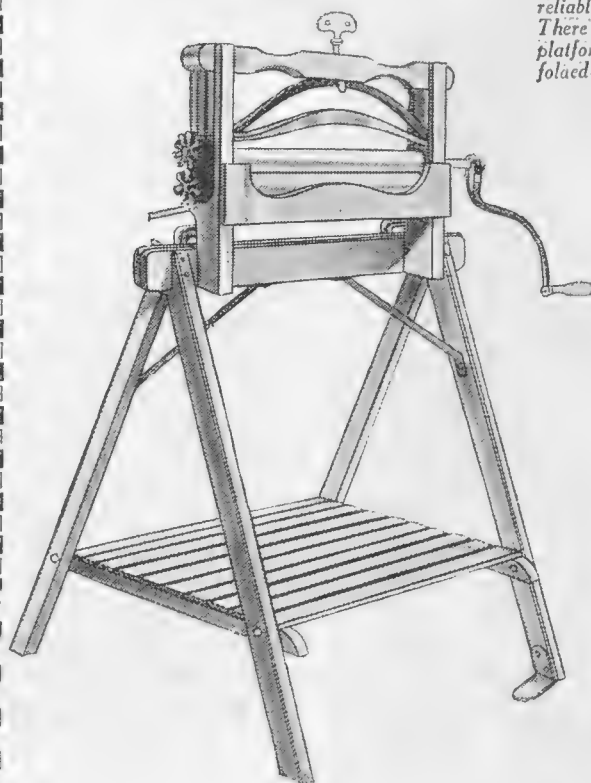
An Anti-Splasher specially adapted for use on china tabs, though it can be employed on the ordinary brass tap too. No metal rims, or screws, it simply slips on and the water will flow directly into your washing-up bowl. Price 1/-.

CHECKING up the HOME GADGETS



Here is a wringer-stand that is rigid, rustless and reliable, that will carry any make or size of wringer. There is a receptacle to catch all draining water on the platform, and the wringer can be easily opened or folded-away into very little space. Price 15/9.

This handy little fork is nickel plated and has a two slide brass handle, and because it is telescopic you need no longer toast your face over the fire as well as your bread. A good investment at 4/-.





THERE are many curiosities about English cookery, of which not the least is that the noble art of "seasoning" is not more carefully practised. It is an important subject, and I can here and now deal with only one point, namely the use of a sauce in cooking. The job of "savouring" should be done in the kitchen. When saucing a dish it is usually best to use a "thin" sauce, one that is clear, clean, bright-tasting, and that will bring out the essential flavour of the ingredients. For this purpose I have never found any better than our old friend Worcestershire Sauce, which is a regular stand-by for the wise "cooker." But even of such a good thing it is possible to have too much; generally no more than a few drops are needed. Perhaps the most satisfactory way to show what I mean will be to give a few typical recipes, leaving the rest to your ingenuity and imagination.

Cod Onion.

NO one of taste, or who *can* taste, will call the cod an exciting fish; but he can be dressed quite pretty. Dredge a little flour over, and then fry till quite done, about two pounds of cod-steaks, turning them over now and then so that one side shall not be jealous of the other. Then remove every bone and any bits of skin that linger about; pepper and salt to suit yourself. Make sure to keep the steaks whole and now put them in a hot, shallow, fireproof dish. Mince and fry in the butter you used for the fish, a couple of chopped Spaniards (Spaniards used to be accustomed to going to the steak!) until they turn brown with the heat; then spread them over the fish. Final touch, sprinkle all over with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce.

Juggled Rabbit.

HAVE you ever juggled with a rabbit? You will like it if you are as fond of good things as I am. Carve a rabbit into as small pieces as he will permit you to do, and put him into a stewpan, or, and better, into a casserole. For fear he should feel lonely there, give him for company two very lean rashers, minced small;

By W. Teignmouth Shore

two Spaniards, cut up; two whole turnips, cut into quarters; three or four cloves; and a very small amount of strong brown stock or made Bovril, no more than just enough to secure against dryness, remembering that onions and turnips are watery fellows. Stew slowly for a couple of hours, at least. Ten minutes before taking off add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire. Beefsteak can be treated in the same way.

Ham Salad.

HAM, especially a Yorker, is a sparkling addition to many salads, using the lean only, chopped. Here is a special. Chop up, or down, a pound of lean, cooked ham and break three heads of celery into inch-long pieces. Mix these together in a bowl. For dressing use this: two tablespoonfuls of Olive oil, one of lemon-juice or wine vinegar, a teaspoonful of French mustard or English made, a touch of salt, and the mashed yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, mixing together thoroughly. This should be enough of a dress, but, if a bit short, make a little more, always beware of overdressing. On top scatter the minced whites of the eggs. Then, as a final fillip, a sprinkling, but not a drenching, of Worcestershire. Or, in this and some other cases, you may prefer to use Mushroom Ketchup.

Turnip and Some Tasties.

MR. TURNIP is a capital chap if you deal with him kindly, and I really do not see why you should not. Say, this way: steam a pound of him until his heart is quite soft; strain well; mash with a very little milk, and then rouse him with a dessertspoonful, or perhaps a little less, of Worcestershire Sauce, or of Tomato Ketchup, which is one of the few thick sauces that are useful in cooking. Put the mixture into a well-buttered fireproof dish, or a pie-dish; cover very thickly with baked breadcrumbs and very thinly with grated stale cheese. Bake until the top is nicely browned.

NOW the cold, cold nights are upon us, it is right occasionally to have a really tasty hot dish at supper. Here is one I can recommend. Put two tablespoonfuls

of butter into a pan with a teacupful of water and a mere trifle of salt and grey pepper. Bring this to the boil, when work in a teaspoonful of flour until it is smoothly pastey. Then take it off the fire and stir in six tablespoonfuls of grated stale cheese. When the mixture is growing cold, stir in three well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire. Then pie-dish it and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Some people sprinkle the top with grated nutmeg. For some soups and for most stews Worcestershire Sauce is the finest pick-me-up.

More Sauce.

TOMATO Ketchup has already been mentioned and is worthy of more attention, for it is often a great help in making something of which we shall like "a great help." It is quite friendly with the herring. Get as many fillets of herring as you think are called for, and over each sprinkle as much salt and pepper as is wise and a few drops of tomato ketchup. Then egg and breadcrumb and fry for about a quarter of an hour. When serving sprinkle with finely chopped fried parsley or with a few drops of lemon-juice. A touch of red pepper too?

Carrot Pie.

CARROTS, even when in the sere and yellow leaf, are delicately delicious when well made-up. Pie them. Boil, or better steam, some carrots until quite tender; chop them and rub them through a coarse sieve. Add half the quantity of baked breadcrumbs; say, a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter—the amount must depend upon how much carrot there is; salt and pepper, and one or two well-beaten eggs. Bake for half-an-hour in a buttered dish. Toward the end, sprinkle heavily with Tomato Ketchup or with Worcestershire Sauce.

FACE VALUE!

By SONIA

FOR loveliness and purity—the fresh juice of ripe strawberries, with all their beautifying properties, preserved in the form of cream and lotion, and a velvety bleaching cream which contains the actual lemon juice.



ON the whole I think we are very credulous people. As a rule we are content to accept whatever is put before us, quite happily, without giving so much as a thought to how that article was made; or under what conditions; or from where it came . . . and so on. Well, that's a very nice and comfortable doctrine to adopt so far as some affairs are concerned, but when it affects such a vital and personal thing as beauty culture or health, I feel it is high time someone had something to say on the matter.

I DON'T think it is an exaggeration to state that it makes very little difference to the average purchaser of cosmetics who may have produced them, or the amount of experience and scientific knowledge that has gone to produce them. Usually, she is quite content so long as the perfume pleases her, and the colour is the right tint for her skin and the article sufficiently expensive. This is all well and good up to a point, and I don't want you to think for one moment that I am belittling the charms of a delicate perfume or the value of softly tinted powder—but there is something more than that.

WE women are willing to spend quite an appreciable amount in the quest of beauty—and why shouldn't we? But the pity is that we do not spend more time upon thinking how best to expend those sums. To-day when, more than ever before, we are constantly asking for miracle lotions, it is quite an easy matter for untrained manufacturers to spring up. They gather together, perhaps, one or two formulae, some pretty bottles, and a few yards of ribbon, and they produce what they choose to call "Beauty Preparations!" But "a little knowledge is a very dangerous

thing" in this case because, without sound experience in dispensing, it is possible to mix together chemicals which are not compatible, or, on the other hand, ruin what would otherwise be a perfectly good prescription by the use of a scent to perfume the preparation which, again, may not be compatible with the recipe itself.

Lest I frighten you, and you have already made up your minds never again to buy bottled creams, I must hasten to tell you that such cases as these are few and far between; and they will be even fewer if we make it our business to discover a little more as to the how, when, and where of them.

CHOOSE the preparations of firms, or individual specialists, who have a good reputation and whose products have stood the test of years. Remember, "you can't fool all the public all the time." And the life of a pure preparation is usually a short one. I am often asked by readers what kind or how many creams and lotions they really need. For perfectly normal and healthy skins four only are necessary. A cleansing cream with cold cream basis, a reliable skin-food for nourishing the tissues, an astringent lotion for toning and tightening, and also a day cream.

After this, the other things are a matter for our own individual personal needs. Perhaps the occasional use of a pore cream is necessary, or a lotion for bracing up the relaxed muscles of the throat. Maybe your skin has become a little discoloured through exposure; then you will need a bleaching cream or lotion. "Salt-cells" are apt to appear, or the cheeks, perhaps, are a little too thin; then try the nightly use of a special skin-food.

When you have discovered for yourself the best preparations to suit your particular type of skin, use them always. Remember that if you wish to improve your own face value, you must beware of the face value of the preparations you use.

AND bath salts too, with a talcum powder to follow, so fine that it will not cloy the pores. And of course the nightly use of a pure, cleansing cream, a tissue builder.



If you wish to know where these preparations can be obtained, address an envelope to the Service Dept. as directed on page 863.

THE
NIGHT SIDE
OF
FASHION—

—AS IT
CONCERNS
DANCE
FROCKS



Goringe.

Shoollred.

HOW do you think raised embroidery effects are achieved on the newest evening frocks? By multi-coloured silk over leather. See how effective it is in the model above, carried out in Georgette in the new colour—parchment, which is thrown into relief by an underlining of the same fabric, in colour, a lovely vivid peach.

THE fascinating frock on the left is expressed in soft, chiffon-taffetas, showing a lovely floral design against a black background. The cloak on the right is rather a wonderful affair, expressed in black velvet, on which diamanti gleams star-like. It has a white velvet lining and is trimmed with white fur.

[Photos: Bertram Park.]



Goringe.

We will tell you where these suits may be bought—



Do you know what is continually surprising me (rather pleasantly) in a most surprising world? It is that quite a number of women still fail to realise what really low prices reign to-day at London houses that have names to conjure with! The perfectly cut tweed coat on the extreme left, for instance! Its price is 57s. 6d!—rather marvellous, isn't it? And the centre model of specially weather-proofed tweed, to be found in stone, natural, beige, fawn, beaver, brown and cedar effects, is only 5 g.s.; and it has a long roll collar and cuffs of selected nutria-lamb. The model immediately above, at 4½ guineas, lined with soft fur plush, can be carried out in either cloth or tweed, in black, nut-brown, beaver, saxe, cedar, grey and navy, the coney collar and cuffs toning with the lining.

Coats and Suits at

if you write to the Service Dept. as directed on page 863.

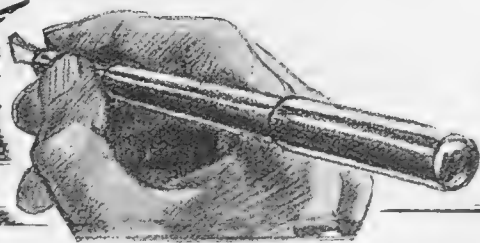


THE model on the left of this page is a very attractive rendering of the fashionable two-piece, expressed in wool rep in various of the season's new shades, with a collar and cuffs of moleskin at 7 gns. In the centre is "the latest" in three-pieces, for which tweed and stockinette in various colour effects are used, the coat being collared and cuffed with hare. This is £6 19s. 6d. And finally, a tailored suit of smooth tweed that speaks the last word in good tailoring at the very expressive price of 5 guineas. These prices are interesting, aren't they? And what's more, you needn't worry if you aren't, what used to be termed stock size, for there is no such thing as *one* stock size to-day, practically every size is stocked. Certainly the Millennium has arrived for the woman with a small dress allowance.

K. G.

Prices that will Suit You

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 300 words.

De-rating Problems.

DEAR SIR,

I do not think that your Editorial in the last issue of BRITANNIA clearly states the de-rating problem; rather, I would say that it states your personal opinion without basing that opinion upon facts; "the truth as you see it" through the telescope of your own preconceived opinion.

In the first place, the relief will benefit "heavy" industries chiefly. The total relief has been estimated to amount to £26,000,000 (not £29,000,000), of which £20,000,000 will go to the depressed industries and agriculture. These industries, while suffering most acutely from the industrial depression, are paying the largest share of their profits. The mines pay 27 per cent. of their profits away in the form of rates, the cotton trade 23, and the iron, steel, shipbuilding and engineering industries 20. Moreover, it is upon the stability of these industries that the rest of our industries depend; 4s. per ton of the cost of steel represents rates paid by the different firms contributing to its production.

As to the source of the relief, there will be:—(1) Two years' accumulation of the petrol tax, amounting to £25,800,000. (2) An amount, which will increase as industry improves, will be provided by the payment of income tax on an increased national income. (3) At the same time as unemployment decreases money now spent on unemployment relief and poor relief will be freed. Any deficiency will have to be met by the taxpayer, not by the ratepayer. This is certainly fairer than making firms and individuals who are unable to make any income pay rates on mills and plant which are lying idle. For example, the mines, despite their impoverished condition, pay £3,500,000 in rates.

Further, I disagree with your statement that one-fifth of the relief will go straight back to the revenue in the form of income tax. This amount is more likely to be in the neighbourhood of one-twenty-sixth than one-fifth of the relief, at least for a number of years to come. Most of the relief will be applied in reduction of prices; for example, the three shillings of the four shillings representing rates in the cost of steel can be taken off the price, and this, together with reduced railway freights, will enable our manufacturers to obtain many contracts at present lost to foreign firms. Alternatively, in the cases where the reduction cannot be passed on to the consumer, as in the case of beer, it will effect an increase in the wages of the workers.

As to the statement seen in other papers that rates will be increased as a result of the Government's rating policy, it may be said that periodical re-valuation of property is necessary for rating purposes, quite apart from any alteration in rating principles. The ratepayers will not be called upon to meet the amount of the relief, which will be met by block grants from the Treasury out of the funds outlined above.

In any event, there is urgent need of reform in the rating system. The present system has its origin in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when landholding was the chief form of wealth, and is quite unsuited to a country which is industrial to a far greater extent than any other. There is certainly need of some reform when a stockbroker who only pays rates on a house assessed at £1,000 may have the same net income as a mill owner who pays rates on a mill assessed at, say, £10,000.—Yours truly,

EDWIN YATES, LL.B.

"No Profits, No Rates."

SIR,

Instead of the Government's present confused and complicated de-rating proposals, which by means of the petrol tax subsidise all productive industries, the prosperous ones equally with those that are depressed, would it not be far better to let industry of every kind contribute to the National Rate Fund by means of a tax on profits only—Schedule R of the Income Tax, in fact?

The rates would thus no longer form a part of standing charges, and the elimination of this one item from costings would cheapen production and give a stimulus to trade all round.

Under this scheme all industries could be classified in accordance with their national importance, and the Schedule R tax could be graduated for each class in inverse ratio to that importance. Not more than ten or a dozen general classes would, I suggest, be necessary, e.g.,

	Per cent. on Profits.
Class A. Agricultural	1
" B. Basic Trades	1½
" C. Food Manufacturers and Textiles	2
Etc., etc.	

—I am, Sir,

A. McDUGALL.

[Other letters on De-rating will appear next week.—ED.]

Points for Free Traders.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Tubbs asks the wrong questions. They should have been:—

(1) What has Free Trade done to prevent Japan taking away from Lancashire her cotton trade with China?

(2) What has Free Trade done to prevent the erection of a cotton mill in Buda Pest?

(3) What has Free Trade done to prevent undercutting by our foreign competitors?

(4) What has Free Trade in England done—

(a) for England?

(b) for her foreign competitors?

All the circumstances which Mr. Tubbs presumably deploras have occurred during the régime of Free Trade, and cannot be advanced legitimately as arguments against Protection.

Assuming, by the way, that Mr. Tubbs accepts the word "Protection," I would point out that the Dictionary definition of this word is: "A safeguard from danger." It seems unnecessary to say any more.—Yours faithfully,

G. F. WHITE.

Protection.

DEAR SIR,

Protection of industries is sound politics in this world of tariffs, but protection of the general public is sounder, and vast numbers of our people live by dealing in imported goods, so that unqualified protection won't be accepted. Let us have Protection, provided first that steps are taken to make impossible the exploitation of the situation by combines of protected industries.

Private enterprise is the slogan of Conservatives and anti-Socialists, but little private enterprise is permitted to-day in the matter of selling prices: Rings and combines in all industries fix the prices at which all goods shall be sold and allow no one to undersell. Competition is eliminated in practically all our industries. Eliminate foreign competition by tariffs, and what is to prevent exploitation? We shall all be compelled to buy English goods at whatever prices the makers and merchants please, since they have eliminated competition amongst themselves!

Make all associations of manufacturers and merchants which control prices, output, stocks, etc., and trade unions of workmen which function similarly, "illegal associations in restraint of trade," and let free competition have full swing

here in England; then we will all welcome Protection with open arms, but not otherwise.—Yours faithfully,

H. J. MCIR.

Out-of-Date Free Trade.

DEAR SIR,

I am not a party man; I am a Protectionist out and out. The Free Trade policy was all right in the 'seventies and 'eighties when England was the only manufacturing country and had no world competitors; it is a very different proposition now.

I lived in the States under Republican Protection and democratic Free Trade, and know that out and out Protection is the best for all. The present prosperity of the U.S. is due to it, and the recent election shows that they intend to keep Protection, knowing that it is the secret of their present good financial position.

One of your correspondents fears increase in prices. He has only to turn his attention to the result of the taxation of motors and parts; factories have been erected and thousands of men employed, yet cars get cheaper. Protection will gradually absorb the unemployed. There is plenty of capital in the country to start new businesses or factories if we keep out what we can make ourselves.

Those who are afraid of the bogie of extra cost are yet paying every week 5s. in taxation of food if their grocery bill is 20s. per week. This matter should be looked at in the broad light and statistic mongers ignored.—Yours faithfully,

H. E. P.

Fascism and Bolshevism.

DEAR SIR,

I have not yet had a chance to discover the exact nature of your opinion of Fascism, but I presume that you are publishing the life of Mussolini more as a historical curiosity than as an example to the less exalted. It must be clear to any intellectual man that Fascism is as far removed as Bolshevism from our own ideals of government, and it will no doubt be proved by the behaviour of Italy, during the next 25 years, that the ultimate effect of Fascism is as destructive as the more obvious and immediate ill-effects of Bolshevism.—Yours faithfully,

R. H.

Cromwell.

SIR,

Mr. J. H. Rowlandson writes to you, "Would to God that we had a Cromwell!"

Then we would get in England what is to-day the nearest parallel—viz., a Mexico plus a lot of religiosity by way of unction to the speeches which would pretend to justify the murderings and the lootings.

He would get a man in supreme physical power whose word was never any possible indication of anything he was about to do; who would keep a tame astrologer always near him to tell his fortune; a man not "guiltless of his country's blood."—Yours, etc.,

W. B. HIRST.

Socialists & Tramways.

DEAR SIR,

May I challenge Samuel Johnson's paragraph entitled "Tramways and the Socialist fallacy?"

Anyone who lives in the suburbs served by the L.C.C. trams will tell you that fares are much cheaper in these districts than where the traffic combine holds absolute sway. For example, it is possible to travel from Westminster to Abbey Wood—beyond Woolwich and about 16 miles—for 2d. between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

This may, of course, be an extreme case, but, even so, it is only necessary to compare the ordinary fares on the L.C.C. tram routes with those on the 'bus and tube routes.

(Continued overleaf.)

We also have the advantages of all-day tickets, transfers and special return fares, all for the benefit of the travelling public and due to the healthy competition between two separate organisations. How long will these benefits remain, once the whole of London's passenger traffic is under "combine" control?

The remainder of Samuel Johnson's paragraph contains the statements that "the private citizen is powerless against the inefficiency of the telephone system which he 'controls,'" and that "he can get a wireless set installed in ten minutes by half a hundred firms whom he does not control in words but in practice."

Surely this is an argument against himself. It is because the telephone is—as the passenger traffic will be—a monopoly, that we have to put up with it.

If the London traffic is all under one control, they can, theoretically charge us anything they like. We must either pay or walk. We shall not be able to control it at all.—Yours faithfully,

W. G. WEBBER.

Trade with Russia.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent, Robert J. Gray, wants us to trade with Russia. Knowing nothing to the contrary, I take it for granted that Mr. Gray is a perfectly respectable citizen of the Empire who, were he to chance upon some inhuman monster cutting a little child's throat in order to obtain possession of its coral necklace, would recoil in horror; at any rate he would hesitate before proposing to purchase the necklace from the murderer at a lower figure than he knew to be strictly fair.

"How disgusting!" says Mr. Gray.

I know it is; but it is exactly what Mr. Gray wants to do. Russia is, at present, being misgoverned by an ignorant, bloody-minded gang drawn almost exclusively from the most depraved of its criminal classes. The Soviet Government has nothing to offer for sale, save what has been torn from the mangled corpses of its betters; as for its private interests, there is no such thing in Russia to-day.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Gray has something he wants to sell to Russia there is nothing to prevent him from going over to that country and doing so; but I warn him that he will have to give unlimited credit. The Soviet's bond is as good as its word, the trouble being that its word isn't any good at all, and Mr. Gray would lose his merchandise without getting anything but lying promises and worthless bills in exchange.

Mr. Gray is under the impression that, if we receive Russia's stolen goods and in return allow the Soviet to take our exports without payment, we have found the cure for our unemployment problem!

F. C. PALMER.

Foreign Roadstone.

SIR,

In his letter published in your columns Sir Arthur Holbrook gives an extract from my book *Modern Roadmaking*, written in collaboration with Mr. C. C. Hancock, and states that we dismiss the subject of the importation of foreign roadstone by merely stating that "there appears to be an increasing tendency . . . to import foreign roadstone." We go a little further than that, for we say that "the consideration of this policy is outside the scope of this volume, but it should not be forgotten that there is no lack of excellent material available in this country for all classes of road construction."

The question of the importation of foreign material is a political one, and, as such, we have not introduced this controversial matter into our book for reasons which must be apparent. We have, however, gone to some trouble to defend the British quarry owner from the charge of selling roadstone at a high profit, and to do this we have set out as succinctly as possible an analysis of labour and materials costs from 1911 to 1927.

An examination of these comparative figures shows that the selling price of British roadstone has not risen in proportion to the increased cost of production, and that the British quarry owner is only too anxious to market his material on an economic basis comparable with all the charges involved.

As a means of alleviating unemployment, highway engineers have—through their councils and the Government—been responsible for providing more employment for workers since the war than any one else.

Our roads and bridges cost us £50,000,000 per annum; I believe we pay out a like amount to unemployed men, but the remedy does not lie with highway engineers. I respectfully suggest that it lies with Sir Arthur Holbrook and his colleagues in the House of Commons.—Yours, etc.,

HAROLD BRADLEY.

Why Boys Won't Emigrate.

SIR,

In your issue of November 9th there appears an interesting paragraph in the article "The Migration Slump," by J. Saxon Mills, where he says "that a young man of twenty-four with a good steady character, excellent certificates and references, and some sound business experience, who wants to go out to West Africa, ought to manage all right."

Now I am a young man of 24 with the above qualifications and I have been trying to get abroad for the past year or so, but I am beginning to doubt whether there are so many openings as one is led to believe.

Of the few jobs that do get into the papers, unless you have some one with influence behind you, no matter what your experience has been, you stand no chance.—Yours faithfully,

C. H. C.

DEAR SIR,

In the last 20 years, among my own small circle of personal friends, many have emigrated to Canada, Australia and New Zealand. In every case they have made good and not one of them will return to live in England. Many of them come for holidays and invariably proclaim their preference for colonial life.

One girl went to New Zealand, stayed there for eight years, and came home in 1921 to decide definitely in which country she would settle. Very quickly she made her decision: "Here you exist, but in New Zealand we live," she said, and only last evening I was told of a similar remark made by a man who returned from Australia and intended to stay here. Instead he has returned to Melbourne. His family could not persuade him that life here was worth living.

If Richard Ford cares to have the names and addresses of the people I have mentioned (and I know of many others) I shall be happy to forward them.

From the information I have received from these sources, I have for many years been an ardent advocate for emigration, knowing that for one who is willing to work and has grit and determination, there are endless opportunities in the Colonies, not only to make money, but to lead a life that is infinitely more than mere existence.—Yours truly,

ETHEL COPTEN.

[A. G. Tapster writes that he has been unable to obtain employment in the Colonies.—Ed.]

Cuprammonium Silk.

DEAR SIR,

Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph under the heading "Cuprammonium Silk."

We should like to point out that this Company registered in September, 1920, and now with a fully subscribed capital of £505,000, is producing Cuprammonium Artificial Silk of the highest grade to the extent of three tons per day, and in so far as we know is the only company in this country producing Cuprammonium Artificial Silk on a commercial basis.

We can confirm your information that the silk manufactured by the Cuprammonium process has special qualities which give it distinct advantages, and we think it is now universally admitted to approach more nearly than any other to real silk, and particularly so, as you rightly point out, regarding its superiority in so far as its washing properties are concerned.—Yours faithfully,

W. BUTTERWORTH,
Secretary, Brysilka, Ltd.

Municipal Aerodrome Opposition.

SIR,

Does the Air Ministry's letter to local authorities, suggesting the advisability of "establishing municipal aerodromes with as little delay as possible,"

really mean that any local authority assuming the responsibility will have to provide the necessary funds for ground purchase, constructional work, equipment, upkeep and the cost of opening and managing another department?

I suppose John Citizen will be very pleased to pay his proportion of the required expenditure, although he may never use the aerodrome service. The advantages obtainable by the general community need a much fuller explanation than has hitherto been available.

It seems to me that a grave error of judgment has been made in submitting such a scheme to civic administrators at the present juncture, when the majority are striving might and main to reduce their commitments. "Affairs aviation" are far too uncertain; and, with regard to aerodromes, the few that exist leave much to be desired; consequently, it seems very unfair that municipal representatives should be saddled with the responsibility of organising a scheme which can hardly be described as "an essential municipal service." Civil aviation from A to Z is surely the perquisite of commercial and industrial enterprise, and the onus of undertaking such work is theirs.

The whole idea of a Municipal Aerodrome would almost appear to emanate from a mind with no experience and no sense of responsibility in regard to civic affairs, or perhaps it may originate from a brain over enthusiastic and with an exaggerated conception of the possibilities of aviation.

Who is it that is so keenly anxious to have Municipal Aerodromes? Why, if air lines are going to be such a wonderful benefit, can they not float a commercial venture? I notice that our great financiers are not displaying any particular anxiety to enter into the game!

Many of us, keen to further the interests of British aviation, felt considerably relieved when the City of Glasgow Corporation Finance Committee a few months ago decided to take no action in regard to the provision of a Municipal Aerodrome.

It would give a feeling of general security if indisputable evidence could be produced showing that the institution of Municipal Aerodromes out of municipal funds is a safe and sound policy.—Yours truly,

R. C. DONALDSON.

A Deserving War Charity.

DEAR SIR,

Is it a vain hope that some among the many readers of BRITANNIA who care for their Country, would be moved to help our small War Charity Industry—if only they knew its need?

Many may have already seen its work, which has been sold for years by leading London firms, and even by some at the other side of the world. But the disabled workers themselves, and their need of subsidy are unknown except to a few.

At the utmost, the Labour Ministry can only help with half our deficit in working. And it has always been a struggle to find the remainder.

It seems an infinite pity! A National asset in trade, however small, is surely worth saving in such a tax-burdened age. So are the means of support of even a score or so of invalid workers (whose number might be multiplied) when the very foundations of Empire are being imperilled by the corroding evils of unemployment.—Yours faithfully,

F. C. DEGE, Hon. Sec.
War Relief Toy Works.

110, Church Street,
Stoke Newington, N.16.

Scotland Yard Site.

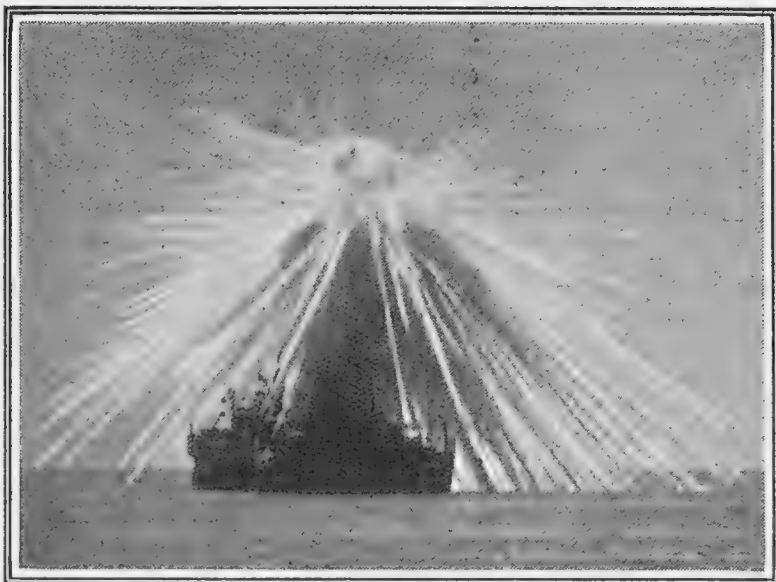
DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent, Mrs. A. M. Meen, states that it is incorrect to say that the site of Scotland Yard was originally intended for an opera house.

Writing from memory, I believe the site was originally intended to be built on by Colonel Mapleson, the impresario, as an opera-house, but he failed in his object through lack of money. The story was that instead of putting the contract "out," he started building himself, and, owing to the mud foundations, the original estimate was far exceeded. It was stated at the time that the new Scotland Yard building benefited by the enormous amount spent on making the foundations solid.—Yours faithfully,

E. L. D. GRANT.

THE WEEK ON WINGS.



A 100 lb. phosphorous bomb striking the fighting top of U.S.S. "Alabama." The purpose of these bombs is to blind the ship in smoke.

A DAILY paper last week stated that a crisis had arisen in British warship design through the development of new forms of attack by aeroplane—notably by dropped depth charges and wireless-controlled torpedoes released and steered by aeroplanes. This news was presented as a new and startling outcome of recent experiments.

In fact, the crisis has existed for several years and will continue to exist so long as the unsinkable battleship remains, as it certainly will, a dream. The real crisis is that the country as a whole has not yet realised the new problems of defence created by air power, and that the situation is not being tackled with imagination and strength of purpose.

The First Line of Defence.

Sea defence is now clearly secondary to air defence.

Up to the time of the war the Navy was able to guarantee the safety of the essential food supplies and raw materials crossing the seas and being discharged in the docks of this country. That guarantee has gone. For example, if a few vital dock gates were destroyed by air attack, the whole shipping system would be thrown into indescribable chaos. And if the dry docks capable of accommodating large battleships were similarly put out of action, their loss would paralyse the actions of the Admiral commanding the Fleet. Moreover, there will be no refuge in the British Isles in which, in a future war, the Fleet can be safe from the menace of air attack from the Continent.

Is The Battleship Obsolete?

The might of the Royal Navy is based on the battleship.

The battleship is a steel castle built to be impregnable, but it is supported—literally—on a huddle of air divided into a number of separate water-tight compartments. The skin of a battleship below the armour belt is so thin that it can be punctured by a 10 lb. charge of explosive. The flooding of even one compartment results in loss of speed and trim so that the ship becomes unbattleworthy. The flooding of a number of compartments sinks the ship. A puncture in one ship results in reducing the speed of the whole squadron to which she belongs, or exposes her to destruction through falling out of line. No underwater damage can be repaired without putting the ship into dry-dock and thereby losing her

AEROPLANES OR BATTLESHIPS?

By E. M. Rossiter

fighting power for such a period as the repair requires.

Explosive charges, either in the heads of torpedoes, or in bombs weighing anything up to 1,000 lb. can be dropped by aircraft, and the accuracy of aim, speed, range and "weather worthiness" of aircraft is continuously increasing.

A near-miss by a large bomb is, if anything, more damaging than a direct hit. Anti-aircraft guns are no more effective in beating off air attacks on ships than on cities; if anything, less, because the gunner on board ship has not the advantage of a fixed and steady platform.

All these facts were set out some time ago in a book entitled "Armaments and the Non-combatant," by Mr. E. F. Spanner, a naval architect, whose knowledge of warship construction and operation is incontrovertible. One may disagree entirely with Mr. Spanner's inferences and conclusions, but when discussing the vulnerability of battleships and the inefficiency of their gun-fire he is on his own ground.

Practical tests of the effects of bombing warships have been made by the United States Government. The ships were sunk. Although the conditions were unreal, because the ships simply floated on the water as stationary targets, the lesson was unmistakable. At the very least it meant that a fleet cannot lie in safety in a harbour within striking distance of an enemy air force.

Major-General Mason M. Patrick, the former Chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps, summed up the results of the tests as follows:—

"The Air Service do not for a moment assume

to say that battleships or any other component parts of a naval establishment are obsolete. We merely rest on the conclusion of the Joint Board that under proper conditions we can put out of commission, or sink, any naval craft that floats."

Battleship versus Aircraft Carrier.

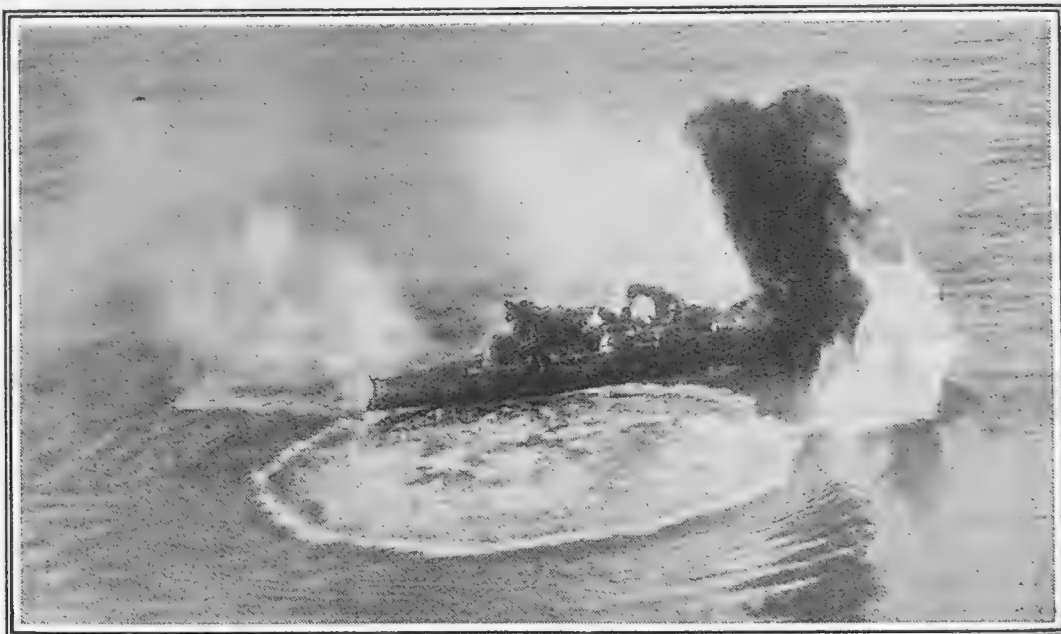
What is the capital ship to-day, battleship or aircraft carrier? If a battleship was sent out into the Atlantic to fight an aircraft carrier, what would happen to it? Advocates of air power claim that the aircraft from the carrier would seek out and destroy the battleship before she could get close enough to fire a shot at the opposing vessel.

In Naval eyes, of course, a duel between an aircraft carrier and a battleship is a fantastic absurdity. Battleships do not go into action except as units of a fleet.

No Politics.

No one can say yet that the battleship is obsolete, in spite of Admiral Fisher's advice to "Scrap the lot." But it is of vital importance that the Admiralty and Air Ministry should work together in the closest co-operation with a single-minded determination to elaborate and perfect a technique of attack on warships from the air, and defence against attack from the air. The substitution of air power for sea power must not be hindered by political considerations. If the battleship is obsolete it must go.

Whether we like it or not battleships have ceased to be the sure shield of England, and we have got to learn to wield the new weapon. I personally believe that in 25 years' time the big armoured battleship will be almost as archaic as the armoured knight. Inconceivable? Not if you remember Marshal Foch's dictum: "The military mind" (with which might be coupled the civilian mind) "always imagines that the next war will be on the same lines as the last. That has never been the case and never will be. One of the great factors of the next war will obviously be aircraft."



A fusillade of bombs on U.S.S. "Virginia."

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

SOME of my readers probably noticed that there was an error in my article of October 16th. When quoting a hand that a correspondent had sent me, I inadvertently stated that A B made a grand slam in "No Trumps." Needless to say, this was merely a slip on my part, and I should have said Y Z.

Puzzle in Card Reading.

Score.	Game all.	Love all.		
Z	A	Y	B	
No	1 No trump	No	3	♦
No	3 No trumps	No	5	♦
No	4 No trumps	All pass		

♠ Q, 8, 3.	Y	♠ K, J, 7.
♥ A, K, J, 4.	A B	♥ None.
♦ K.	A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2.	♦ A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2.
♣ A, Q, J, 8, 5.	Z	♣ None.

Result. A only made 3 No trumps, thereby failing by one trick to fulfil his contract.

I have been asked three questions.

(1) Was B's calling correct. (2) Was A's calling correct. (3) How would I read the hands of Y and Z.

Nos. 1 and 2 I dealt with last week. They are both very easy to answer, but number 3 is rather a different proposition. I imagine that my correspondent had not himself actually

seen the hand played and was somewhat at a loss to discover how it happened that A failed to make his contract.

One thing is obvious. The three missing diamonds must have all been in one hand, as otherwise there is a certain small slam, no matter what card is led. Even so, A can still win the game if Y has the ace of spades, provided that a spade is not led originally—one diamond, one spade, and possibly a club are the only tricks that he need lose.

Reconstruction.

The most probable lead is a small heart, say the 5, and A wins with the Knave. He then plays a diamond to which Y (the original leader) plays void. Now what information does that convey? If Y held six hearts to the Queen, no diamond and perhaps the ace of spades, surely he would have called "Two hearts" over the original "One No Trump," seeing that it is the rubber game. Y's hand can, therefore, be counted with 5 hearts, 4 spades and 4 diamonds. He cannot have less than five hearts for the simple reason that being completely void of one suit he must have a minimum of five cards in some other, and it is fair to assume that he has led his longest suit.

Z's hand will then consist of 4 hearts, 3 diamonds to the Queen, Knave, two spades and 4 clubs, or possibly 3 clubs and 3 spades. Y could not have five spades to the ace, nor five clubs to the King, or he would have opened one of these in preference to the weak heart suit. Having got so far, the rest should be easy, as the next two tricks will probably show exactly how the suits are actually divided.

Counting the Hands.

This "counting of the hands" is not the complicated process that many players seem to imagine, and I have given the above as an illustration of the way in which to start.

You will find that you hardly ever play a hand in which there are not some useful little hints for them. It is a mistake to attempt too much at first. Begin by confining your attention to one suit only and try to allocate the correct number of cards in it to each hand. Then, having sorted out that one successfully, the rest will come automatically.

What would you lead?

I have been asked rather a moot point, and I would be very interested to know what my readers think about it. I will give my own decision next week.

Score.	Game all.		
Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
1 ♦	No	1 ♠	No
2 ♦	No	2 No trumps	No
No	No		

What card should B lead holding the following hand:—

- ♠ King, 9, 8, 2.
- ♥ King, Knave, 8.
- ♦ King, 9, 7, 3.
- ♣ King, 9.

When do we start?

Adelphi : 8.15 "Clowns in Clover" <i>Revue</i>	Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.25 (Ger. 6622)
Aldwych : 8.15 "Plunder" <i>Farce</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 2304)
Ambassadors : 8.30 "Many Waters" <i>Drama</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)
Carlton : 8.15 "Good News" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)
Comedy : 8.30 "The Squeaker" <i>Detective Drama</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 8978)
Court : 8.30 "The Critic" <i>Comedy (Revival)</i>	Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Sloane 5137)
Criterion : 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)
Daly's : 8.30 "Blue Eyes" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)
Drury Lane : 8.15 "Show Boat" <i>Musical Play</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)
Duke of York's : 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous" <i>"Historical" Tragedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)
Fortune : 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" <i>"Historical" Comedy</i>	Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)
Gaiety : 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" <i>Musical Play</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
Garrick : 8.30 "The Runaways" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9513)
Globe : 8.15 "The Truth Game" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8721)
Haymarket : 8.30 "Alibi" <i>Detective Drama</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)
Hippodrome : 8.15 "That's a Good Girl" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)
His Majesty's : 8.15 "Song of the Sea" <i>Musical Play</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
Little : 8.30 "Diversion" <i>Tragedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
London Pavilion : 8.15 "This Year of Grace" <i>Revue</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
Lyceum : 8.15 "The Flying Squad" <i>Detective Drama</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)
Lyric : 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)
Lyric (Hammer Smith) : 8.30 "A Hundred Years O.A." <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30 (Riverside 3012)
New : 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)
Palace : 8.15 "Virginia" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0834)
Playhouse : 8.30 "Excelsior" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)
Prince of Wales : 8.30 "By Candle Light" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
Princes : 8.15 "Funny Face" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3400)
Royalty : 8.30 "Bird in Hand" <i>Comedy</i>	Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)
St. Martin's : 8.15 "77 Park Lane" <i>Farce</i>	Matinees: Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3416)
Savoy : 8.30 "Young Woodley" <i>Tragi-Comedy</i>	Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)
Shaftesbury : 8.30 "Lucky Girl" <i>Musical Farce</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
Strand : 8.30 "Out of the Sea" <i>Drama</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3830)
Vardeville : 8.30 "Clara Gibbings" <i>Play</i>	Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
Winter Garden : 8.15 "So This is Love" <i>Musical Comedy</i>	Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)
Wyndham's : 8.30 "To What Red Hell" <i>Drama</i>	Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3028)

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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AT THE THEATRE

**A Centenarian
Philosopher.**

"A Hundred Years Old." By
Serafin and Joaquín Álvarez
Quintero. (Lyric, Hammer-
smith.)

THERE has been a tendency in latter years to depart from the old canons of the theatre in regard to the age of the leading characters of plays. On our stage a movement towards the Man of Forty as hero developed a good many years ago, and was—perhaps a little maliciously, but perhaps not altogether without reason—ascribed to the fact that in the era of actor-managers that then prevailed, the protagonist was bound to be promoted to riper years by the dramatist, even as his inevitable impersonator was thus advanced by the march of time.

Then the often abused, criticised, and even ridiculed actor-manager system—for which, nevertheless, there is a great deal to be said, and of that more anon—more or less melted and vanished into thin air, except in certain sporadic instances. But the revolution had been effected. The reign of the conventionally marriageable hero (and heroine) was ended, and thenceforward there was no age specially fit for heroes to live in. It became a matter of everything by turns and nothing long. Lately there has been an outburst of drama built up round the emotional experiences of boys in their teens; and now there has arrived amongst us the centenarian hero.

Simple Humanity.

Speaking without the book, I think this has seldom, if ever, been done before—directly, that is, and apart from any excursions into a mythological-historical-philosophical sort of drama in which Adam and Eve or Methuselah or the ghost of Robinson Crusoe's parrot may appear. Yet the central figure of "A Hundred Years Old," the Spanish play staged at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is not in the least by way of being an exotic or theatrically unnatural personage. To produce any such would not be in the book of the authors, the brothers Quintero.

As I noted not long since, when two other of their plays were produced at the Court, a simple humanity is one of their chief characteristics, and doubtless one of the main reasons of the honours these exceptional prophets have received in their own country. As to their welcome in this country, that is not yet established, and the reception of "Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alfáqueque" was hardly adequate to their merits, but the more sentimental humour and more patently purposeful motif of "A Hundred Years Old" may win a wider popular approval.

Unblushingly Domestic.

Here we have, on the face of it, a quite unblushingly domestic theme and setting. Don Juan del Monte, otherwise Papa Juan, is the patriarch of a small Andalusian town; at the



Photo.

The Centenarian Hero: Mr. Horace Hodges as Papa Juan and Miss Angela Baddeley as his great-granddaughter in "A Hundred Years Old."

Stage Photos.

THE AGE of HEROISM

BY MAITLAND DAVIDSON

opening of the play preparations are in progress for the celebration of his hundredth birthday, and at the end of the play he has celebrated it; and that, in a sense, is all the story. Hence the criticism has with some show of reason been made that nothing much happens in the play. On the other hand, if the supply of direct event and movement be tenuous, the display of character in action is rich and delicately varied, and is it not there that the most genuine essence and the truest justification of drama lies?

Round this Papa Juan, as the Quinteros see and paint him, there hover not only his hundred years but a hundred interests of his descendants and relatives—hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, disappointments, ideals. He and his centenary are their meeting point, the occasion of their expression, the flint that they strike for their momentary dramatic illumination. And he, himself, is no mere monument of antiquity, but still a very sympathetic liver of life, with a philosophy directed to the future rather than the past. He twinkles even when he (very occasionally) moralises, and is wilful as well as wise. Asked for a recipe for such honoured old age, he can sententiously enough advise:

Live your life as if there were a God in heaven. We can't be sure there is, you know. Nor you nor I nor anyone can be quite sure. But live as if there were.

But he is off on some fresh track next moment, and as his favourite grandson Trino remarks, "Asleep or awake, he can still dream. With so much to look back on, he can look forward still." And one gets the impression that it is by his enthusiasm that he has been so magnificently prepared for the long littleness of life.

The Note of Tenderness.

We get a delightful picture of this delightful

old man as the still active spool of manifold threads. There is the impossible Filomena (admirably played by Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis) who always bristles with grievances—until the potations of the feast transform her into an almost equally embarrassing benevolence—and leads her daughter a terrible life. There are the elderly married pair with a grisly solicitude for each other's health; and above all the youthful pair whom it is Papa Juan's special objective to bring together—his aforesaid grandson Trino and his great granddaughter Currita. From the encounter of these two, and the old man's sly encouragement of their nascent love, arise some of the most tenderly entertaining passages of the play, the charm of which, as you will have gathered, is one of manner as much as matter.

Tenderness is indeed the ultimately prevailing note of the piece, but with a very wholesome tang, and a sentimentalism that never tails into mawkishness. For this, as well as the authors, we have to thank Mr. Horace Hodges, whose portrait of the old man is the perfect interpretation, a masterly and balanced sketch for which alone the journey to far-flung Hammersmith is worth while.

Miss Angela Baddeley plays Currita with much sweetness, though she must beware of talking to the audience and of the pitfall of a mannered enunciation, which she is far too valuable a young actress to be allowed to lapse into unwarned.

Tragedy of Colour.

"All God's Chillun." By Eugene O'Neill. (Gate.)

From the gentle humours of the Quinteros' play there could not be a more crashing change and contrast than Mr. O'Neill's vivid drama, on the problem of the black and white races and their relations. It is a question obviously of much deeper insistency and poignant reality in his country than in ours. Yet all the world over it exists, and round it he has built a little tragedy—for tragic it truly is, in spite of the ending—that is astonishingly luminant with the (legitimately) violent effects which he knows so well how to contrive.

It cannot be called in any sense a comprehensive attempt to dramatise the difficulties of racial intermarriage; so much the better, perhaps. The case of Jim Harris, the coloured man, and Ella Downey, the white girl, is hardly a test one, for their marriage took place under rather special circumstances. They had played together as children in one of the slummy quarters of New York; nine years after we find her living with a bully of a white boxer, and openly scorning Jim, who still offers her his meek devotion.

Later, deserted by her lover, friendless and alone, she at last agrees to marry Jim, though not so much, it appears, from love of him as because she is so woefully in need of help. They go abroad for a time, but the urge to

(Continued overleaf.)



Photo: Stage Photos

Thackeray with music: "Countess Gruffanuff" (Miss Elsie French) in "The Rose and the Ring."

return seizes them both, and Jim is devoured by a desire to qualify as a lawyer, the underlying motive being to prove his worth in the eyes of the whites. But once in Jim's own house, in the negro quarter, the colour line is thrust continually before Ella's eyes; not only does she find herself shunned by former friends, but she herself begins to hate the black faces all around her. Finally, half crazy with a nervous illness, she creeps up behind to kill him with a knife as he is studying for his examinations, in which she has a morbid dread of his succeeding—it is not quite clear why. And though a reconciliation is patched up after his failure, one feels that the powder for the explosion still remains there.

The True Fire.

This is fine drama, fit to rank among the best products of O'Neill's somewhat unequal genius. And however he manifests it, he has the true fire. One of the most telling scenes is that in which Jim's mother and sister are apprehensively awaiting his return with his bride; they are no less opposed to the mixture of races than any white might be, and the sister Hatty (a striking piece of acting by Miss Enid Lindsey) puts, in bitter words, the negro point of view. "If dey'd only leave us alone," she cries.

Mr. Harold Young gives a thoughtful study of Jim with his over-abstract love and pitiful aspirations, and Miss Helena Pickard is excellent in her opportunities of the second act. It has been suggested that the negro parts should be played by negroes; that has no doubt been done in America, but for my part I feel it would make the tragedy almost unbearable.

Is Thackeray Forgotten?

"The Rose and the Ring." Music by Christabel Marillier. (Apollo.)

I wonder how many of the young of to-day read their Thackeray now, and more particularly

the minor *opuscula* of that Victorian giant such as the various Titmarsh adventures and this famous absurdity of "The Rose and the Ring," which Mrs. Marillier has set to music, with lyrics by Mr. Clifford Bax, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. "John Arthington" (the pseudonym hides a figure well known in club and civic circles) and others. I am inclined to think that among such of the younger generation as are without definite literary tastes the Thackeray cult has sadly waned; to I should say, their most definite loss.

Whether this musical version of the rollicking extravaganza can be fully appreciated by anyone who has not read the original it is hard for its inveterate admirers to conjecture—but in any case the lack is easily to be remedied, and the remedy instantly to be advised. Was there anything ever more seductive, for instance, than that very first opening breakfast scene, with accompanying picture by Thackeray himself, of King Valoroso XXIV of Paphlagonia sitting at table with his fat Queen and shrewish daughter Angelica (and a dozen or so boiled eggs in cups), and receiving the letter which announces to his Majesty a proposed visit from Prince Bulbo, heir of Padella, reigning King of Crim Tartary? Or the succeeding adventures of these royal personages and of Prince Gglio, the browbeaten rightful heir, and Betsinda, the maid who was really Princess Rosalba, and the detestable dragon Countess Gruffanuff, and all the rest of the engaging crowd? These are the very apotheosis of mock-heroics, and they have been very delectably translated in this "musical fantasy" which has a flavour of "The Beggars' Opera" and a kinship with its tuneful farce.

A Perfect Bulbo.

The picturisation of the cherished characters is notably good and satisfying, to which end Mr. George Sheringham's enchanting dresses and scenery most signally contribute. Mr. Frederick Ranalow and Miss Elsie French (of whom we have Gay memories), are there to impersonate to the pinkest of perfection, not to mention melody, the gallant Gglio and the hateful Gruffanuff. Miss Megan Foster gives a fine voice and some quite fairly efficient acting to Rosalba alias Betsinda, and Miss Nellie Briercliffe is a very nice Angelica (as when wearing the magic ring).

But the most astonishing "discovery" of the occasion is a Prince Bulbo, who looks unbelievably like Thackeray's unbelievable Bulbo—Mr. Stanley Viven. Altogether a singularly jolly evening's entertainment.

Cornish Drama.

"Out of the Sea." By Don Marquis. (Strand.)

It is always a melancholy affair to see actors of proved talent appearing in a play which has no other visible means of support. Such, alas, is "Out of the Sea," the work of an American author, Mr. Don Marquis, which was produced a few days ago at the Strand. That is a theatre supposed to be traditionally unlucky, and I am afraid this Cornish drama is not likely to change the luck.

It is a pity—not only because the cast contains such names as those of Mr. Allan

Jeayes, Miss Clare Greet, Mr. Eliot Makeham, Mr. John Gielgud and Mr. Henry Oscar, but because the dramatist has at least founded his play on an idea of some dignity and possibilities, though it be as old as the legend of Tristan and Iseult.

Unfortunately he has played on his theme without sufficient dramatic skill, and has created a remarkably boring heroine who keeps on keeping on telling us how she came from the sea and that the waves are her sisters and all that sort of thing. One felt quite regretful that she should have murdered her Mark in the end instead of the other way round—though to be sure she leaped, a little unconvincingly, over the cliff a few moments after.

Plays Wanted.

"The Shadow." By Donald Stuart. (Embassy.)

I only return to the subject of this new and young theatre in Hampstead because I feel what a pity it is that it is being so wasted. There is a rich and intelligent public in the neighbourhood; the house itself is well-appointed and comfortable; everything in the garden is lovely except—the plays. The latest, a crime affair called "The Shadow," has in its company Mr. Bert Coote, a humourist of some repute elsewhere, who makes puns about being missed in the mist and fogged in the fog. A comic dowager with adenoids is devastatingly funny over a confusion between blackballing and blackmailing. A shot is fired in the dark and when a police inspector is found to have been killed, the head of Scotland Yard, asked who did the fell deed, answers without a moment's hesitation that it was "The Shadow"—our own brother to "The Terror," whom he has not a tittle of evidence for accusing.

This is all very sad. Surely Mr. Herbert Jay, who controls this theatre, can quickly find something better than the regrettable inanities of its last three productions.



Photo:

Stage Photos

King Valoroso (Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb) in "The Rose and the Ring" at the Apollo.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN

"Shiraz." Empire. (Pro Patria).

I WOULD wish for words exquisitely jewelled wherewith to write of *Shiraz*, the Indian drama which will be screened at the Empire tomorrow. The pen should be of beaten gold encrusted with chrysoprase, chalcedony, jacinth and all manner of precious stones, and the script be recorded on tablets of finest ivory from a Royal Elephant's tusk (though I am afraid this might make a bit of trouble for the printers).

It is indeed a film worthy of picturesque superlatives. It realises not only one's requirements for a picture, but some unhoped-for desiderata. There is life and action in it, beauty and a good story. There is atmosphere, a clamant, plangent atmosphere of the barbaric chivalry and wealth of India: the tyranny and the serfdom, the arrogance and tenderness, the cruelty and sentiment of the Far East three hundred years ago. And, with it all, a certain peculiar air of sincerity due to the fact that the picture was taken in India, with an all-Indian cast, without a ha'porth of studio construction or an atom of artificial lighting. Predominant above all, however, is the note of beauty; this is quite definitely the most beautiful screen drama I have ever yet seen.

Romance of History.

Round and about and above the building of the Taj Mahal, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, this colourful romance has been woven, with threads of history in the web. A baby princess is sole survivor of a robbers' attack on a Royal caravan travelling through the Persian desert. She is found and brought up by a village potter, whose son, as they grow up together, falls deeply in love with her. Then, carried off by raiders, she is sold in the slave market to the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor of India.

Her humble lover, Shiraz, tracks and tries to rescue her, an attempt for which he narrowly escapes execution "by the elephant's foot"; but after all he learns that she does not return his love. She is a willing captive, and when the Crown Prince discovers her high birth he marries her, and she becomes that famous Mumtaz Mahal in whose memory the Taj was made from the design, according to the film, of Shiraz, who had remained faithful unto death.

Seeking after the secret of this film's magic, I find it partly in the loveliness and magnificence of the Indian scene, round which there hangs, too, for us Westerners the magnetic mystery of the hardly known. The lithe grace of the actors, also, reinforced by troops of elephants, camels, horses. But none of these would prevail without that reality I have already adumbrated—which is, of course, nothing to do with realism. Realism, especially of the cheaper American brand, has given us some very blatant and ugly pictures,



The most beautiful of screen dramas: the Crown Prince of India with his Princess bride—to whose memory the Taj Mahal was erected in "*Shiraz*," an all-Indian film which will be seen at the Empire to-morrow.

BEAUTY and REALITY

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

as well as the crowning horror of the talking film. Reality is only achieved by imaginative enthusiasm and selective taste.

A Drama of the Tube.

The lavish panoply of *Shiraz*, for instance, is perfectly legitimate, because it belongs absolutely to its subject and is never splashed in incongruously with the spectacle. Contrariwise, effects may be obtained with an almost Spartan economy of resource, as in Mr. Anthony Asquith's *Underground*, which makes its debut at the Marble Arch Pavilion next week.

It is remarkable what he has done with his material, for he has merely used the Tube, the Lots Road power station, and other familiar scenes in or near London as the background for

his four characters, all of whom are taken from "humble life." He has used them with skill, and his little drama is very deftly constructed and interesting. This is a step in the right direction, an experiment in the way of producing British films which everyone will welcome because the thing has been done with freshness and originality and with British material.

On the other hand, its qualities are those of promise rather than of fulfilment, and some of the praise awarded to it on the "trade" showing some time ago was therefore harmfully excessive. In a considerable part of this story of Bill the porter hero (Mr. Brian Aherne), Nell the shop-girl heroine (Miss Elissa Landi), Bert the electrician villain (Mr. Cyril McLaglen) and Kate his seamstress friend (Miss Nora Baring), the background has a tendency to overshadow the action, which is mostly of a very mild nature. The details

of the Tube scenes, the crowds passing to and fro along the moving stairs, and so on, photographically correct but without any sort of beauty,

attract the major attention—in other words, realism is the upper hand, not the reality which can only be captured by the right, complete and imperceptible blending of every part into the whole.

Emil Jannings as Danton.

Back to the historical—at the Avenue Pavilion (where they make a regular policy of reviving notable films of all nations) you will find next week a screen play of the last phase of Danton's career under the odd and inappropriate title *All for a Woman*.

This is one of the earliest pictures of Mr. Emil Jannings, who is in his most forceful and expansive mood—a towering undy figure well contrasted with the stony preciseness of Mr. Werner Krauss's admirable Robespierre. The arbitrary proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal, with *sans-culottes* in the gallery, mob rushes through the streets, the huddled prisoners in the Luxembourg Prison awaiting the call to the tumbrils are among the outstanding features portrayed in this excellent if a shade theatrical picture.

"Talkie" Sob Stuff,

Strong men furtively wept and hard-faccd women openly sobbed at the American Vitaphone "talkie" with which the new Regal at Marble Arch opened its career yesterday. Mr. Al Jolson appears in this as a cabaret singer who has to black his face and do his turn when his little son has just died—*hinc illae lacrimae*. It is sentimental stuff of a devastating cheapness, but it is more like a play than its predecessors of the same lineage.

On the other hand *Melody of Love*, with which the Rialto opened a talking programme, is a dull affair, mostly about how the Americans won the war, with unconvincing battle noises and almost incredibly poor dialogue.



Emil Jannings (right) as Danton and Werner Krauss as Robespierre in "*All for a Woman*," a French Revolution film, to be shown at the Avenue Pavilion next week.

Work of the War-Disabled.

I AM sorry that we were not able to insert a notice of the second Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by War-Disabled Men, which was held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, from November 7th to 17th. I am glad, however, to be able to report that this Exhibition was a most successful affair, and that 26 organisations which offered the work of disabled men for sale all report a very satisfactory result.

I think it will be well to put on record a list of the institutions which were represented at this Exhibition. No doubt there are other organisations which are worthy of support, and if anyone would like to have information regarding them, I feel sure that Major Keatinge, the Secretary of the Imperial Institute, would be able and willing to give them information. Here, however, is a list of the various stalls:—

Ashtead Pottery, Ltd., Cambrian Factory (British Legion), British Legion Village, Disabled Soldiers' Workshops (Cambridge), Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Workshops (Cambridge), Disabled Soldiers' Workshops (Church Army), Disabled Soldiers' Embroiderers' Industry, Enham Industries, Ex-Service Men's Valeting Co., Hospital Ward Industries, Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops, Milton Home Industry, O.F.I.A., Painted Fabrics, Ltd. (Sheffield), Papworth Industries, Princess Alice Home (Slough), Spero Leather Workers, Spero Firewood Factory, Sailors' and Soldiers' Home (Eastbourne), St. Dunstan's, Vocal Therapy Society, War Service Legion, Willesden Handicrafts Centre.

And to this list at the last moment, the British Legion Poppy Factory was very hopefully added.

The work shown at the Imperial Institute was contributed to by upwards of 2,000 men. Were the institutions above referred to supported better, many thousands more of the disabled men throughout the country who are at present unemployed through partial physical disability could have work found for them. It should be remarked that the work of war-disabled men is not sold on a charitable basis, as the goods produced from their workshops are sold at competitive prices, and, there is no doubt as to the excellence of their quality. Some of the organisations, like Lord Roberts' Workshops (with their headquarters in Brompton Road), were founded before the war, while others, like the Spero Leather Workers and the King's Services Choirs, have already celebrated a tenth birthday.

It only needs to be added that, of course, this work is not only to be purchased at what will, no doubt, be an annual exhibition at the Imperial Institute, but that it is going on throughout the year from day to day, and the goods can be bought at any time. The Hospital Ward Industries Stall—a new feature this year—was a specially interesting department.

A North London Hospital.

The Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, is the largest general hospital in North London, serving an area of over 70 square miles, with a population of over a million. In 71 years it has grown from a single room to a group of four hospitals with four hundred beds. Last year 5,371 in-patients were treated and 251,668 out-patient attendances received. The annual cost of maintenance is £90,000, of which less than 5 per cent. is assured from endowments. There is a debt of over £80,000, due principally to the enhanced cost of commodities during and after the war.

This year the Hospital has been promised an anonymous gift of £35,000 on condition that a similar sum is raised before the end of the year

CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH

*In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—POPE.*

for the Hospital's pressing needs. This gift is to be devoted to the erection of a special block of private pay-beds for those middle-class patients who cannot afford the heavy cost of private nursing home fees. Donors towards this special appeal will therefore achieve a double object through their generosity. They will ensure the provision of accommodation for a class sadly needing facilities for hospital treatment, and at the same time relieve the hospital of some of its anxiety in dealing with the continually increasing calls on its services from a large and growing district, parts of it among the poorest in London.

A waiting list of over 300 makes an eloquent appeal in itself. The Prince of Wales, the President of the Group, has expressed the hope that on his return from East Africa in the New Year he will find that the appeal is adequately answered. Donations will be gladly acknowledged by the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

Attention may also be drawn, in connection with this appeal, to the New Year's Eve Dinner Ball.

The Hoxton Girls' Hostel Fund.

Mr. Harold Begbie contributed the following notice to the *Spectator* of October 13th, 1928:—

"I have visited the saddest and most sordid, and yet perhaps the most heroic slum neighbourhood of London, to wit, Hoxton. By this time my sympathies had widened, and few things in life so appealed to my spiritual nature as the magnificent struggle for virtue (call it respectability, if it please you) which is for ever being waged by the very poor in circumstances of the most heartbreaking difficulty. Here in this dreadful Hoxton, I had the great fortune to meet Mrs. J. T. Rae, founder of the Girls' Guild of Good Life, who showed me something of her triumphant work among the girls of Hoxton. As I studied this labour, I saw how eagerly and gratefully the girls of Hoxton responded to Mrs. Rae's devoted sympathies.

"A hostel is at present being built in Hoxton, and the Guild is now asking for funds to complete it. Every day and every night there are women giving themselves, without fee or reward, to the service of poor girls fighting a most desperate fight for bread and for purity in one of the darkest and most forbidding quarters of London. The girl under seventeen, because she may take lower wages, displaces the older girl in London's factories, and these older girls, almost at their wit's end to know how to exist, come to the Guild for encouragement and help, and are never turned empty away."

Certainly this Hostel is worthy of warm support, and one way of helping it is to back up a Christmas Concert and Nativity Play (the latter arranged by Miss Eve Maxwell Lyte and Miss Flora McKirdy) which is to be held on Monday, December 3rd, at 8.30 p.m. in the St. Columba's Church Hall, Pont Street, S.W.

The Cottage Benefit Nursing Association.

This institution has been doing work for 45 years. During the past year the Committee have carried on training work at Bury House

and Fore Street as heretofore. It appears to be in want of an increased income, like so many other good works.

The Committee have for some time taken the view that whilst the growth of the population in the vicinity of Bury House affords reasonable prospect that the general district work and the maternity wards at Bury House should be capable of being carried on to financial advantage the maternity and midwifery work at

Fore Street does not promise returns in any way commensurate with the cost of the staff and the upkeep and running of the Fore Street premises. Indeed, this branch of the Association's work has been, for some time, carried on at a serious loss.

The Committee has ascertained that the midwifery and maternity training for Probationers can be obtained on favourable terms at other centres. They have accordingly obtained the sanction of the General Council to endeavour to dispose of the lease of the Fore Street premises, together with the goodwill of the maternity and midwifery work carried on from that centre. If they succeed in so doing the Committee anticipate a substantial reduction in running expenses. Probationers will thereafter do their period of general training at Bury House and then go to other centres to complete their maternity or midwifery training.

Considerable improvements in the comforts of Bury House have been made during the year, including the installation of a much wanted system of central heating. Probationers have been throughout the year—and still are—very difficult to obtain. The Committee urgently ask all friends of the Association to assist in encouraging suitable applicants. Eleven students have sat for the Central Midwives Board Examination during the year and all but two have been successful.

The Association is now affiliated to the Association of the Cambridgeshire County Nursing Association and trust that this is the beginning of a series of new affiliations to the C.B.N.A.

The Royal National Orthopædic Hospital.

This is a very good example of a BRITANNIA charity. It is not only "National" in the sense set forth in an appeal which has just reached me, national, that is, because, though centred in London, it receives 75 per cent. of its patients from other parts of the Kingdom and Empire. It is national in the much more important sense that it works, and works successfully, to remedy physical defects which are often found in children of otherwise excellent possibilities. Orthopædic surgery is mainly exercised to set straight the bone system of crooked and crippled children.

Anyone who looks at such pictures as Colonel Myers (the Appeal Secretary) has sent me—in connection with the needs of the new buildings at Stanmore—will see both that very difficult cases are successfully dealt with, and that many of the children benefited are charming little specimens of humanity.

At the hospital in Great Portland Street, the new Out-Patient Department—the cost of which has now been completely paid for—is in full use, and the attendances number about 80,000 annually.

The country branch at Stanmore, with 152 beds, still wants £40,000.

This is a big sum. But the work makes a good appeal to the charitable heart and head.

THE TRAVELLER

BELOW PAR—THE LURE of CORNWALL

ARE you below par, not *dans votre assiette*, as the French say—run down, out of sorts? If so, especially during the autumn and winter season, the best way to reach par is to travel down to the little town of that name, by the fast and exceedingly comfortable expresses of the Great Western Railway.

Very few visitors stay in Par. It is the Swindon Junction of Cornwall, and the mines visible on the hillsides behind are known as "Par Consols." It is a link between Newquay and Fowey, on either side, and has a picturesque little port, busy with the exportation of china clay, and it should be interesting to Britishers, because the whole district is engaged in the china clay industry, and thousands of tons of the fine white clay are sent every year to the Potteries district, and to Lancashire, and from Fowey it is shipped all over the world.

Mevagissey and Falmouth.

Below Par—that is, to the south-west—is the quaint old-world town of Mevagissey, which is another place that should be interesting, because it is noted for turning "Cornish pilchards" into "sardines." The climate is one of the finest along this whole stretch of coast, and it is beautifully situated in a bay with fine headlands and stretches of silver sand

where during the winter months you will find palm trees, and camellias budding in the open air.

Here there are several beautiful parks and public gardens, and ample opportunities for tennis, golf, bowling and fishing. The mildness of the temperature is remarkable, and as there is very little difference between the night and day temperatures it is specially suitable for people who have lived in the tropics, while Flushing, close by, has the mildest winter climate in England. There is a magnificent Marine Drive and a pavilion where high-class entertainments are given.

Falmouth in Roseland (an old Celtic word meaning heath or gorse) is full of romantic and historic associations, the mansion of Arwenack

porth, and walking back over the sand dunes—one might almost imagine it was a bit of the Egyptian desert.

Here one can see the remains of the lost churches of Perranzabuloe, and, following the course of the river Gannel, recall the legend that the inhabitants of this district, corrupted by a race of criminals who settled among them, were swept away by a sand storm, which overwhelmed the great city, formerly standing here with its seven churches, over which now stretches a slope of thinly peopled farms, and in support of this legend the inhabitants point to the present church at Crantock, the registers of which go back to the sixteenth century, and in which can be seen to-day fragments of the old rood screen, and some finely carved bench ends. Moreover, it is an established fact that this was formerly a Collegiate Church, with a Dean and canons, as well as minor clergy.

A Bracing Climate.

Some people seem sceptical about Newquay being suitable for a winter sojourn, and talk about high seas and high winds, but these are exceptional. I have spent more than one holiday at Newquay during the winter season, and on each occasion it has been warm and sunny all the time, while at the same time there is that bracing quality in the air enjoyed by most English people, which is sometimes lacking at other places on the Cornish Riviera and at



A View of Fowey Harbour.



Mevagissey Harbour.

backed by woodlands. The church, which has two parallel aisles, is dedicated to Saints Mewa and Issey, from which, no doubt, the town derives its name. The nearest station is St. Austell, six miles away, from which point the Great Western Railway provides a motor service *via* Pentewan.

Of course there is no promenade or Casino or town band at Mevagissey, and in the fishing quarter there is sometimes a "very ancient and fishlike smell," but the inhabitants are surprisingly hearty and healthy, and the death rate is the lowest in the county, so that for those who can enjoy a quiet restful time it is an ideal spot, but if you want more life and up-to-date conditions, you can travel on to Falmouth,

being the home of the Killigrew family, the sturdy upholders of a system where right and wrong were shaded up till neither had clear outlines, and the sea was regarded as a kind friend to enrich the house of Killigrew by storms and wrecks.

"Troy Town."

If we regard Falmouth, being south, as below Par, then Newquay, being north, is above Par, and the luxuriance of the tropical plants, like palms, proves that, though on the northern coast of Cornwall, the latitude of Newquay is still that of "Troy Town"—in fact the temperature of Newquay is almost the same as that of the Isles of Scilly, being rarely more than one degree lower.

One writer has complained that Newquay is spoilt by the number of big hotels, but, on the other hand, there is plenty of material for romance in its surroundings, the number and variety of its cooves and caverns recalling the days of wreckers and smugglers, or, if we are prepared to face a walk of about eight miles or so, it is worth while taking the train to Perran-

Bournemouth, where, by the way, there was such a high sea on one occasion in July that a good deal of damage was done, and I was very glad of an overcoat. That, again, was an exception, but the English climate is full of surprises. It is one of its greatest charms.

I have spoken about walking because, like Sir John Foster Fraser, I am an ardent believer in that form of exercise, but your walks need not belong ones unless you are so inclined. The country all round is delightful in every direction and there are plenty of opportunities for motoring, though you must be prepared for hair-raising moments, and hairbreadth escapes round hairpin curves, and so on, but these add just the necessary spice of adventure.

If you stay at Newquay, of course you will go to Bosccastle and Tintagel, but do not miss the charming old village of Mawgan, in the beautifully wooded Vale of Lanherne. There is a thirteenth-century church, the famous Cross in the churchyard, and a very fine sixteenth-century manor house, and Bodruthan Steps, with its wonderful cliffs. The best plan is to go to Newquay, and judge for yourself. I am sure you will be delighted.

But Cornwall is not the one English beauty spot, so on a future occasion I hope to say something about Devon and Hampshire.

C. T. WULCKO.

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

DEATH TRAPS for MOTORISTS

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

Lighting-up Times,
Friday, November 30.

London	4 25 p.m.
Manchester	4 25 p.m.
Glasgow	4 20 p.m.
Plymouth	4 47 p.m.

EVERY motorist who uses the roads considerably encounters from time to time some particular corner or cross road which for one reason or another may be described as a death trap for the stranger and the unwary. Many correspondents, in fact, have written to BRITANNIA concerning such places on the roads in their immediate neighbourhood, and most of us can remember points at which we have nearly been caught napping, probably on recent runs.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

EXCEPT on the new main roads, danger posting has not been based upon modern conditions, and many corners which would not be regarded as dangerous from the point of view of animal transport, or even from that of the cyclist, hold hidden and unannounced terrors for the motor car driver. That is one reason why death traps still exist.

Another is that at some time or other in the history of our roads there must have been a prefect craze for the erection of danger triangles, and the motorist sees so many of these in the course of a run, marking points which do not appear to be unduly dangerous, or calling for more than ordinary care from his point of view, that when he does come to a triangle correctly placed to indicate real danger, he is apt to treat it with comparative contempt.

Still another factor is the entirely casual system, or lack of system, adopted as to the placing of danger signs. Quite frequently one still sees triangles erected right on the corner where the danger is supposed to exist. In other cases due warning is given that the danger lies ahead. The trouble is that there is no indication as to how far off this danger lies, and that it may not be real when we get there!

The French system leaves the driver in no doubt. The sign says pictorially and definitely

the nature of the danger to be avoided, and the exact distance ahead at which it is situated—several hundred metres, usually. The foreign tourist, therefore, must adopt quite a different scheme of driving from that which serves at home. Perhaps it is rather more mechanical, and leaves less to the individual intelligence and discretion of the driver, but in view of the number of cars and the variety of the standard of driving this is an advantage rather than otherwise.

Road Improvement Possibilities.

SINCE the progress of road improvement and modernisation is admittedly and obviously falling farther and farther behind the corresponding progress in the number of cars and motor vehicles generally in use, this matter of danger posting is one point calling for concentrated attention. Many of the death traps which each of us knows are possibly unknown to the local road authorities themselves; knowledge of others is forced upon them only by the unfortunate succession of accidents which take place, and it is only afterwards that the particular condition of danger is removed.

There is, for instance, on a road near Esher, a sharp corner which has caught innumerable

motorists, as the approach to it has no indication of the actual severity of the curve. Worse than that, however, in the very centre of the worst part of the bend, just at the point where a car that was being driven rather too fast would tend to run off the road, there used to be a magnificent old elm tree. Its bark became scarred like the armour of a warrior of old, and one hesitates to imagine how many crumpled wings and worse accidents it has been responsible for. The tree has now been removed, and reflex danger signs warn the stranger at either end of the curve. There should be no more accidents there; but the point is that the damage has to be done before the danger is recognised.

Possibly by giving publicity to readers' own experiences in similar places in their own neighbourhoods we may be able to reverse the order of things—to secure the erection of adequate danger signs, the removal of hedges that render corners and cross roads blind, or to hasten the road widening operation which is often the only measure necessary. It is therefore, the intention of BRITANNIA to name one such point each week and for this purpose letters from readers giving precise details not only of the situation of the danger point, but also the factors which cause the hidden danger will be welcomed.

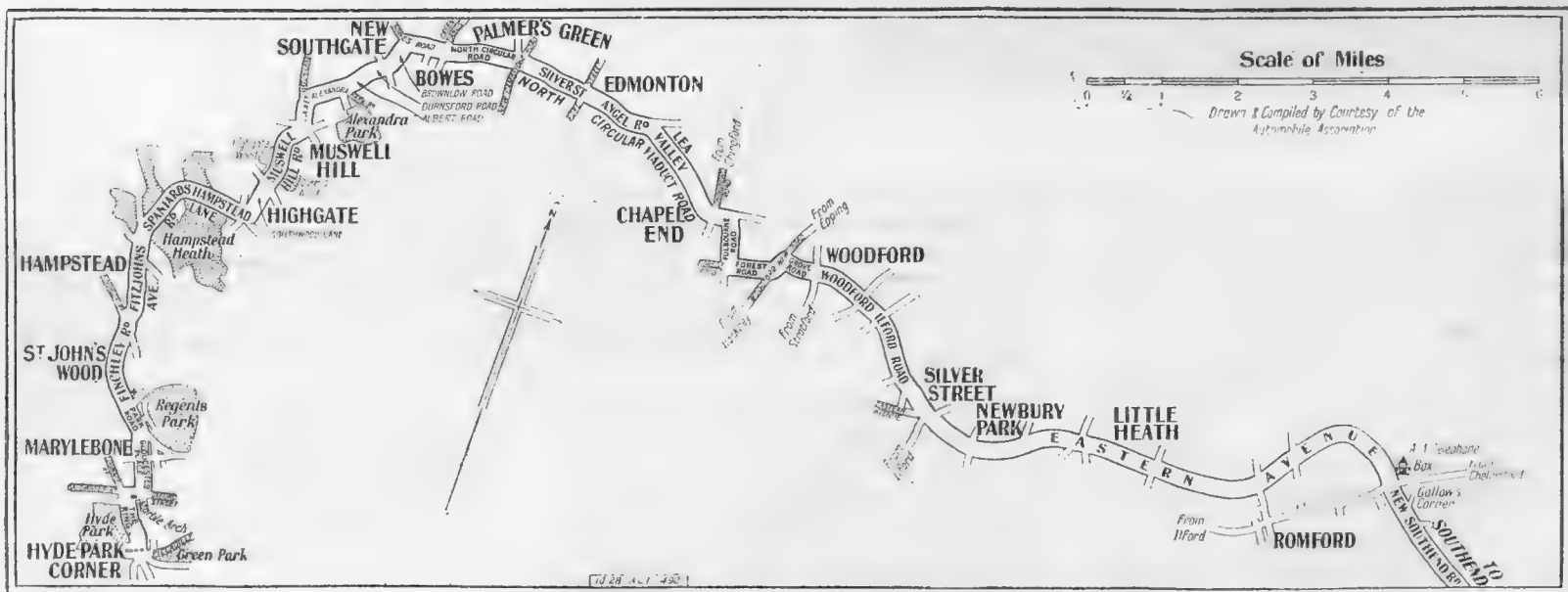
"THE BETTER WAY."

THIS week's "Better Way" route map takes the motorist who desires to reach the new Southend arterial road from the centre of London over alternative roads which avoid most of the congested streets which formerly made a serious enterprise of an attempt to motor to London's suburb-by-the-sea.

The old and only obvious way led through the City and the East End, and was not a journey to be lightly undertaken, or undertaken at all except in case of necessity. Now, however, it is possible to make use of the new Eastern Avenue, which connects up with the Southern road, and if the map, specially supplied to BRITANNIA by the courtesy of the Automobile Association, is carefully studied it will be found easy to follow a route which avoids most of the congestion.

A Runnymede Death Trap.

LET us now specify. Most London motorists know the riverside road, running from the main road between Staines and Egham, past the historic Magna Carta Island to Windsor. Half-way along this road there is an obvious bend which, on approaching, does not appear to call for much slackening of speed. Yard by yard, however, the radius of the curve becomes shorter, until it suddenly becomes a question of heavy braking in order to get round at all. Curiously enough—and this is not only personal experience—even those who use the road



quite frequently are liable to be caught if they are not very watchful, because the gentle beginning of the bend leads them to believe that they have not yet arrived at the particular point where utmost caution is required.

Traffic on this road is quite heavy, especially during fine week ends, even in winter. Sometimes traffic conditions make it impossible to overrun the bend, and that is just the danger, because a driver who has been held up by slow cars is liable, when an opening does occur, to take advantage of it, and his acceleration may bring him to the corner before he is ready for it. It would not be difficult to widen the road at this point, so that the bend was straightened out to some extent, but in any case a danger signal, never required before the era of the motor car, is now an urgent necessity.

Brake Adjustment Systems.

IN these days of universal four-wheelbrakes, one seldom hears of an accident through brake failure; but it is to be feared that their general efficiency is rather an encouragement to the beginner to neglect even ordinary care in brake maintenance. Four-wheel brakes are generally regarded as being effective skid preventives—and so they are, in certain circumstances. But a badly adjusted four-wheel system may be even worse than the old rear-wheel brakes, especially if the front-wheels brake adjustment is unequal. This causes a distinct pull on the steering each time the brake is applied, and if the pull itself is not sufficient to upset the stability of the car, it is a little disconcerting to an inexperienced driver, and may easily startle him into further action likely to increase the liability of the car to skid.

Opinion as to the best system of brake adjustment is apparently divided among designers. Some makers of well-known cars have adopted a scheme of full compensation by which the initial pressure on the pedal is automatically divided equally between the four separate brakes, and a single adjustment affects the four brakes simultaneously. Others

believe in an entire absence of any means of equalising the brake application, and provide only for the separate adjustment of each brake. Various technical points are involved in an argument for or against either system, and we need not go into that now. At the same time, considering that the majority of cars are driven and cared for (more or less!) by owners who have neither the time nor the

knowledge to carry out protracted brake adjustment experiments each time a little wear needs taking up, it does seem that the simplest and most fool-proof system is the most desirable. A fully compensated braking system in which the breakage of any one of a number of pull rods or cables would throw all four brakes out of action is bad, of course, but the fact that such faulty design has not yet

it is well to remember that although ordinary clothing is quite sufficient while motoring, occasions may arise when it is necessary to walk or use other less cosy means of locomotion. There is that walk back from the garage after the car is put away for some of us—and it is only when the doors are locked and the quarter-mile walk looms in immediate prospect that we realise we are coatless, and maybe hatless,

too! It is sure to be raining—but elaboration is unnecessary, and the value of keeping a light rainproof permanently on the car for such emergency occasions is obvious. One of the very light Burberry variety, which folds up into a negligible space, and, being rubberless, is equally odourless, is very suitable. In summer it serves as a dustcoat, and may be slipped on, in the case of a woman driver, to protect a delicate frock if the necessity to change a wheel should arise. And in winter it is sufficiently showerproof to guard against the worst effects of forgetfulness of outside conditions.

Such a rainproof is a permanent necessity; but, for the next few months something a little warmer may be required, and several reversible Burberrys that I have seen seem excellently to fulfil all motoring needs. On the one side they furnish a workmanlike coat that is warm and light, and not easily spoilt in ordinary driving use, while, reversed, one has a really smart walking coat of tweed or similar material.

Beautification is About to Set In!

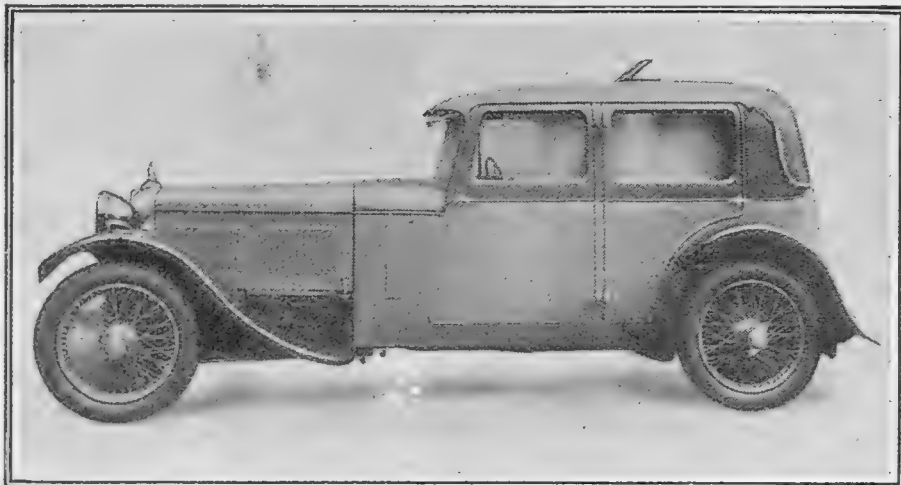
WHILE we have been busy beautifying our motor cars and motorcycles, and proudly examining them at the respective shows, other sections of the community have become seriously perturbed at the need for beautification of a variety of things. Petrol stations, for instance. Well, while it's all in the point of view, we must all admit that there are far more filling stations which are a blot on the landscape than are pleasing to the eye—or, for that matter, just neutral.

There does not seem to be any reason for the violent splashes of colour which herald the approach

of many stations; it is not as though there were a dozen rival establishments all trying to attract the greatest amount of attention—and even if there were, most of us would probably choose the least obtrusive, providing it sold the particular brand of fuel which we wanted. New buildings springing up at the side of arterial roads are necessarily

(Continued overleaf.)

Trying out the Alvis Ulster Model.



FROM the sportsman's point of view, a car of the type of the Alvis Ulster model, should provide a vehicle after his own heart because of its high speed proclivities, combined with exceptional stability and fast cornering qualities. It possesses a front wheel drive, with separate springing of each wheel, and a separate steering connection to each front wheel, thereby avoiding the usual tie rod. In view of the fact that the engine is of an extremely high efficiency, supercharged type, starting is easy, while the control of the engine is unusually sensitive. Gear changing is both simple and noiseless, and although a considerable amount of use must naturally be made of the gearbox in ordinary main road running conditions, there is no particular difficulty attached to the driving of the car by anyone who is familiar with ordinary double de-clutching methods.

As both power unit and road wheel driving gear are situated directly over the front axle, it might be anticipated that steering would be somewhat heavy, especially as the front wheels are both driven and steered, but in practice

Engine	Four cyl., 68 mm. bore, 102 mm. stroke; overhead valves, 1,482 c.c.
Tax	£12.
Gearbox	Four speed, side lever.
Clutch	Disc.
Suspension	Transverse front; quarter-elliptic rear; independent springing of each wheel.
Electrical equipment	Lucas.
Price	Saloon, £675; £700 S.C. Open two-seater, £597, with super-charger, £625.

the steering is admirably light, with just the right degree of self-centering action. The situation of the engine and driving gear has the advantage of allowing the centre of gravity of the whole car to be kept very low, with the result that the performance of the car on corners is almost uncannily stable. There is just one criticism which might be made in regard to the particular open two-seater car tested, and this is that the exhaust note is far too noisy. This is no doubt easily remedied, but taking the car as it was, it would be quite impossible to take full advantage of its exceptional capabilities in England, on account of the exhaust.

The Alvis Company are prepared to guarantee that each specimen of the Ulster model will attain a speed of 100 miles an hour at Brooklands, but for those who do not require extreme performance a non-supercharged model is offered. In addition, either open two-seater or four-seater saloon bodywork can be obtained, and it must be admitted that the closed Ulster model is one of the smartest sporting saloons on the road.

been entirely eliminated does not mean that compensated braking is no good.

Cosy Motoring Clothes.

THOSE lucky ones who possess both a saloon car and a garage attached to their house need worry very little about special winter motor clothing. But at a time of year when the weather is sure to be wet, if it isn't cold,

a little raw until time has weathered them, but a modest, rustic design is just as effective as glaring colour in attracting the attention of the petrol seeking motorist, while the pumps themselves announce their presence and purpose even if, as a correspondent suggests, they were painted black!

Whether petrol pumps come within the scope of an organisation known as the Roads Beautifying Association has not been stated, but this body is doing its utmost to remove the bare and frightfully utilitarian atmosphere from our arterial roads and by-passes. The Kingston bypass, in co-operation with the Surrey County Council, has been lined with trees, and there is some suggestion that the decorative scheme shall be augmented at the appropriate season by flower borders. Similar activity is taking place elsewhere, and the Middlesex County Council is understood to have requested the beautifiers to prepare plans in relation to roads in its area. But glorious roadside beds of tulips and so forth will be worse than wasted unless the problem of the definitely non-beautiful petrol station is simultaneously tackled. A boycott of glaring or ugly garages has been seriously suggested.

The Bruce Challenge Cup.

IT has now been decided that the Bruce Channel Cup, to which reference has already been made in BRITANNIA, shall be offered for competition during the year 1929 under the auspices of the Marine Motoring Association to which all inquiries as to the rules, etc., should be addressed. The original intention was to offer the cup for competition up to the end of this year, but owing to the lateness of the season, and in order that as many outboard hydroplane enthusiasts as possible should be



A pretty rustic petrol station near Petworth.

enabled to make attempts to gain the cup, the competition has been extended to the end of next year.

Briefly, the conditions are as follows:—The Bruce Channel Cup is offered for the fastest double crossing of the English Channel, from Dover Harbour to Calais Harbour and back, on an outboard hydroplane, providing that the time accomplished beats that which has already been established—105 minutes. There is no limit as to engine size. In order to qualify, each attempt must be made under the authority of the Marine Motoring Association, and arrangements must be made with them for timing. More detailed particulars may be

obtained from that association, the address being 83, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

In my article on the 2 Litre Rover in last week's BRITANNIA, I used inadvertently a photograph of 10/15 h.p. model instead of a 2 Litre, 6-cylinder model.

The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce will be pleased to advise readers on any subject connected with motors or motoring. Inquiries should be addressed to them, c/o "Britannia," and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 1.

By THE SPHINX.

CLUES.

DOWN.

- 1. Holder of courtesy title. (2 words)
- 2. Minute animal.
- 3. Return (legal).
- 4. Sharp ridge.
- 5. Departed.
- 6. Ceremony.
- 7. Loving.
- 8. Philanthropic Soc. (init.)
- 9. Assisting the memory.
- 10. As much as you like.
- 11. Flounder about.
- 12. Hard white substance.
- 13. Good for snake bite.
- 14. Commerce.
- 15. Stupefy.
- 16. Narrow valley.
- 17. Relating to bees.
- 18. Supply.
- 19. The end.
- 20. State of U.S.A. (init.)
- 21. Took the part.
- 22. Urn.
- 23. Jewish month.
- 24. Opposite.
- 25. Title of Address.
- 26. Doctor.
- 27. Punning poet (init.)

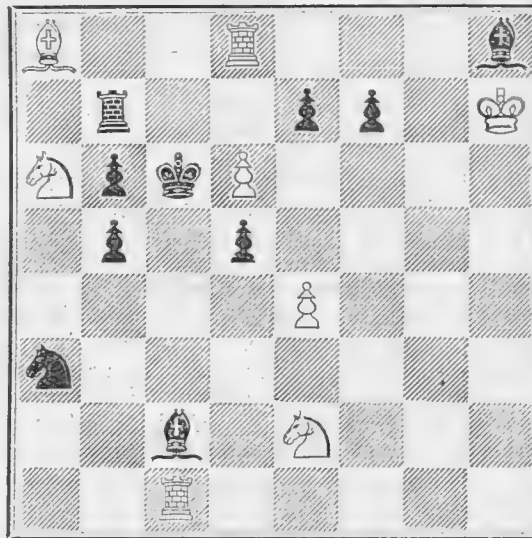
ACROSS.

- 1. Punster.
- 15. Barometer.
- 16. English town.
- 17. Allspice.
- 18. Roman Goddess.
- 19. Send out.
- 20. Timorous.
- 21. United at angle of 45°.
- 22. Effaces.
- 23. Sailors never do this.
- 24. English author (init.)
- 25. Animal's noise.
- 26. Water wheels.
- 27. On high (obs.)
- 35. Not dirty.
- 37. Sloth.
- 38. Oral decisions.
- 40. European country.
- 41. Old Irish doctor.
- 43. Salvage.
- 45. Robber suffers reverse.
- 46. Type of skull.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15							16						
17							18						
19				20				21					
22				23	24						25		
26			27				28	29	30		31	32	
33		34		35						36		37	
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41				42	43			44	45				
46													

CHESS. By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 1. By C. S. Kipping.



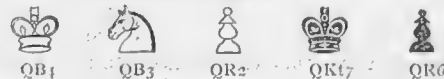
The well-known Problem Editor of the Chess Amateur has kindly sent this special contribution.

Solutions are invited, and should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

Solving and Composing Tournaments will be announced in due course. Meanwhile the Chess Editor will be glad to consider original problems for publication.

White to play and mate in two moves.

END GAME NO. 1.



(White to play and win.)

A fascinating little study, which, at first glance, may seem impossible.

SELECTED GAME.

In the appended game, which was played in Vienna; the winner rings down the curtain with a most dramatic flourish.

English Opening.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
A. Takacs.	H. Sperber.	A. Takacs.	H. Sperber.
1 P-QB4	1 P-K4	11 PxP(a)	B-K3
2 Kt-KB3	2 Kt-QB3	12 Q-B2	QR-Ktr
3 Kt-B3	3 Kt-B3	13 P-QKt4	B-Q5
4 P-Q4	4 PxP	14 P-K3	BxKt ch
5 KtxP	5 B-Kt5	15 QxB	Kt-Q4
6 KtxKt	6 KtPxKt	16 Q-Q4	KR-Q4
7 Q-Kt3	7 Q-K2	17 Q-K4	P-QR4
8 P-QR3	8 B-B4	18 P-Kt5	Kt-B6
9 B-B4	9 P-Q1	19 Q-K5	QxRP(b)
10 PxP	10 O-O		

- (a) This move opens up the Q file, and allows Black to bring all his guns into action.
- (b) A bolt from the blue. Black's beautiful move is unanswerable. The Q cannot be taken, and if 20 R-QKt, Q-Kt6; 21 P-B3 (if B-Q3, QxR ch), QxR ch; 22 K-B2, R-Q7 ch; 23 K-Kt Kt-K7 ch; 24 K-B2, Kt-Kt6 ch, and mate next move, with three variations!



By "BLACKFRIAR"

Gordon Richards, the champion jockey for 1928.

FOR some time past the impression has been growing in racing circles that the Board of Betting Control has not been making the progress in its schemes for the establishment of the totalisator that the country is entitled to expect. As one prominent racegoer remarked to me the other day: "At the rate they are going on I am willing to bet that it will be two years before the totalisator becomes an accomplished fact, and long before then the public will have become so sickened by the procrastination that it will be less favourably disposed towards the change than ever."

That the Board has realised this feeling exists is apparent from the communiqué recently issued to the Press in which it was stated that "they were certainly not standing still, but had their hands more than full with the mass of detail work involved."

The Board was established as long ago as August 25th; yet so far as the general public has been able to judge they are as far off their objective as ever. Even this latest report of work accomplished up to date conveys the impression that the Board is still skirmishing with preliminaries. Satisfactory progress is reported in "organising the staff for the inspection and examination of proposals for alterations on racecourses," etc. One feels that the same amount of "progress" might well have been reported in other directions. At least, that is how the situation strikes the average man in the street.

Economy versus Efficiency.

It would seem as if the Board is still flirting with the pari-mutuel, although I was given to understand that Sir Clement Hindley, on his arrival in this country a week or two ago, had made it plain to his colleagues that he was totally against its introduction into this country, and that on that account the idea was to be dropped. But the trouble to which he has now gone to explain that there is really very little difference between the efficiency of the pari-mutuel and that of the more expensive electrically-controlled totalisator, suggests that he is inclining his ear to the call of economy at the expense of his better judgment. If that proves the case he will find the whole racing world ranged against him.

No matter what arguments are advanced in its favour, experience on the Continent has proved that the pari-mutuel does entail considerable delays, and that being admitted its employment on our racecourses, where racing is so much more a business, and where every second is so valuable, would be suicidal. If, as seems to be the idea of the Board, the smaller tracks could not stand the cost of the totalisator, let them carry on under the old régime until such time as circumstances will permit them falling into line with the better situated ones.

To instal the pari-mutuel on any of our racecourses would be tantamount to running a one-horsed tramway service across Piccadilly Circus.

Profits in Breeding.

One of the biggest problems before the Board concerns the percentage that shall be deducted from the pool and how that percentage shall be apportioned. Of the several claims to participate I think that of the breeders the least worthy. The vast sums that are realised at the sale-ring each year suggest that breeding is a wonderfully profitable business. Why then should such a flourishing industry be subsidised at the expense of the people who create the demand?

With the owners, the people who pay huge sums year after year for bloodstock that may prove worthless for racing purposes, the case is entirely different. Their claim to cheaper



"Saracen," with Steve Donoghue, up, being led in after winning the Manchester November Handicap.

season placed another £1,300 in stakes-money to the credit of his purchaser, Major J. S. Courtauld, by winning the Manchester November Handicap last week.

Three years ago Sir Victor Sassoon gave 12,000 gns. for a filly called Fete. She never won a race. The second top price that season was realised by Gay Baby, who cost the Aga Khan 10,500 gns. The only race she won before being sent to the stud was a Plate worth £167. Last year His Highness paid 14,000 gns. for Aftah. So far this son of Papyrus has not seen a racecourse; neither has the Friar Marcus-Lady Honora filly for whom Lord Dewar gave 10,000 gns. In 1926 Lord Beaverbrook paid 8,000 gns. for a Gainsborough colt which he named Upsal-quitch; but never a penny was recovered, for the colt ran only once. There is certainly plenty of money in racing; but it is the breeders who seem to get the lion's share.

It may be said that many breeders are also owners, but that is nothing against my argument, as what they would lose as breeders they would gain as owners. I have no doubt that when Lord Dewar comes to make his Gimcrack Club speech he will have some piquant suggestions to make to the Control Board on this very subject, and it will be interesting to see what line he takes seeing that he represents both sections.

Saracen's Victory.

For once in a way neither fog nor frost made its presence felt at Manchester, and it was thus possible to decide the November Handicap for the third time in six years. But if those arch-enemies of racing were absent, wind and rain did their best to spoil the sport. It is years since we have experienced such a gale as raged during the proceedings on Friday. It was so bad, in fact, that many of the layers deserted the Ring and endeavoured to do their business under the shelter of the buildings. On Saturday the wind had dropped a good deal but the going was very heavy and made the mile and a half of the November Handicap a severe test for a young horse like Saracen. That he won, and won well, augurs well for his future. Stamina pulled him through—he was going stronger than any of his rivals at the finish—and this leads me to think that he will build up into a real stayer.

It is worthy of note that Norwest, Nestorian and Buoyant Bachelor, who followed him home, are also three-year-olds, which does not say much for the quality of the older horses engaged. Of these the best show was made by the topweight, Sir Joshua, who was not disgraced in finishing fifth in such going under nine stone. The big disappointment was the favourite, West Wicklow. He seemed outpaced from the start, and it is possible that his effort in the Derby Cup took more out of him than was thought.

Still the same "Steve."

Stephen Donoghue, who steered Saracen, thus repeated his triumph of last year when he rode

(Continued overleaf.)

Old Orkney to victory. Since he decided to join the free-lance ranks a season or two ago, Donoghue has not loomed so big in the public eye. He is now something of a veteran—he was riding before many of his rivals to-day were born—yet he remains one of our finest exponents of the art of jockeyship. Nothing better than his handling of Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's Weeds, when that filly won the Woodlands Nursery, was seen at the meeting. Donoghue, who holds the record for the number of Derby winners he has ridden, will steer Sir Victor Sassoon's Gay Day in his Classic engagements next season, and quite a lot of people consider he will add another Epsom triumph to his total.

Nightfall's victory in the Delamere Handicap reminded me that her owner, Mr. Otto Madden, was one of our most successful riders a few years ago, and was one of the chief rivals of the ill-fated Willie Lane and the inimitable Danny Maher. His most sensational triumph, however, was gained early in his career. That was in 1898 when he won the Derby on Mr. Larnach's 100 to 1 chance, Jeddah. Madden, who now trains a few horses at Newmarket, owns a game little mare in Nightfall. She had not run over two miles in public before, but that she has stamina in plenty she revealed by making all the running in the heavy going to win at her ease from Andorra, who had won a similar race at Warwick two days before.

The sensation of the meeting, of course, was the declaration that the Last Selling Handicap, which had attracted an entry of 40, was void owing to an error in handicapping. It was an extraordinary and unparalleled occurrence. The officials responsible were fined, but it is difficult to understand how the handicapper could have made such an obvious mistake in the conditions of the race. I understand Mr. Bulteel sat up all night working out the weights. Such conscientious application only makes his error the more mystifying. It is to be hoped this blunder results in the scrapping of these "overnight sellers." Racing would be better without them.

Schoolmaster Servus.

The surprising extent to which some horses will improve when constantly at work with better-class horses is frequently revealed. One of the best instances during the last thirty years was Grey Tick, who, purchased originally to lead Sceptre in her preparation for her Classic engagements of 1902, progressed to such purpose during the process that he was found equal to winning the Cesarewitch the following year; and to this day remains the only example on record of an aged horse winning this historic race.

I was reminded of Grey Tick when seeing Servus easily win the Coventry Plate at Warwick after having made practically all the running. Until quite recently Servus was an inmate of Percy Peck's stable; but at the sale of the late Lord Durham's horses at Newmarket last month was bought on behalf of Lord Derby for 680 gns. with the object of leading Fairway and other cracks at Stanley House in their work. Hitherto Servus had been rather disappointing, and he was four years old before he won his first race—a small affair at Ripon. It may be assumed that the better material at Stanley House is having its effect, and I shall watch his progress next season with increased interest.



Major J. S. Courtauld, owner of "Saracen."

Look Out for These.

From now onwards we can turn our attention to the delights of National Hunt sport. It will be some weeks, of course, before the season gets properly under weigh, and it will be advisable to content ourselves mainly with watching points. Those lucky enough to be able to attend the meetings cannot do better than "follow the money"; but those less fortunately placed should make their investments very sparingly. Next week I hope to compile a list of horses that should pay to follow, and this may be helpful to stay-at-home backers.

Evidence that the winter sport is increasing in popularity is provided by the number of good-class horses that have been put to jumping in recent years. Yet I doubt whether any of these have been quite in the class of Sunny Trace, who has been sent from Beckhampton to Wroughton to learn the business of timber-topping under the expert tuition of the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, whose stable produced Brown Jack last season. One of the favourites for the Derby one winter and performing over hurdles the next must be an equine experience almost unique in the history of the Turf.

Perhaps the closest parallel to the case of Sunny Trace is that of the flat-catching Tom Pinch, a former inmate of the same stable. But Tom Pinch was no more successful at the winter game than he had been on the flat, his only victory being achieved in a small hurdle race at Hurst Park, and that only after several failures. Le Gros, who ran without distinction in Coronach's Derby, proved a much more successful experiment. At his first attempt, six months after his Epsom failure, he won a hurdle race at Kempton Park on Boxing Day in a canter, and subsequently proved himself one of the best hurdlers of the day.

I doubt, however, whether it is seriously intended to train Sunny Trace as a hurdler. It is more likely that the experiment is being made with the object of improving his stamina, which has so far proved woefully deficient. It worked wonders in the case of Zeno, who, as a three-year-old, seemed unable to last more than seven furlongs, and that in most moderate company. This little horse, who in colour and

size bears some points of resemblance to Sunny Trace, not only became a champion hurdler, but his stamina improved to such a degree that he was able to win several good class handicaps over a distance of ground on the flat, and last April won the valuable two-mile race for the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park.

To-day at Kempton.

The programme fixed for to-day and to-morrow at Kempton Park promises excellent racing, and whatever happens some valuable hints for the future should be garnered. A point to bear in mind is that fitness will count

for a good deal during the first few weeks of the season, and for that reason horses that have been running on the flat are likely to show up better than those who have been put by since last jumping season. Later on, say the other side of Christmas, I shall expect to see horses like Stuff Gown, Golden Brick and Desert Chief winning hurdle races in the highest company; but if any of these appear in the November Handicap Hurdle to-day they will have none of my support. Much more attractive do I

regard such as Tiber and Lacock, both of whom have been performing with credit under Jockey Club rules recently. In fact, I quite anticipate that Tiber will be good enough to win.

Lordi's Chance.

The Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase, in which that splendid Irish chaser, Easter Hero, gave such an impressive winning performance last year, will attract a good-class field to-morrow, and a fine race should result. Lordi, who ran third twelve months ago, has 11 lb. less to carry this time, and is much fancied, I understand. The grey, Top Light, showed at Liverpool recently that he is in form, but he may not be quite speedy enough here. Good reports are to hand concerning the progress of Fair Richard, and this is a horse whom I expect to see develop into one of our best chasers in course of time. I know his trainer, Withington, than whom there is no finer judge, has a big opinion of him. Great Care, East Galway and Maximus are others who are sure to pay for following this winter, but for to-morrow I shall stand on Lordi.



Lord Dewar, the guest of honour at the Gimcrack Club Annual Dinner.

Week-end Selections.

KEMPTON PARK.—FRIDAY.

Barnes Selling, Hurdle.—Briar Path.
Uxbridge Handicap, Steeplechase.—
Eagle's Tail.
St. Margaret's S., Hurdle.—Dowser.
November Handicap, Hurdle.—Tiber.
S'mury Handicap, Steeplechase.—
Lucky Toy.
Amateurs' Handicap, Steeplechase.—
Martoi.

KEMPTON PARK.—SATURDAY.

Hampton S., Hurdle.—Pine Bluff.
Middlesex Handicap, Steeplechase.
Lordi.
Staines Handicap, Hurdle.—Somnus.
Richmond Steeplechase.—Kakushin.

HAYDOCK PARK.—FRIDAY.

County S., Steeplechase.—Prince Cadmus.
Garswood Handicap, Hurdle.—Knight Bachelor.
Lowton S., Hurdle.—Trinco.
Wigan Steeplechase.—Low Tide.

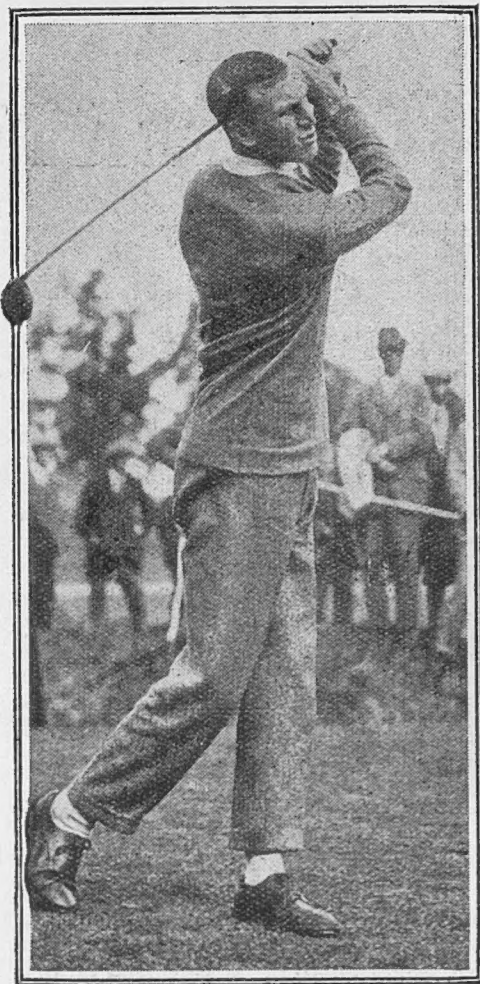
HAYDOCK PARK, SATURDAY.

Haydock Park Handicap, Steeplechase.—
Creebrae.
Newton Handicap, Hurdle.—Burwarton.
St. Helen's Handicap, Steeplechase.—
Keep Cool.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

CULPABLE IGNORANCE

By GERARD FAIRLIE



Archie Compston, the new professional to the Coombe Hill Club.

IT so happened that once upon a time all the members of a certain small golf club got to know each other's play so well that they decided that to play with golf balls was a waste of time and a needless extravagance. Accordingly, they elected to go out in the future and swing at nothing, declaring after each swing where the ball, had there been one, would have gone. They then were to walk to the probable spot, have another swing, and make another declaration.

The plan worked admirably. So great was the honesty of every member that whenever any one took a divot of unnecessary dimensions he walked only a few yards; similarly he moved no great distance to have his next swing after one which resulted in the clubhead travelling over the turf at too great a height. The climax came when the president of the club, after swinging on the first tee, sighed deeply and did not move at all for his next.

For one short month everything went admirably, and although the club professional was heard to express urgent comment in unparliamentary language when asked for his opinion on the matter, the idea proved extremely popular with the members. One member, whose handicap with the golf ball had been eighteen, reduced this to seventeen almost at once.

But then came a sad affair. The president's twin daughters both fell in love with the same man, a fellow who was very rich, as he had a money making handicap, and as he was quite unable to decide which of the two he himself desired to marry, they took the matter into their own hands and decided to play a match to settle which should be the bride.

The one was one up at the fifth. They were all square at the turn. The other was one up with five to go. They were all square on the eighteenth tee.

The one with the honour swung, and the swish of the clubhead was a delight to the

ears. She retired from the tee with a broad smile on her lips and a nice declaration.

Her sister took up her stance. The club-head, striking the turf smartly, removed a goodly divot. A gasp escaped the spectator, who had been rather hoping that this one would win.

But then came the awful thing. She declared two hundred and thirty-one yards, and straight down the centre of the fairway! I have it from the score card that the hole measures two hundred and thirty-two.

Golf balls are now being used at that golf club, and the professional is quite happy again.

A Good Reason.

I have told this unhappy tale for a very good reason, since I maintain that to kick a golf ball from a bad lie in the rough to a brassie lie within a few inches, using a quick and unostentatious sideways motion of the foot, is no more difficult than to make a false declaration. There is another reason also: the game of golf, played complete with golf balls, requires just as much honesty as if it were played in the manner which I have just described in my harrowing tale.

Yet, if one goes about a bit and plays in quite a few competitions as I do, one sees a rule of golf broken nearly every day.

I must make it clear at once that I do not intend to convey the impression that I think golfers, taken as a whole, are dishonest; far from it, since there are so many opportunities for a quiet and profitable cheat, and since this is detected so very seldom, they must obviously be of immense honesty. But I do say quite definitely that a great many rules are broken, even in important competitions such as the Open and Amateur Championships, and that the offenders not only get away with their transgressions but continue their matches in a state of blissful ignorance of the consequences of their actions, should the penalties be enforced.

I am perfectly aware that usually the rules which are broken are rules which can be broken without affecting the probable run of the game. This does not alter the fact that they are rules, and as such are made to be obeyed. I am also perfectly aware of the fact that these rules are not broken wilfully, in the sense that no advantage is expected to be derived of an unfair nature, but ignorance of rules is no justification whatsoever for transgressing them; there is such a thing as culpable ignorance after all. And I suggest that if a game is worth being played at all it is worth being played in accordance with the manner laid down for its playing.

Rules Usually Broken.

There is a rule in golf which states that only dung, worm-casts, snow, and ice may be moved on the putting green with the blade of the putter. Anything else which it may be desired to remove must be done with the hand, and actually picked up from the surface of the green.

Now in almost any autumn competition one sees this rule violated openly on all sides. I say autumn competition because at this time of year the leaves have started to fall from the trees, and it is the exception to see a player lift a leaf on the line of his putt with his

fingers; nearly always he will brush it aside with his putter, sometimes even going to the extent of walking up the line of his putt with his putter in perpetual motion and various obstructions (none of which can be described as dung, worm-cast, snow, or ice) flying in all directions. It was to prevent this last that the rule was made, for a green can be improved this way!

The Penalty for Advice.

Again, advice may not be taken from anyone outside the match. This rule really means that you may not ask for advice; if it is given to you gratuitously, of course, no penalty is incurred, since you cannot be expected to keep a sharp look-out on your way round for men in the crowd who look as if they were likely to rush at you with some useful piece of advice! Not long ago, when I surprised myself and others by reaching the final of an open tournament, a man, who, by repute, had not spoken for several years, burst into speech at rather an awkward moment; at the fifth hole, when I was undecided between a mashie and a light iron, he remarked loudly from just behind me:—

"Take your mashie and play safe; he's in a bunker."

That was good, sound advice, and I took it; but it was gratuitous, so I incurred no penalty. The only unfortunate thing was that, although we all thought so at the time, my opponent was later found not to be in a bunker.

But this rule is violated frequently, and in some parts of Britain openly, simply because in the excitement of the moment its existence is forgotten.

Considerations of space compel me to leave this subject for this week, but I have not said all that I intend to say by any means. It is a most important matter, this breaking of rules, although nearly always it is done unintentionally. But this should not be, and I will refer to it again next week.

Compston for Coombe Hill.

The announcement that A. G. Havers, who has been the professional to the Coombe Hill Golf Club for some years, was leaving the club came as a surprise to a good many golfers. It was made just before Havers, an ex-Open Champion, left with Gadd, of Roehampton, for a tour in South America.

This announcement is now followed up by the appointment as professional to Coombe Hill of A. Compston, probably the most consistent and successful of all present-day British professionals.

Compston, it need hardly be written, was the hero of that famous occasion at Moor Park last spring when he defeated Walter Hagen by an overwhelming margin. He has also been most consistently among the leaders in the last few Open Championships, although he has never actually won the title. That will no doubt come, for he is quite good enough to win.

The members of Coombe Hill have now a great chance to learn that most elusive thing, the art of practising. Archie Compston has shown for years that he fully appreciates the value of practice, and has applied himself to it with an almost fierce concentration. To this he owes a large measure of his success.

LAWN TENNIS

By
F. Gordon
Lowe

THE British team did not fare so well against New South Wales at Sydney as they had done at Brisbane. The opposition, however, was stronger, and as our men only lost by seven matches to five they were by no means disgraced. It was the Australian superiority in doubles, especially that of Crawford and Hopman, which actually turned the scale. Our men were unable to win one match out of the four, while in the singles they won five out of the eight.

The Australians have always been noted for their double play. Through force of circumstances during crowded week-ends at their clubs many of them have been obliged to devote themselves to this department of the game. Three days were allotted to this contest, and the attendance at the perfect new stadium at Rushcutters Bay was, on the whole, satisfactory. A nasty wind interfered with play.

Crawford too Good.

Austin, who was ranked seventh in the world's list for 1928, has hardly at present lived up to this high position. After being beaten by Cummings at Brisbane he suffered an even worse defeat at the hands of Crawford, being beaten in straight sets by 6-2, 6-4. Austin, it is reported, played feebly: at the same time Crawford, but for a tendency to take things too casually, is possibly the most promising player in the Empire.

Our second string, Gregory, put up a far better fight against Crawford than Austin did. Two valuable victories were scored by Collins, who conquered both Willard and Kalms. The Scotsman, who relies on deep sliced strokes to the corners and purposeful volleying, is certainly doing uncommonly well. In partnership with Higgs, Collins all but brought about the downfall of his singles opponents Willard and Kalms, who in the end just gained the verdict at 7-5, 6-4, 1-6, 5-7, 6-4.

Real v. Lawn Tennis.

The artificial light tournament at Queen's Club, which is nearing its closing stages, drew seventy entries for the men's singles. This alone shows how immensely popular lawn tennis continues to be, even during the winter months. Play intermixed with dancing has been kept up every evening this week until a late hour.

An interesting encounter occurred in an early round between George Stoddard, a well-tried veteran, and the Honourable C. N. Bruce of real tennis and racquets fame. Victory went to the former by 7-5, 6-1, but it was most instructive to see the strokes of the two games in opposition. The conclusion, however, in the end was that real tennis "cut" does not carry quite enough pace for lawn tennis. At the same time Bruce is very adaptable and quick about the court: he should soon improve.



Jack Crawford who defeated Austin at Sydney by 6-2 6-4.

A Much Discussed Question.

A. C. Belgrave, the well-known Civil Service player, usually has something interesting to say. At the General Meeting of the Surrey L.T.A. he brought up the much-discussed question of the amateur and professional player by suggesting that the time was now ripe for the latter to be admitted to tournaments. There were evidently others present who thought the same. In replying F. C. Lohden, who is Chairman of the Joint Committee of the L.T.A. and L.T.P.A., said that there were now only five or six top-notchers in the professional world, and until that number was considerably increased the International Federation were absolutely against such a move.

Personally I do not think that the question of numbers is a just argument against the innovation. Surely it is quality and not quantity that should count! In any case there must be more than five or six high-class professional players who would be an asset to a big open championship. What about Richards, Kozeluh, the two Burkes, Najuch, Ramillon, J. O. Anderson, and Ollivier for a start? True there are many more amateur than professional players at present, but when it comes to a meeting like Wimbledon how many of the former really count! Certainly not more than five or six. It is against players such as Cochet, Lacoste, Tilden and Borotra that the sporting public in general would like to see the leading professionals, especially Kozeluh and Richards matched.

The Chosen Few.

F. C. Lohden also intimated that the powers that be were out to encourage professional teachers and to discourage the type of man who journeyed round the world seeking big purses in match play. As a matter of fact it is the competitive side of professional tennis which will gain adherents and not the teaching side, which is rapidly becoming overcrowded. F. C. Lohden need not worry about big purses: it will only be the chosen few as ever who will be able to command large salaries.

I do not think there is much danger of the wrong type of man, whether he be amateur or

OUR DEFEAT in SYDNEY

professional, winning his way to the top of Lawn Tennis. The big match player has always been in the past, and always must be in the future, a sportsman. In a few years' time the open tournament, whether for good or ill, will undoubtedly be an established fact.

Richards by the way has just scored another victory over Karel Kozeluh on the covered courts at Chicago by 5-7, 9-7, 6-3, 2-6, 7-5.

The Selection of Women's Teams.

That our Council has decided to co-opt three ladies to serve on the Selection Committee in order to help with the choosing of women's International teams will receive general approval. It is understood that Mrs. Godfree whose experience will be invaluable, will be one of the three. Previously the selection of women's teams has been in the hands of five experienced councillors who have admittedly done their work well. The fact that our ladies won the Wightman Cup this year at Wimbledon fully bears this out.

At the same time our selectors have not always had time to visit tournaments and to view the actual play. The talent therefore at their disposal has on occasion, notably in the England v. Australia match at Bournemouth, not been used quite to the best advantage. The presence of ladies on the Committee will help to remedy small defects and to insure that the teams most likely to work well together are chosen. This is especially important in view of the fact that the Wightman Cup match will be played in New York next year.

Upkeep of Hard Courts.

I was recently asked about the upkeep of hard courts. Let me say at once that this is not an expensive matter. The asphalt or cement variety, of course, requires no upkeep whatsoever once it is laid. Against this, the surface is not quite so easy on the feet, and is not used, as a rule, in competitive tennis. The rubble, cinder, or gravel variety does not require so much upkeep as is generally thought; in many cases owners look after their own court with satisfactory results. It is generally a case of neglect if a particular court does not come up to expectations.

These types of court certainly require watering, plenty of rolling, and, most important of all, playing on. A few bags of top dressing should be kept handy and applied if any part of the surface becomes worn. Two well-known firms lay down courts which they definitely say require practically no upkeep.

Fixture List

Dec. 10th.—Annual General Meeting, L.T.A., at 2.30 p.m. River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2

FROM THE TOUCHLINE



Harlequins v. Blackheath at Twickenham. Colin Laird gets away with the ball.

By
Mitford
Brice

back, and is unlikely to have serious rival for that position in the England team. The appearance of Colin Laird in the three-quarter line has caused marked atmospheric disturbances in certain quarters in view of the fact that he was England's stand-off half in all her matches last season. I was aware that the selectors were nibbling at this idea, and I should like, if I may do so without presumption, to

congratulate them on their wisdom and courage in carrying it out. Laird has not always been satisfactory as Young's partner, but he is far too good a footballer to be dropped from the England team; and some of our shrewdest judges of the game consider (rightly, in my opinion) that centre three-quarter is Laird's ideal position.

Everyone hopes that S. C. C. Meikle will not only be a success at stand-off half, which is a tolerably easy matter for him; but, which is more difficult, that he will combine effectively with Arthur Young. If Laird and Meikle "make good," Messrs. Baxter, Daniell, Royds, Richardson, Roberts and Davies will return from Newcastle with lighter hearts.

Except that Leo Price takes the place of Hanley, the Whites pack is identically the same as that which represented England against Ireland, France and Scotland last season. They will be opposed to a purely Northern pack who are not at all likely to be overawed by their International opponents. The selection of Cove-Smith has caused some surprise.

Probable Cambridge XV.

The composition of the Cambridge XV appears to be fairly settled, perhaps more so than that of Oxford. I understand that Aarvold is not, according to present intentions, awarding Blues until after the last match which is against Greenwood's XV on December 4. But I imagine that the return of Guy Morgan will restore the Cambridge outsiders to their Twickenham formation. John Roberts, who has not been a real success as inside three-quarter will then resume his place at full-back at the expense of Carris, who, except as a kick, has not been satisfactory; and the three-quarterline would be Smeddle, Aarvold, Morgan and Heywood. I assume that Turnbull and Bowcott will be the halves. His front line forwards are probably causing Aarvold some difficulty; indeed, the pack as a whole is none too convincing.

TO-MORROW'S RUGBY TRIAL

What the Selectors Are Hoping For

IT is generally agreed that the task of selectors is not a happy one. North, south, east and west boast players who apparently possess claims second to none; north, south, east and west, the selectors journey in their whole-hearted endeavours to find genuine International talent. But in the English side there is only room for fifteen players, and those who fail to catch the judge's eye must remember that the difference between the top-notch and the almost top-notch is often very small; England's chosen fifteen versus England's second fifteen would assuredly be a close game.

Some Omissions.

To those with any knowledge of the selector's hopes and intentions, the teams chosen for the first Trial at Newcastle to-morrow contain no actual bomb-shell. There are certain notable omissions, but these omissions are not the fault of the selectors. Three of last season's English three-quarter line — John Taylor, J. V. Richardson and G. V. Palmer — are not included, but their form has undoubtedly been unconvincing. In some quarters, A. R. Aslett was expected to be a choice, but he is still handicapped by the loss of practice entailed through his recent operation.

It was thought that R. S. Spong would play in the Trials, and he may yet do so; but, good as he is, he just fails to reach the highest standard. For a half-back, there is a trifle too much brawn and not quite enough brain. Kent are keenly disappointed that the H.A.C. centre, G. S. Hoghton, has not found a place; his misfortune lies in

his lack of experience in big games. Apart from these individual causes of omission, there is a tendency to draw on the North and Midlands for this first Trial; no fewer than seventeen of the players being recruited from these districts. Happily, there will be two further Trials, and there is still time for some of these players to make themselves indispensable to their country.

A good idea of the selectors' intentions (or, at any rate, hopes) may be gained from the composition of the two sides that will do battle on Tyneside to-morrow.

The Chosen.

The Whites are clearly a tentative England side, shorn, of course, of University aspirants. T. W. Brown was the obvious choice for full-



London Scottish v. Birkenhead Park at Richmond.
A bird's-eye view of Rugger (when the bird is on the ground).

ASSOCIATION NOTES

By ARTHUR NEWNHAM

I COUNT it a privilege to have been invited a few evenings ago to a gathering in Essex which provided as fine an example of the "comradeship of sport" (a stilted, inadequate phrase, but I can think of no better at the moment) as I could wish to see.

It is no ordinary thing for a man with wide business commitments, a man, moreover, who is a celebrity in the Rucker world, and is President of a well-known Rucker club, to sponsor in practical fashion innumerable working lads' Soccer clubs. Yet the evening that I refer to was one of many. The scene was a large, well-equipped institute in a thickly populated area and in that institute were hundreds of eager boys, their ages ranging from ten to sixty; but young lads formed the majority of the audience.

A Tribute to Sportsmanship.

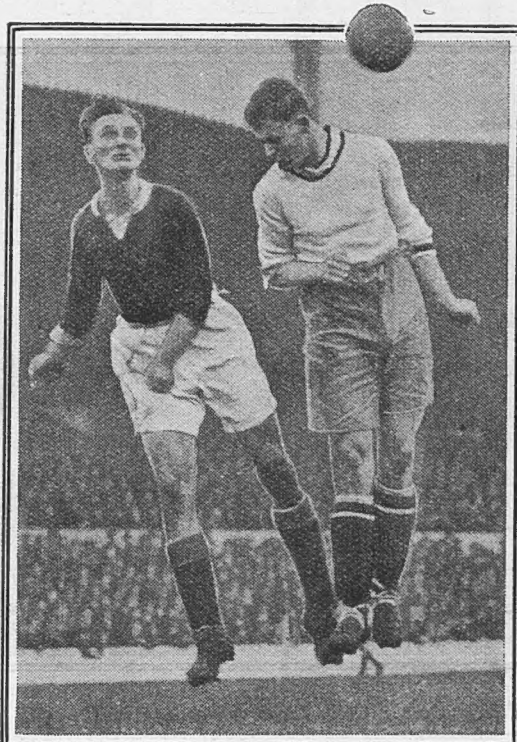
For this particular evening, the Rucker man in question (I wish I could give you his name, but I should never receive another invitation if I did!) had persuaded no less a person than Mr. Herbert Chapman, the manager of the Arsenal, to bring with him two of his most famous International players, Joe Hulme and Tom Parker. More than that, Hulme and Parker brought with them suit cases that positively bulged with International caps, shirts, medals and even shorts. Can't you imagine the sheer delight of all these boys at being shown such trophies by the very men who had won them, men at the thought of meeting whom their imagination had boggled?

Mr. Chapman gave an admirable speech, rightly dwelling on the finer instincts of the game and Hulme and Parker answered questions dealing with every conceivable practical point. The Chairman was another noted Rucker man, and a famous Olympic games winner was amongst those who helped to make the evening a success. A show like this is not a tribute to Soccer, nor is it a tribute to Rucker; but it is definitely a tribute to that sportsmanship that makes men of us all.

Local Players.

It is so fashionable amongst critics with one accord to overstress one side of a case, while leaving the other side almost totally unrepresented, that it is a joy to discover definite virtue that is in contradiction to the trend of popular clamour. There is much talk of the vice of buying and selling players, and the talk is, unhappily, not without foundation; but we hear little of the teams that refrain from this practice.

Last week-end, however, I was informed by one of the Aston Villa directors that their First-League team contains no fewer than eight local lads. The fact that Aston Villa are not only one of the most popular and flourishing clubs in the country, but are now sixth in the First Division is a fine testimony to the policy of their directorate, a policy which is one of long standing. It shows that buying and selling is not essential, and it proves that success can be achieved by a club that starts with right principles, and is possessed of the determination to carry them through.



Aston Villa have no less than eight local players in the team.

TO-DAY'S TEST MATCH

EXCLUSIVE CABLE FROM

Dr. R. H. BETTINGTON

BRITANNIA'S Special Correspondent in Australia

THE majority of people in Australia are frankly of opinion that England's chances in the first Test Match are better than those of Australia; largely because the English bowling is more varied in character.

The composition of the Australian team has not caused much controversy. The appointment of Ryder as captain was expected, and his selection is thoroughly approved of by the Australian players, although there is a certain disagreement amongst outsiders. Hendry, in my opinion, is definitely a bad choice, and he will probably figure as twelfth man; he is a bad fieldsman in any position, and Andrews or Richardson would have been a better selection. The Australian fielding is likely to be weaker than that of any Australian team for many years. Ironmonger and Kellaway are quite weak; Ryder and Oxenham are slow; Grimmett and Kippax are only fair.

The selection of Gregory has caused much comment since he is fairly fast only for about five overs; it is true that he swings the new ball well, but he fades away rapidly in pace, and has nothing like Larwood's fire and life, nor does he last so well. Ironmonger, who is now a veteran, has bowled well this year, and he relies mainly on the left-hander's swing, but he can spin the ball well on a wicket that helps him; on a true wicket he should never be very dangerous. Grimmett has just spent a fortnight in bed with 'flu, which may affect him if the match is played in anything like great heat. He is bowling well, probably better than Freeman; he keeps just as good a length, and he makes far more pace off the pitch. Kellaway bowls steadily, and not only swings the ball a little, but spins it as well, but there is no longer much life in his bowling. Oxenham's bowling is a somewhat doubtful quantity, although he did well in the Test Trial; he bowls medium right-handed, and has a good slow ball, but so far has not been impressive.

The English Side.

Tate's bowling has not been so good as it was on his previous visit; he appears to have less pace off the pitch and his quick run-away is less marked; however, he is the best bowler in the English side, and he has excellent periods. White bowled very well in the Australian XI match when he had the right wind in his favour, and flighted the ball excellently, which made him very difficult to jump out to, as those who tried to do so discovered; even on the hardest pitch, he manages to turn the ball.

Geary has been inclined to pitch the ball short, and has found some difficulty in turning the ball from the leg as he does in England; but he assures me that his arm is no longer troubling him.

All Australians have regretted the enforced return to England of Staples. Still more regrettable was the fact that, the M.C.C. team having left for Brisbane, no New South Wales representative turned up to see him off.

The English batting is very strong. Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Jardine, Hendren and Chapman are all in form. Although Jardine and Hendren failed last time, they are playing well, Hendren being bowled by a real beauty. Hobbs played much better than previously, and was quite in his old form, and although Sutcliffe is not so impressive the two of them are still magnificent runners between wickets.

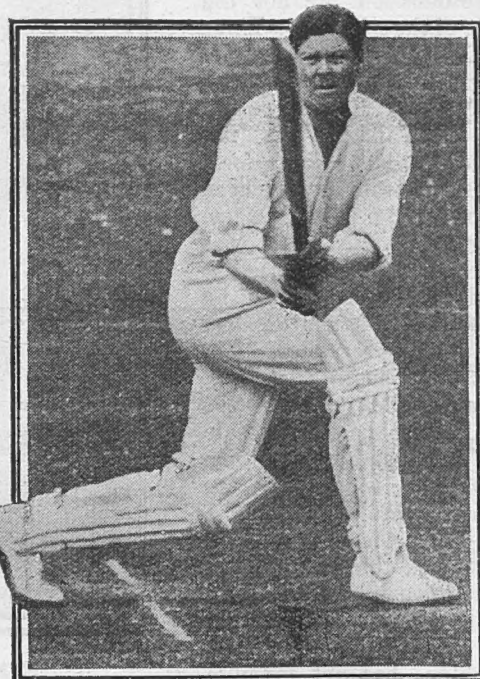
The Chances Summed Up.

The Australian batting is also strong, Ironmonger being the only "rabbit." But Woodfull is uncertain on account of being short of practice through illness. Ponsford is in great form, but he has never yet mastered Tate.

England's greatest advantage lies in her fielding, and it may well be that on the result of the match will depend. Her work in this department has been really excellent, Hendren's slip catching in the Australian XI match being brilliant.

In short, the batting of the two sides is more or less equal, Australia having less of a tail; England is slightly stronger in bowling, and considerably stronger in fielding.

It is right that England should know that the umpiring has caused great dissatisfaction, especially in the Australian XI match, when it was disgraceful. It is not a question of partiality towards one side or the other, but it is a case of pure incompetency. Both sides suffered, although England got the worst of the deal, and the number of really bad decisions was phenomenal. This is the general opinion in Australia.



A. P. F. Chapman in characteristic attitude.